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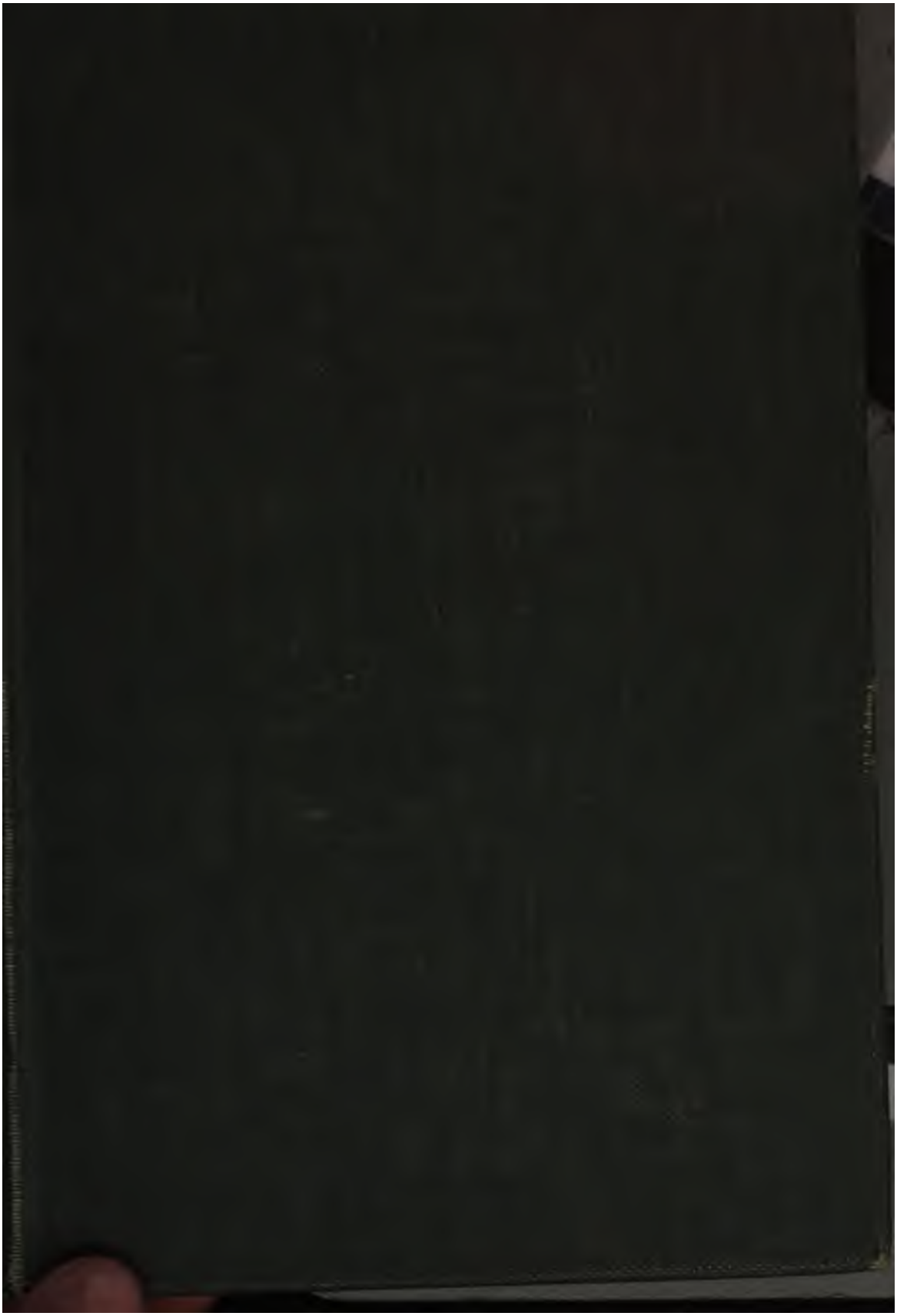

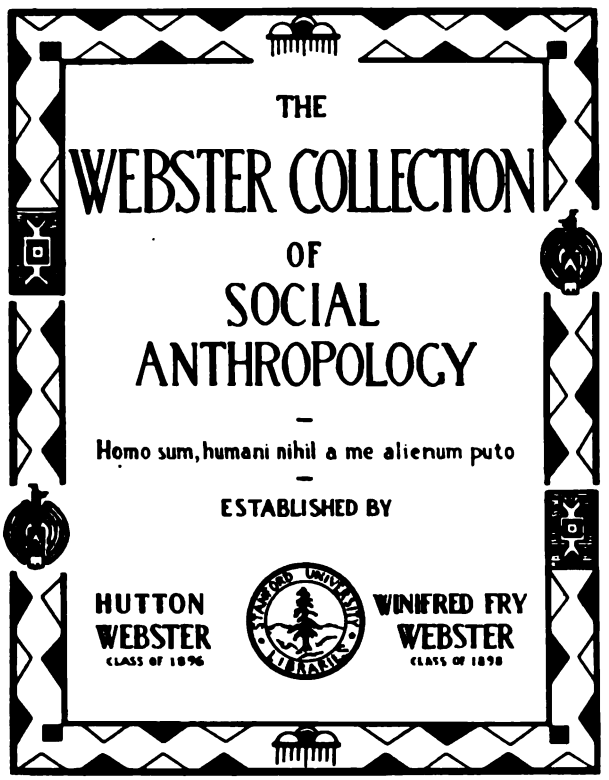
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CELTIC FOLKLORE

J. RHŶS

HENRY FROWDE, M.A.

PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

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CELTIC FOLKLORE

WELSH AND MANX

BY

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CHAPTER VII

Triumphs of the Water-world

Une des légendes les plus répandues en Bretagne est celle d'une prétendue ville d'Is, qui, à une époque inconnue, aurait été engloutie par la mer. On montre, à divers endroits de la côte, l'emplacement de cette cité fabuleuse, et les pêcheurs vous en font d'étranges récits. Les jours de tempête, assurent-ils, on voit, dans les creux des vagues, le sommet des flèches de ses églises; les jours de calme, on entend monter de l'abîme le son de ses cloches, modulant l'hymne du jour.—Renan.

More than once in the last chapter was the subject of submersions and cataclysms brought before the reader, and it may be convenient to enumerate here the most remarkable cases, and to add one or two to their number, as well as to dwell at somewhat greater length on some instances which may be said to have found their way into Welsh literature. He has already been told of the outburst of the Glasfryn Lake (p. 367) and Ffynnon Gywer (p. 376), of Llyn Llech Owen (p. 379) and the Crymlyn (p. 191), also of the drowning of Cantre'r Gwaelod (p. 383); not to mention that one of my informants had something to say (p. 219) of the submergence of Caer Arianrhod, a rock now visible only at low water between Celynnog Fawr and Dinas Dinlle, on the coast of Arfon. But, to put it briefly, it is an ancient belief in the Principality that its lakes generally have swallowed up habitations of men, as in the case of Llyn Syfaðon (p. 73) and the Pool of Corwrion (p. 57). To these I now proceed to add other instances, to wit those of Bala Lake, Kenfig Pool,

Llynclys, and Helig ab Glannog's territory including Traeth Lafan.

Perhaps it is best to begin with historical events, namely those implied in the encroachment of the sea and the sand on the coast of Glamorganshire, from the Mumbles, in Gower, to the mouth of the Ogmore, below Bridgend. It is believed that formerly the shores of Swansea Bay were from three to five miles further out than the present strand, and the oyster dredgers point to that part of the bay which they call the Green Grounds, while trawlers, hovering over these sunken meadows of the Grove Island, declare that they can sometimes see the foundations of the ancient homesteads overwhelmed by a terrific storm which raged some three centuries ago. The old people sometimes talk of an extensive forest called *Coed Arian*, 'Silver Wood,' stretching from the foreshore of the Mumbles to Kenfig Burrows, and there is a tradition of a long-lost bridle path used by many generations of Mansels, Mowbrays, and Talbots, from Penrice Castle to Margam Abbey. All this is said to be corroborated by the fishing up every now and then in Swansea Bay of stags' antlers, elks' horns, those of the wild ox, and wild boars' tusks, together with the remains of other ancient tenants of the submerged forest. Various references in the registers of Swansea and Aberavon mark successive stages in the advance of the desolation from the latter part of the fifteenth century down. Among others a great sandstorm is mentioned, which overwhelmed the borough of Cynffig or Kenfig, and encroached on the coast generally: the series of catastrophes seems to have culminated in an inundation caused by a terrible tidal wave in the early part of the year 1607[1].

[1] For most of my information on this subject I have to thank Mr. David Davies, editor of the *South Wales Daily Post*, published at Swansea.

To return to Kenfig, what remains of that old town is near the sea, and it is on all sides surrounded by hillocks of finely powdered sand and flanked by ridges of the same fringing the coast. The ruins of several old buildings half buried in the sand peep out of the ground, and in the immediate neighbourhood is Kenfig Pool, which is said to have a circumference of nearly two miles. When the pool formed itself I have not been able to discover: from such accounts as have come in my way I should gather that it is older than the growing spread of the sand, but the island now to be seen in it is artificial and of modern make[1]. The story relating to the lake is given as follows in the volume of the *Iolo Manuscripts*, p. 194, and the original, from which I translate, is crisp, compressed, and, as I fancy, in Iolo's own words:—

'A plebeian was in love with Earl Clare's daughter: she would not have him as he was not wealthy. He took to the highway, and watched the agent of the lord of the dominion coming towards the castle from collecting his lord's money. He killed him, took the money, and produced the coin, and the lady married him. A splendid banquet was held: the best men of the country were invited, and they made as merry as possible. On the second night the marriage was consummated, and when happiest one heard a voice: all ear one listened and caught the words, "Vengeance comes, vengeance comes, vengeance comes," three times. One asked, "When?" "In the ninth generation (*âch*)," said the voice. "No reason for us to fear," said the married pair; "we shall be under the mould long before." They lived on, however, and a *goresgynnyd*,

[1] I am indebted for this information to Mr. J. Herbert James of Vaynor, who visited Kenfig lately and has called my attention to an article headed 'The Borough of Kenfig,' in the *Archæologia Cambrensis* for 1898: see more especially the maps at pp. 138–42.

that is to say, a descendant of the sixth direct generation, was born to them, also to the murdered man a *goresgynnyd*, who, seeing that the time fixed was come, visited Kenfig. This was a discreet youth of gentle manners, and he looked at the city and its splendour, and noted that nobody owned a furrow or a chamber there except the offspring of the murderer: he and his wife were still living. At cockcrow he heard a cry, "Vengeance is come, is come, is come." It is asked, "On whom?" and answered, "On him who murdered my father of the ninth *âch*." He rises in terror: he goes towards the city; but there is nothing to see save a large lake with three chimney tops above the surface emitting smoke that formed a stinking . . .[1] On the face of the waters the gloves of the murdered man float to the young man's feet: he picks them up, and sees on them the murdered man's name and arms; and he hears at dawn of day the sound of praise to God rendered by myriads joining in heavenly music. And so the story ends.'

On this coast is another piece of water in point, namely Crymlyn, or 'Crumlin Pool,' now locally called the Bog. It appears also to have been sometimes called Pwll Cynan, after the name of a son of Rhys ab Tewdwr, who, in his flight after his father's defeat on Hirwaen Wrgan, was drowned in its waters[2]. It lies

[1] Here the Welsh has a word *edafwr*, the exact meaning of which escapes me, and I gather from the remarks of local etymologers that no such word is now in use in Glamorgan.

[2] See the *Book of Aberpergwm*, printed as *Brut y Tywysogion*, in the *Myvyrian Archaiology*, ii. 524; also Morgan's *Antiquarian Survey of East Gower*, p. 66, where the incident is given from '*Brut y Tywysogion*, A. D. 1088.' It is, however, not in what usually passes by the name of *Brut y Tywysogion*, but comes, as the author kindly informs me, from a volume entitled '*Brut y Tywysogion*, the Gwentian Chronicle of Caradoc of Llancarvan, with a translation by the late Aneurin Owen, and printed for the Cambrian Archæological Association, 1863': see pp. 70–1.

on Lord Jersey's estate, at a distance of about one mile east of the mouth of the Tawe, and about a quarter of a mile from high-water mark, from which it is separated by a strip of ground known in the neighbourhood as Crymlyn Burrows. The name Crymlyn means Crooked Lake, which, I am told, describes the shape of this piece of water. When the bog becomes a pool it encloses an island consisting of a little rocky hillock showing no trace of piles, or walling, or any other handiwork of man[1]. The story about this pool also is that it covers a town buried beneath its waters. Mr. Wirt Sikes' reference to it has already been mentioned, and I have it on the evidence of a native of the immediate neighbourhood, that he has often heard his father and grandfather talk about the submerged town. Add to this that Cadrawd, to whom I have had already (pp. 23, 376) to acknowledge my indebtedness, speaks in the columns of the *South Wales Daily News* for February 15, 1899, of Crymlyn as follows:—

'It was said by the old people that on the site of this bog once stood the old town of Swansea, and that in clear and calm weather the chimneys and even the church steeple could be seen at the bottom of the lake, and in the loneliness of the night the bells were often heard ringing in the lake. It was also said that should any person happen to stand with his face towards the lake when the wind is blowing across the lake, and if any of the spray of that water should touch his clothes, it would be only with the greatest difficulty he could save himself from being attracted or sucked into the water. The lake was at one time much larger than at present. The efforts made to drain it have drawn a good deal of the water from it, but only to convert it

[1] For this also I have to thank Mr. Herbert James, who recently inspected the spot with Mr. Glascodine of Swansea.

into a bog, which no one can venture to cross except in exceptionally dry seasons or hard frost.'

On this I wish to remark in passing, that, while common sense would lead one to suppose that the wind blowing across the water would help the man facing it to get away whenever he chose, the reasoning here is of another order, one characteristic in fact of the ways and means of sympathetic magic. For specimens in point the reader may be conveniently referred to page 360, where he may compare the words quoted from Mr. Hartland, especially as to the use there mentioned of stones or pellets thrown from one's hands. In the case of Crymlyn, the wind blowing off the face of the water into the onlooker's face and carrying with it some of the water in the form of spray which wets his clothes, howsoever little, was evidently regarded as establishing a link of connexion between him and the body of the water—or shall I say rather, between him and the divinity of the water?—and that this link was believed to be so strong that it required the man's utmost effort to break it and escape being drawn in and drowned like Cynan. The statement, supremely silly as it reads, is no modern invention; for one finds that Nennius—or somebody else—reasoned in precisely the same way, except that for a single onlooker he substitutes a whole army of men and horses, and that he points the antithesis by distinctly stating, that if they kept their backs turned to the fascinating flood they would be out of danger. The conditions which he had in view were, doubtless, that the men should face the water and have their clothing more or less wetted by the spray from it. The passage (§ 69) to which I refer is in the *Mirabilia*, and Geoffrey of Monmouth is found to repeat it in a somewhat better style of Latin (ix. 7): the following is the Nennian version:—

Aliud miraculum est, id est Oper Linn Liguan. Ostium fluminis illius fluit in Sabrina et quando Sabrina inundatur ad sissam, et mare inundatur similiter in ostio supra dicti fluminis et in stagno ostii recipitur in modum voraginis et mare non vadit sursum et est litus juxta flumen et quamdiu Sabrina inundatur ad sissam, istud litus non tegitur et quando recedit mare et Sabrina, tunc Stagnum Liuan eructat omne quod devoravit de mari et litus istud tegitur et instar montis in una unda eructat et rumpit. Et si fuerit exercitus totius regionis, in qua est, et direxerit faciem contra undam, et exercitum trahit unda per vim humore repletis vestibus et equi similiter trahuntur. Si autem exercitus terga versus fuerit contra eam, non nocet ei unda.

'There is another wonder, to wit Aber ILyn ILiwan. The water from the mouth of that river flows into the Severn, and when the Severn is in flood up to its banks, and when the sea is also in flood at the mouth of the above-named river and is sucked in like a whirlpool into the pool of the Aber, the sea does not go on rising: it leaves a margin of beach by the side of the river, and all the time the Severn is in flood up to its bank, that beach is not covered. And when the sea and the Severn ebb, then ILyn ILiwan brings up all it had swallowed from the sea, and that beach is covered while ILyn ILiwan discharges its contents in one mountain-like wave and vomits forth. Now if the army of the whole district in which this wonder is, were to be present with the men facing the wave, the force of it would, once their clothes are drenched by the spray, draw them in, and their horses would likewise be drawn. But if the men should have their backs turned towards the water, the wave would not harm them [1].'

[1] I do not know whether anybody has identified the spot which the writer had in view, or whether the coast of the Severn still offers any feature which corresponds in any way to the description.

One story about the formation of Bala Lake, or Llyn Tegid[1] as it is called in Welsh, has been given at p. 376: here is another which I translate from a version in Hugh Humphreys' *Llyfr Gwybodaeth Gyffredinol* (Carnarvon), second series, vol. i, no. 2, p. 1. I may premise that the contributor, whose name is not given, betrays a sort of literary ambition which has led him to relate the story in a confused fashion; and among other things he uses the word *edifeirwch*, 'repentance,' throughout, instead of *dial*, 'vengeance.' With that correction it runs somewhat as follows:—Tradition relates that Bala Lake is but the watery tomb of the palaces of iniquity; and that some old boatmen can on quiet moonlight nights in harvest see towers in ruins at the bottom of its waters, and also hear at times a feeble voice saying, *Dial a ddaw, dial a ddaw*, 'Vengeance will come'; and another voice inquiring, *Pa bryd y daw*, 'When will it come?' Then the first voice answers, *Yn y drydedd genhedlaeth*, 'In the third generation.' Those voices were but a recollection over oblivion, for in one of those palaces lived in days of yore an oppressive and cruel prince, corresponding to the well-known description of one of whom it is said, 'Whom he would he slew; and whom he would he kept alive.' The oppression and cruelty practised by him on the poor farmers were notorious far and near. This prince, while enjoying the morning breezes of summer in his garden, used frequently to hear a voice saying, 'Vengeance will come.' But he always laughed the threat away with reckless contempt. One night a poor harper

[1] Supposed to be so called after a certain *Tegid Foel*, or 'Tegid the Bald,' of Penllyn: the name *Tegid* is the phonetic spelling of what might be expected in writing as *Tegyd*—it is the Latin *Tacitus* borrowed, and comes with other Latin names in Pedigree I. of the Cunedda dynasty; see the *Cymmrodor*, xi. 170. In point of spelling one may compare *Idris* for what might be expected written *Idrys*, of the same pronunciation, for an earlier *Iuddrys* or *Iuddris*.

from the neighbouring hills was ordered to come to the prince's palace. On his way the harper was told that there was great rejoicing at the palace at the birth of the first child of the prince's son. When he had reached the palace the harper was astonished at the number of the guests, including among them noble lords, princes, and princesses: never before had he seen such splendour at any feast. When he had begun playing the gentlemen and ladies dancing presented a superb appearance. So the mirth and wine abounded, nor did he love playing for them any more than they loved dancing to the music of his harp. But about midnight, when there was an interval in the dancing, and the old harper had been left alone in a corner, he suddenly heard a voice singing in a sort of a whisper in his ear, 'Vengeance, vengeance!' He turned at once, and saw a little bird hovering above him and beckoning him, as it were, to follow him. He followed the bird as fast as he could, but after getting outside the palace he began to hesitate. But the bird continued to invite him on, and to sing in a plaintive and mournful voice the word 'Vengeance, vengeance!' The old harper was afraid of refusing to follow, and so they went on over bogs and through thickets, whilst the bird was all the time hovering in front of him and leading him along the easiest and safest paths. But if he stopped for a moment the same mournful note of 'Vengeance, vengeance!' would be sung to him in a more and more plaintive and heartbreaking fashion. They had by this time reached the top of the hill, a considerable distance from the palace. As the old harper felt rather fatigued and weary, he ventured once more to stop and rest, but he heard the bird's warning voice no more. He listened, but he heard nothing save the murmuring of the little burn hard by. He now began to think how foolish he

had been to allow himself to be led away from the feast at the palace: he turned back in order to be there in time for the next dance. As he wandered on the hill he lost his way, and found himself forced to await the break of day. In the morning, as he turned his eyes in the direction of the palace, he could see no trace of it: the whole tract below was one calm, large lake, with his harp floating on the face of the waters.

Next comes the story of Llynclys Pool in the neighbourhood of Oswestry. That piece of water is said to be of extraordinary depth, and its name means the 'swallowed court.' The village of Llynclys is called after it, and the legend concerning the pool is preserved in verses printed among the compositions of the local poet, John F. M. Dovaston, who published his works in 1825. The first stanza runs thus:—

> Clerk Willin he sat at king Alaric's board,
> And a cunning clerk was he;
> For he'd lived in the land of Oxenford
> With the sons of Grammarie.

How much exactly of the poem comes from Dovaston's own muse, and how much comes from the legend, I cannot tell. Take for instance the king's name, this I should say is not derived from the story; but as to the name of the clerk, that possibly is, for the poet bases it on Croes-Willin, the Welsh form of which has been given me as Croes-Wylan, that is Wylan's Cross, the name of the base of what is supposed to have been an old cross, a little way out of Oswestry on the north side; and I have been told that there is a farm in the same neighbourhood called Tre' Wylan, 'Wylan's Stead.' To return to the legend, Alaric's queen was endowed with youth and beauty, but the king was not happy; and when he had lived with her nine years he told Clerk Willin how he first met her when he was

hunting 'fair Blodwell's rocks among.' He married her on the condition that she should be allowed to leave him one night in every seven, and this she did without his once knowing whither she went on the night of her absence. Clerk Willin promised to restore peace to the king if he would resign the queen to him, and a tithe annually of his cattle and of the wine in his cellar to him and the monks of the White Minster. The king consented, and the wily clerk hurried away with his book late at night to the rocks by the Giant's Grave, where there was an *ogo'* or cave which was supposed to lead down to Faery. While the queen was inside the cave, he began his spells and made it irrevocable that she should be his, and that his fare should be what fed on the king's meadow and what flowed in his cellar. When the clerk's potent spells forced the queen to meet him to consummate his bargain with the king, what should he behold but a grim ogress, who told him that their spells had clashed. She explained to him how she had been the king's wife for thirty years, and how the king began to be tired of her wrinkles and old age. Then, on condition of returning to the Ogo to be an ogress one night in seven, she was given youth and beauty again, with which she attracted the king anew. In fact, she had promised him happiness

> Till within his hall the flag-reeds tall
> And the long green rushes grow.

The ogress continued in words which made the clerk see how completely he had been caught in his own net:

> Then take thy bride to thy cloistered bed,
> As by oath and spell decreed,
> And nought be thy fare but the pike and the dare,
> And the water in which they feed.

The clerk had succeeded in restoring peace at the

king's banqueting board, but it was the peace of the dead;

> For down went the king, and his palace and all,
> And the waters now o'er it flow,
> And already in his hall do the flag-reeds tall
> And the long green rushes grow.

But the visitor will, Dovaston says, find Willin's peace relieved by the stories which the villagers have to tell of that wily clerk, of Croes-Willin, and of 'the cave called the Grim Ogo'; not to mention that when the lake is clear, they will show you the towers of the palace below, the Llynclys, which the Brython of ages gone by believed to be there.

We now come to a different story about this pool, namely, one which has been preserved in Latin by the historian Humfrey Lhuyd, or Humphrey Llwyd, to the following effect:—

'After the description of *Gwynedh*, let vs now come to *Powys*, the seconde kyngedome of *VVales*, which in the time of German Altisiodorensis [St. Germanus of Auxerre], which preached sometime there, agaynst Pelagius Heresie: was of power, as is gathered out of his life. The kynge wherof, as is there read, bycause he refused to heare that good man: by the secret and terrible iudgement of God, with his Palace, and all his householde: was swallowed vp into the bowels of the Earth, in that place, whereas, not farre from Oswastry, is now a standyng water, of an vnknowne depth, called *Lhunclys*, that is to say: the deuouryng of the Palace. And there are many Churches founde in the same Province, dedicated to the name of German[1].'

[1] The translation was made by Thomas Twyne, and published in 1573 under the title of *The Breuiary of Britayne*, where the passage here given occurs, on fol. 69[b]. The original was entitled *Commentarioli Britannicæ Descriptionis Fragmentum*, published at Cologne in 1572. The original of our passage, fol. 57[a], has *Gynedhia* and *Llynclis*. The stem *llwnc* of *llyncaf*,

I have not succeeded in finding the story in any of the lives of St. Germanus, but Nennius, § 32, mentions a certain Benli, whom he describes as *rex iniquus atque tyrannus valde*, who, after refusing to admit St. Germanus and his following into his city, was destroyed with all his courtiers, not by water, however, but by fire from heaven. But the name Benli, in modern Welsh spelling Benlli [1], points to the Moel Famau range of mountains, one of which is known as Moel Fenlli, between Ruthin and Mold, rather than to any place near Oswestry. In any case there is no reason to suppose that this story with its Christian and ethical motive is anything like so old as the substratum of Dovaston's verses.

The only version known to me in the Welsh language of the Llynclys legend is to be found printed in the *Brython* for 1863, p. 338, and it may be summarized as follows:—The Llynclys family were notorious for their riotous living, and at their feasts a voice used to be heard proclaiming, 'Vengeance is coming, coming,' but nobody took it much to heart. However, one day a reckless maid asked the voice, 'When?' The prompt reply was to the effect that it was in the sixth generation: the voice was heard no more. So one night, when the sixth heir in descent from the time of the warning last heard was giving a great drinking feast, and music had been vigorously contributing to the entertainment of host and guest, the harper went outside for a breath of

'I swallow,' answers, according to Welsh idiom, to the use of what would be in English or Latin a participle. Similarly, when a compound is not used, the verbal noun (in the genitive) is used: thus 'a feigned illness,' in Welsh 'a made illness,' is *saldra gwneyd*, literally 'an indisposition or illness of making.' So 'the deuouryng of the Palace' is incorrect, and based on Lwyd's *vorago Palatij* instead of *Palatium voratum*.

[1] For other occurrences of the name, see the *Black Book*, fol. 35[a], 52[a], and Morris' *Celtic Remains*, where, s. v. Benlli, the Welsh name of Bardsey, to wit, *Ynys Enlli*, is treated by somebody, doubtless rightly, as a shortening of *Ynys Fenlli*.

air; but when he turned to come back, lo and behold! the whole court had disappeared. Its place was occupied by a quiet piece of water, on whose waves he saw his harp floating, nothing more.

Here must, lastly, be added one more legend of submergence, namely, that supposed to have taken place some time or other on the north coast of Carnarvonshire. In the *Brython* for 1863, pp. 393-4, we have what purports to be a quotation from Owen Jones' *Aberconwy a'i Chyffiniau*, 'Conway and its Environs,' a work which I have not been able to find. Here one reads of a tract of country supposed to have once extended from the Gogarth[1], 'the Great Orme,' to Bangor, and from Llanfair Fechan to Ynys Seiriol, 'Priestholme or Puffin Island,' and of its belonging to a wicked prince named Helig ab Glannawc or Glannog[2], from whom it was called *Tyno Helig*, 'Helig's Hollow.' Tradition, the writer says, fixes the spot where the court stood about halfway between Penmaen Mawr and Pen y Gogarth, 'the Great Orme's Head,' over against Trwyn yr Wylfa; and the story relates that here a calamity had been foretold four generations before it came, namely as the vengeance of Heaven on Helig ab Glannog for his nefarious impiety. As that ancient prince rode through his fertile heritage one day at the approach of night, he heard the voice of an invisible follower warning him that 'Vengeance is coming, coming.' The wicked old prince once asked excitedly, 'When?' The answer was, 'In the time of thy grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and their children.' Per-

[1] The meaning of this name is not certain, but it seems to equate with the Irish *Fochard*, anglicized *Faughard*, in County Louth: see O'Donovan's *Four Masters*, A.D. 1595; also the *Book of the Dun Cow*, where it is *Focherd*, genitive *Focherda*, dative *Focheird*, fo. 70^{b}, 73^{b}, 75^{a}, 75^{b}, 76^{a}, 77^{a}.

[2] This is sometimes given as *Glannach*, which looks like the Goidelic form of the name: witness Giraldus' *Enislannach* in his *Itin. Kambriæ*, ii. 7 (p. 131).

adventure Helig calmed himself with the thought, that, if such a thing came, it would not happen in his lifetime. But on the occasion of a great feast held at the court, and when the family down to the fifth generation were present taking part in the festivities, one of the servants noticed, when visiting the mead cellar to draw more drink, that water was forcing its way in. He had only time to warn the harper of the danger he was in, when all the others, in the midst of their intoxication, were overwhelmed by the flood.'

These inundation legends have many points of similarity among themselves: thus in those of Llynclys, Syfaðon, Llyn Tegid, and Tyno Helig, though they have a ring of austerity about them, the harper is a favoured man, who always escapes when the banqueters are all involved in the catastrophe. The story, moreover, usually treats the submerged habitations as having sunk intact, so that the ancient spires and church towers may still at times be seen: nay the chimes of their bells may be heard by those who have ears for such music. In some cases there may have been, underlying the legend, a trace of fact such as has been indicated to me by Mr. Owen M. Edwards, of Lincoln College, in regard to Bala Lake. When the surface of that water, he says, is covered with broken ice, and a south-westerly wind is blowing, the mass of fragments is driven towards the north-eastern end near the town of Bala; and he has observed that the friction produces a somewhat metallic noise which a quick imagination may convert into something like a distant ringing of bells. Perhaps the most remarkable instance remains to be mentioned: I refer to Cantre'r Gwaelod, as the submerged country of Gwyðno Garanhir is termed, see p. 382 above. To one portion of his fabled realm the nearest actual centres of population are Aberdovey and Borth on

either side of the estuary of the Dovey. As bursar of Jesus College I had business in 1892 in the Golden Valley of Herefordshire, and I stayed a day or two at Dorstone enjoying the hospitality of the rectory, and learning interesting facts from the rector, Mr. Prosser Powell, and from Mrs. Powell in particular, as to the folklore of the parish, which is still in several respects very Welsh. Mrs. Powell, however, did not confine herself to Dorstone or the Dore Valley, for she told me as follows:—'I was at Aberdovey in 1852, and I distinctly remember that my childish imagination was much excited by the legend of the city beneath the sea, and the bells which I was told might be heard at night. I used to lie awake trying, but in vain, to catch the echoes of the chime. I was only seven years old, and cannot remember who told me the story, though I have never forgotten it.' Mrs. Powell added that she has since heard it said, that at a certain stage of the tide at the mouth of the Dovey, the way in which the waves move the pebbles makes them produce a sort of jingling noise which has been fancied to be the echo of distant bells ringing.

These clues appeared too good to be dropped at once, and the result of further inquiries led Mrs. Powell afterwards to refer me to *The Monthly Packet* for the year 1859, where I found an article headed 'Aberdovey Legends,' and signed M. B., the initials, Mrs. Powell thought, of Miss Bramston of Winchester. The writer gives a sketch of the story of the country overflowed by the neighbouring portion of Cardigan Bay, mentioning, p. 645, that once on a time there were great cities on the banks of the Dovey and the Disynni. 'Cities with marble wharfs,' she says, 'busy factories, and churches whose towers resounded with beautiful peals and chimes of bells.' She goes on to say that 'Mausna

is the name of the city on the Dovey; its eastern suburb was at the sand-bank now called Borth, its western stretched far out into the sea.' What the name Mausna may be I have no idea, unless it is the result of some confusion with that of the great turbary behind Borth, namely Mochno, or *Cors Fochno*, 'Bog of Mochno.' The name Borth stands for *Y Borth*, 'the Harbour,' which, more adequately described, was once *Porth Wyđno*, 'Gwyđno's Harbour.' The writer, however, goes on with the story of the wicked prince, who left open the sluices of the sea-wall protecting his country and its capital: we read on as follows:—'But though the sea will not give back that fair city to light and air, it is keeping it as a trust but for a time, and even now sometimes, though very rarely, eyes gazing down through the green waters can see not only the fluted glistering sand dotted here and there with shells and tufts of waving sea-weed, but the wide streets and costly buildings of that now silent city. Yet not always silent, for now and then will come chimes and peals of bells, sometimes near, sometimes distant, sounding low and sweet like a call to prayer, or as rejoicing for a victory. Even by day these tones arise, but more often they are heard in the long twilight evenings, or by night. English ears have sometimes heard these sounds even before they knew the tale, and fancied that they must come from some church among the hills, or on the other side of the water, but no such church is there to give the call; the sound and its connexion is so pleasant, that one does not care to break the spell by seeking for the origin of the legend, as in the idler tales with which that neighbourhood abounds.'

The dream about 'the wide streets and costly buildings of that now silent city' seems to have its counterpart on

the western coast of Erin—somewhere, let us say, off the cliffs of Moher[1], in County Clare—witness Gerald Griffin's lines, to which a passing allusion has already been made, p. 205:—

> A story I heard on the cliffs of the West,
> That oft, through the breakers dividing,
> A city is seen on the ocean's wild breast,
> In turreted majesty riding.
> But brief is the glimpse of that phantom so bright:
> Soon close the white waters to screen it.

The allusion to the submarine chimes would make it unpardonable to pass by unnoticed the well-known Welsh air called *Clychau Aberdyfi*, 'The Bells of Aberdovey,' which I have always suspected of taking its name from fairy bells[2]. This popular tune is of unknown origin, and the words to which it is usually sung make the bells say *un, dau, tri, pedwar, pump, chwech*, 'one, two, three, four, five, six'; and I have heard a charming Welsh vocalist putting on *saith*, 'seven,' in her rendering of the song. This is not to be wondered at, as her instincts must have rebelled against such a commonplace number as six in a song redolent of old-world sentiment. But our fairy bells ought to have stopped at five: this would seem to have been forgotten when the melody and the present words were wedded together. At any rate our stories seem to suggest that fairy counting did not go beyond the fingering of one hand. The only Welsh fairy represented counting is made to do it all by fives: she counts *un, dau, tri, pedwar, pump; un, dau, tri, pedwar, pump*, as hard as her tongue can go. For on the number of

[1] See *Choice Notes*, p. 92, and Gerald Griffin's *Poetical and Dramatic Works*, p. 106.

[2] Failing to see this, various writers have tried to claim the honour of owning the bells for Aberteifi, 'Cardigan,' or for Abertawe, 'Swansea'; but no arguments worthy of consideration have been urged on behalf of either place: see *Cyfaill yr Aelwyd* for 1892, p. 184.

times she can repeat the five numerals at a single breath depends the number of the live stock of each kind, which are to form her dowry: see p. 8 above, and as to music in fairy tales, see pp. 202, 206, 292.

Now that a number of our inundation stories have been passed in review in this and the previous chapter, some room may be given to the question of their original form. They separate themselves, as it will have been seen, into at least two groups: (1) those in which the cause of the catastrophe is ethical, the punishment of the wicked and dissolute; and (2) those in which no very distinct suggestion of the kind is made. It is needless to say that everything points to the comparative lateness of the fully developed ethical motive; and we are not forced to rest content with this theoretical distinction, for in more than one of the instances we have the two kinds of story. In the case of Llyn Tegid, the less known and presumably the older story connects the formation of the lake with the neglect to keep the stone door of the well shut, while the more popular story makes the catastrophe a punishment for wicked and riotous living: compare pp. 377, 408, above. So with the older story of Cantre'r Gwaelod, on which we found the later one of the tipsy Seithennin as it were grafted, p. 395. The keeping of the well shut in the former case, as also in that of Ffynnon Gywer, was a precaution, but the neglect of it was not the cause of the ensuing misfortune. Even if we had stories like the Irish ones, which make the sacred well burst forth in pursuit of the intruder who has gazed into its depths, it would by no means be of a piece with the punishment of riotous and lawless living. Our comparison should rather be with the story of the Curse of Pantannas, where a man incurred the wrath of the fairies by ploughing up ground which they wished to retain as a green sward;

but the threatened vengeance for that act of culture did not come to pass for a century, till the time of one, in fact, who is not charged with having done anything to deserve it. The ethics of that legend are, it is clear, not easy to discover, and in our inundation stories one may trace stages of development from a similarly low level. The case may be represented thus: a divinity is offended by a man, and for some reason or other the former wreaks his vengeance, not on the offender, but on his descendants. This minimum granted, it is easy to see, that in time the popular conscience would fail to rest satisfied with the cruel idea of a jealous divinity visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children. One may accordingly distinguish the following stages:—

1. The legend lays it down as a fact that the father was very wicked.

2. It makes his descendants also wicked like him.

3. It represents the same punishment overtaking father and sons, ancestor and descendants.

4. The simplest way to secure this kind of equal justice was, no doubt, to let the offending ancestors live on to see their descendants of the generation for whose time the vengeance had been fixed, and to let them be swept away with them in one and the same cataclysm, as in the Welsh versions of the Syfaðon and Kenfig legends, possibly also in those of Llyn Tegid and Tyno Helig, which are not explicit on this point.

Let us for a moment examine the indications of the time to which the vengeance is put off. In the case of the landed families of ancient Wales, every member of them had his position and liabilities settled by his pedigree, which had to be exactly recorded down to the eighth generation or eighth lifetime in Gwyneð, and to the seventh in Gwent and Dyfed. Those generations were reckoned the limits of recognized family relation-

ship according to the Welsh Laws, and to keep any practical reckoning of the kind, extending always back some two centuries, must have employed a class of professional men[1]. In any case the ninth generation, called in Welsh *y nawfed âch*, which is a term in use all over the Principality at the present day, is treated as lying outside all recognized kinship. Thus if *AB* wishes to say that he is no relation to *CD*, he will say that he is not related *o fewn y nawfed âch*, 'within the ninth degree,' or *hyd y nawfed âch*, 'up to the ninth degree,' it being understood that in the ninth degree and beyond it no relationship is reckoned. Folklore stories, however, seem to suggest another interpretation of the word *âch*, and fewer generations in the direct line as indicated in the following table. For the sake of simplicity the founder of the family is here assumed to have at least two sons, *A* and *B*, and each succeeding generation to consist of one son only; and lastly the women are omitted altogether:—

	Tâd I (Father)	
	1	
Brother A	II	B Mâb (Son)
2		2
i Cousin A^a	III	B^a Wyr (Grandson)
3		3
ii Cousin A^b	IV	B^b Gorwyr (Great-Grandson)
4		4
iii Cousin A^c	V	B^c Esgynnyd (G.G.Grandson)
5		5
iv Cousin A^d	VI	B^d Goresgynnyd (G.G.G.Grandson).

In reckoning the relationships between the collateral members of the family, one counts not generations or begettings, not removes or degrees, but ancestry or the number of ancestors, so that the father or founder of

[1] For some of the data as to the reckoning of the pedigrees and branching of a family, see the first volume of Aneurin Owen's *Ancient Laws*—Gwynedd, III. i. 12–5 (pp. 222–7); Dyfed, II. i. 17–29 (pp. 408–11); Gwent, II. viii. 1–7 (pp. 700–3); also *The Welsh People*, pp. 230–1.

the family only counts once. Thus his descendants A^d and B^d in the sixth generation or lifetime, are fourth cousins separated from one another by nine ancestors: that is, they are related in the ninth *âch*. In other words, A^d has five ancestors and B^d has also five, but as they have one ancestor in common, the father of the family, they are not separated by $5 + 5$ ancestors, but by $5 + 5 - 1$, that is by 9. Similarly, one being always subtracted, the third cousins A^c and B^c are related in the seventh *âch*, and the second cousin in the fifth *âch*: so with the others in odd numbers downwards, and also with the relatives reckoned upwards to the seventh or eighth generation, which would mean collaterals separated by eleven or thirteen ancestors respectively. This reckoning, which is purely conjectural, is based chiefly on the Kenfig story, which foretold the vengeance to come in the ninth *âch* and otherwise in the time of the *goresgynnyd*, that is to say in the sixth lifetime. This works out all right if only by the ninth *âch* we understand the generation or lifetime when the collaterals are separated by nine ancestors, for that is no other than the sixth from the founder of the family. The Welsh version of the Llynclys legend fixes on the same generation, as it says *yn oes wyrion, gorwyrion, esgynnyd a goresgynnyd*, 'in the lifetime of grandsons, great-grandsons, ascensors, and their children,' for these last's time is the sixth generation. In the case of the Syfaddon legend the time of the vengeance is the ninth *cenhedlaeth* or generation, which must be regarded as probably a careless way of indicating the generation when the collaterals are separated by nine ancestors, that is to say the sixth from the father of the family. It can hardly have the other meaning, as the sinning ancestors are represented as then still living. The case of the Tyno Helig legend is different, as we have the

time announced to the offending ancestor described as *amser dy wyrion, dy orwyrion, a dy esgynyđion*, 'the time of thy grandsons, thy great-grandsons, and thy ascensors,' which would be only the fifth generation with collaterals separated only by seven ancestors, and not nine. But the probability is that *goresgynyđion* has been here accidentally omitted, and that the generation indicated originally was the same as in the others. This, however, will not explain the Bala legend, which fixes the time for the third generation, namely, immediately after the birth of the offending prince's first grandson. If, however, as I am inclined to suppose, the sixth generation with collaterals severed by nine ancestors was the normal term in these stories, it is easy to understand that the story-teller might wish to substitute a generation nearer to the original offender, especially if he was himself to be regarded as surviving to share in the threatened punishment: his living to see the birth of his first grandson postulated no extraordinary longevity.

The question why fairy vengeance is so often represented deferred for a long time can no longer be put off. Here three or four answers suggest themselves:—

1. The story of the Curse of Pantannas relates how the offender was not the person punished, but one of his descendants a hundred or more years after his time, while the offender is represented escaping the fairies' vengeance because he entreated them very hard to let him go unpunished. All this seems to me but a sort of protest against the inexorable character of the little people, a protest, moreover, which was probably invented comparatively late.

2. The next answer is the very antithesis of the Pantannas one; for it is, that the fairies delay in order to

involve all the more men and women in the vengeance wreaked by them: I confess that I see no reason to entertain so sinister an idea.

3. A better answer, perhaps, is that the fairies were not always in a position to harm him who offended them. This may well have been the belief as regards any one who had at his command the dreaded potency of magic. Take for instance the Irish story of a king of Erin called Eochaid Airem, who, with the aid of his magician or druid Dalán, defied the fairies, and dug into the heart of their underground station, until, in fact, he got possession of his queen, who had been carried thither by a fairy chief named Mider. Eochaid, assisted by his druid and the powerful Ogams which the latter wrote on rods of yew, was too formidable for the fairies, and their wrath was not executed till the time of Eochaid's unoffending grandson, Conaire Mór, who fell a victim to it, as related in the epic story of *Bruden Dáderga*, so called from the palace where Conaire was slain[1].

4. Lastly, it may be said that the fairies being supposed deathless, there would be no reason why they should hurry; and even in case the delay meant a century or two, that makes no perceptible approach to the extravagant scale of time common enough in our fairy tales, when, for instance, they make a man who has whiled ages away in fairyland, deem it only so many minutes[2].

[1] See the *Book of the Dun Cow*, fol. 99[a] & *seq.*

[2] For instances, the reader may turn back to pp. 154 or 191, but there are plenty more in the foregoing chapters; and he may also consult Howells' *Cambrian Superstitions*, pp. 123–8, 141–2, 146. In one case, p. 123, he gives an instance of the contrary kind of imagination: the shepherd who joined a fairy party on Frenni Fach was convinced, when his senses and his memory returned, that, 'although he thought he had been absent so many years, he had been only so many minutes.' The story has the ordinary setting; but can it be of popular origin? The Frenni Fach is a part of the

Whatever the causes may have been which gave our stories their form in regard of the delay in the fairy revenge, it is clear that Welsh folklore could not allow this delay to extend beyond the sixth generation with its cousinship of nine ancestries, if, as I gather, it counted kinship no further. Had one projected it on the seventh or the eighth generation, both of which are contemplated in the Laws, it would not be folklore. It would more likely be the lore of the landed gentry and of the powerful families whose pedigrees and ramifications of kinship were minutely known to the professional men on whom it was incumbent to keep themselves, and those on whom they depended, well informed in such matters.

It remains for me to consider the non-ethical motive of the other stories, such as those which ascribe negligence and the consequent inundation to the woman who has the charge of the door or lid of the threatening well. Her negligence is not the cause of the catastrophe, but it leaves the way open for it. What then can have been regarded the cause? One may gather something to the point from the Irish story where the divinity of the well is offended because a woman has gazed into its depths, and here probably, as already suggested (p. 392), we come across an ancient tabu directed against women, which may have applied only to certain wells of peculiarly sacred character. It serves, however, to suggest that the divinities of the

mountain known as the Frenni Fawr, in the north-east of Pembrokeshire; the names mean respectively the Little *Breni*, and the Great *Breni*. The obsolete word *breni* meant, in Old Welsh, the prow of a ship; local habit tends, however, to the solecism of *Brenin Fawr*, with *brenin*, 'king,' qualified by an adjective mutated feminine; but people at a distance who call it Frenni Fawr, pronounce the former vocable with *nn*. Lastly, *Y Vrrvi Vaôr* occurs in Maxen's Dream in the *Red Book* (Oxford *Mab.* p. 89); but in the *White Book* (in the Peniarth collection), col. 187, the proper name is written *Frrni*: for this information I have to thank Mr. Gwenogvryn Evans.

water-world were not disinclined to seize every opportunity of extending their domain on the earth's surface; and I am persuaded that this was once a universal creed of some race or other in possession of these islands. Besides the Irish legends already mentioned (pp. 382, 384) of the formation of Lough Neagh, Lough Ree, and others, witness the legendary annals of early Ireland, which, by the side of battles, the clearing of forests, and the construction of causeways, mention the bursting forth of lakes and rivers; that is to say, the formation or the coming into existence, or else the serious expansion, of certain of the actual waters of the country. For the present purpose the details given by *The Four Masters* are sufficient, and I have hurriedly counted their instances as follows:—

Anno Mundi	2532,	number	of the	lakes	formed,	2.
,,	2533,	,,	,,	lakes	,,	1.
,,	2535,	,,	,,	lakes	,,	2.
,,	2545,	,,	,,	lakes	,,	1.
,,	2546,	,,	,,	lakes	,,	1.
,,	2859,	,,	,,	lakes	,,	2.
,,	2860,	,,	,,	lakes	,,	2.
,,	3503,	,,	,,	rivers	,,	21.
,,	3506,	,,	,,	lakes	,,	9.
,,	3510,	,,	,,	rivers	,,	5.
,,	3520,	,,	,,	rivers	,,	9.
,,	3581,	,,	,,	lakes	,,	9.
,,	3656,	,,	,,	rivers	,,	3.
,,	3751,	,,	,,	lakes	,,	1.
,,	,,	,,	,,	rivers	,,	3.
,,	3790,	,,	,,	lakes	,,	4.
,,	4169,	,,	,,	rivers	,,	5.
,,	4694,	,,	,,	lakes	,,	1.

This makes an aggregate of thirty-five lakes and forty-six rivers, that is to say a total of eighty-one eruptions. But I ought, perhaps, to explain that under the head of lakes I have included not only separate pieces of water, but also six inlets of the sea, such as Strangford Lough and the like. Still more to the point is it

to mention that of the lakes two are said to have burst forth at the digging of graves. Thus, A.M. 2535, *The Four Masters* have the following: 'Laighlinne, son of Parthalon, died in this year. When his grave was dug, Loch Laighlinne sprang forth in Ui Mac Uais, and from him it is named[1].' O'Donovan, the editor and translator of *The Four Masters*, supposes it to be somewhere to the south-west of Tara, in Meath. Similarly, A.M. 4694, they say of a certain Melghe Molbthach, 'When his grave was digging, Loch Melghe burst forth over the land in Cairbre, so that it was named from him.' This is said to be now called Lough Melvin, on the confines of the counties of Donegal, Leitrim, and Fermanagh. These two instances are mentioned by *The Four Masters*; and here is one given by Stokes in the Rennes *Dindsenchas*: see the *Revue Celtique*, xv. 428–9. It has to do with *Loch Garman*, as Wexford Harbour was called in Irish, and it runs thus: '*Loch Garman*, whence is it? Easy to say. Garman Glas, son of Dega, was buried there, and when his grave was dug then the lake burst throughout the land. Whence *Loch Garman*.' It matters not here that there are alternative accounts of the name.

The meaning of all this seems to be that cutting the green sward or disturbing the earth beneath was believed in certain cases to give offence to some underground divinity or other connected with the world of waters. That divinity avenged the annoyance or offence given him by causing water to burst forth and form a lake forthwith. The nearness of such divinities to the surface seems not a little remarkable,

[1] It is right to say that another account is given in the Rennes *Dindsenchas*, published by Stokes in the *Revue Celtique*, xvi. 164, namely, that Laiglinne with fifty warriors 'came to the well of Dera son of Scera. A wave burst over them and drowned Laiglinne with his fifty warriors, and thereof a lake was made. Hence we say *Loch Laiglinni*, Laiglinne's Lake.'

and it is shown not only in the folklore which has been preserved for us by *The Four Masters*, but also by the usual kind of story about a neglected well door. These remarks suggest the question whether it was not one of the notions which determined surface burials, that is, burials in which no cutting of the ground took place, the cists or chambers and the bodies placed in them being covered over by the heaping on of earth or stones brought from a more or less convenient distance. It might perhaps be said that all this only implied individuals of a character to desecrate the ground and call forth the displeasure of the divinities concerned; and for that suggestion folklore parallels, it is true, could be adduced. But it is hardly adequate: the facts seem to indicate a more general objection on the part of the powers in point; and they remind one rather of the clause said to be inserted in mining leases in China with the object, if one may trust the newspapers, of preventing shafts from being sunk below a certain depth, for fear of offending the susceptibilities of the demons or dragons ruling underground.

It is interesting to note the fact, that Celtic folklore connects the underground divinities intimately with water; for one may briefly say that they have access wherever water can take them. With this qualification the belief may be said to have lingered lately in Wales, for instance, in connexion with Llyn Barfog, near Aberdovey. 'It is believed to be very perilous,' Mr. Pughe says, p. 142 above, 'to let the waters out of the lake'; and not long before he wrote, in 1853, an aged inhabitant of the district informed him 'that she recollected this being done during a period of long drought, in order to procure motive power for Llyn Pair Mill, and that long-continued heavy rains followed.' Then we have the story related to Mr. Reynolds as to Llyn y

Fan Fach, how there emerged from the water a huge hairy fellow of hideous aspect, who stormed at the disturbers of his peace, and uttered the threat that unless they left him alone in his own place he would drown a whole town. Thus the power of the water spirit is represented as equal to producing excessive wet weather and destructive floods. He is in all probability not to be dissociated from the afanc in the Conwy story which has already been given (pp. 130–3). Now the local belief is that the reason why the afanc had to be dragged out of the river was that he caused floods in the river and made it impossible for people to cross on their way to market at Llanrwst. Some such a local legend has been generalized into a sort of universal flood story in the late Triad, iii. 97, as follows:—'Three masterpieces of the Isle of Prydain: the Ship of Nefyd Naf Neifion, that carried in her male and female of every kind when the Lake of Llion burst; and Hu the Mighty's *Ychen Bannog* dragging the afanc of the lake to land, so that the lake burst no more; and the Stones of Gwyddon Ganhebon, on which one read all the arts and sciences of the world.' A story similar to the Conwy one, but no longer to be got so complete, as far as I know, seems to have been current in various parts of the Principality, especially around Llyn Syfaddon and on the banks of the Anglesey pool called *Llyn yr Wyth Eidion*, 'the Pool of the Eight Oxen,' for so many is Hu represented here as requiring in dealing with the Anglesey afanc. According to Mr. Pughe of Aberdovey, the same feat was performed at Llyn Barfog, not, however, by Hu and his oxen, but by Arthur and his horse. To be more exact the task may be here considered as done by Arthur superseding Hu: see p. 142 above. That, however, is of no consequence here, and I return to the afanc: the Fan Fach legend told to Mr. Reynolds

makes the lake ruler huge and hairy, hideous and rough-spoken, but he expresses himself in human speech, in fact in two lines of doggerel: see p. 19 above. On the other hand, the Llyn Cwm Llwch story, which puts the same doggerel, p. 21, into the mouth of the threatening figure in red who sits in a chair on the face of that lake, suggests nothing abnormal about his personal appearance. Then as to the Conwy afanc, he is very heavy, it is true, but he also speaks the language of the country. He is lured, be it noticed, out of his home in the lake by the attractions of a young woman, who lets him rest his head in her lap and fall asleep. When he wakes to find himself in chains he takes a cruel revenge on her. But with infinite toil and labour he is dragged beyond the Conwy watershed into one of the highest tarns on Snowdon; for there is here no question of killing him, but only of removing him where he cannot harm the people of the Conwy Valley. It is true that the story of Peredur represents that knight cutting an afanc's head off, but so much the worse for the compiler of that romance, as we have doubtless in the afanc some kind of a deathless being. However, the description which the Peredur story gives[1] of him is interesting: he lives in a cave at the door of which is a stone pillar: he sees everybody that comes without anybody seeing him; and from behind the pillar he kills all comers with a poisoned spear.

Hitherto we have the afanc described mostly from a hostile point of view: let us change our position, which some of the stories already given enable us to do. Take for instance the first of the whole series, where it describes, p. 7, the Fan Fach youth's despair when the lake damsel, whose love he had gained, suddenly dived to fetch her father and her sister.

[1] The Oxford *Mabinogion*, p. 224, and Guest's, i. 343.

There emerged, it says, out of the lake two most beautiful ladies, accompanied by a hoary-headed man of noble mien and extraordinary stature, but having otherwise all the force and strength of youth. This hoary-headed man of noble mien owned herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, a number of which were allowed to come out of the lake to form his daughter's dowry, as the narrative goes on to show. In the story of Llyn Du'r Arđu, p. 32, he has a consort who appears with him to join in giving the parental sanction to the marriage which their daughter was about to make with the Snowdon shepherd. In neither of these stories has this extraordinary figure any name given him, and it appears *prima facie* probable that the term afanc is rather one of abuse in harmony with the unlovely description of him supplied by the other stories. But neither in them does the term *yr afanc* suit the monster meant, for there can be no doubt that in the word afanc we have the etymological equivalent of the Irish word *abacc*, 'a dwarf'; and till further light is shed on these words one may assume that at one time afanc also meant a dwarf or pigmy in Welsh. In modern Welsh it has been regarded as meaning a beaver, but as that was too small an animal to suit the popular stories, the word has been also gravely treated as meaning a crocodile[1]: this is in the teeth of the unanimous treatment of him as anthropomorphic in the legends in point. If one is to abide by the meaning dwarf or pigmy, one is bound to regard afanc as one of the terms originally applied to the fairies in their more unlovely aspects: compare the use of *crimbil*, p. 263. Here may also be mentioned *pegor*, 'a dwarf

[1] See *Afanc* in the *Geiriadur* of Silvan Evans, who cites instances in point.

or pigmy,' which occurs in the *Book of Taliessin*, poem vii. (p. 135):—

Gogón py pegor	I know what (sort of) pigmy
yssyd ydan vor.	There is beneath the sea.
Gogwn eu heissor	I know their kind,
paób yny oscord.	Each in his troop.

Also the following lines in the twelfth-century manuscript of the *Black Book of Carmarthen*: see Evans' autotype facsimile, fo. 9^b:—

Ar gnỳuer pegor	And every dwarf
ỳ ssỳt ỳ dan mor.	There is beneath the sea,
Ar gnỳuer edeinauc	And every winged thing
aoruc kyuoethauc.	The Mighty One hath made,
Ac vei. vei. paup.	And were there to each
tri trỳchant tauaud	Thrice three hundred tongues—
Nỳellỳnt ve traethaud.	They could not relate
kỳuoetheu [ỳ] trindaud	The powers of the Trinity.

I should rather suppose, then, that the pigmies in the water-world were believed to consist of many grades or classes, and to be innumerable like the Luchorpáin of Irish legend, which were likewise regarded as diminutive. With the Luchorpáin were also associated[1] *Fomori* or *Fomoraig* (modern Irish spelling *Fomhoraigh*), and *Goborchinn*, 'Horse-heads.' The etymology of the word *Fomori* has been indicated at p. 286 above, but Irish legendary history has long associated it with *muir*, 'sea,' genitive *mara*, Welsh *mor*, and it has gone so far as to see in them, as there suggested, not submarine but transmarine enemies and invaders of Ireland. So the singular *fomor*, now written *fomhor*, is treated in O'Reilly's *Irish Dictionary* as meaning 'a pirate, a sea robber, a giant,' while in Highland Gaelic, where it is written *fomhair* or *famhair*, it is regularly used as the word for giant. The Manx Gaelic corresponding to Irish *fomor* and its derivative *fomorach*, is *foawr*, 'a giant,' and *foawragh*, 'gigantic,' but also 'a pirate.'

[1] See the *Revue Celtique*, i. 257, and my *Hibbert Lectures*, pp. 92–3.

I remember hearing, however, years ago, a mention made of the *Fomhoraigh*, which, without conveying any definite allusion to their stature, associated them with subterranean places: — An undergraduate from the neighbourhood of Killorglin, in Kerry, happened to relate in my hearing, how, when he was exploring some underground *ráths* near his home, he was warned by his father's workmen to beware of the *Fomhoraigh*. But on the borders of the counties of Mayo and Sligo I have found the word used as in the Scottish Highlands, namely, in the sense of giants, while Dr. Douglas Hyde and others inform me that the Giant's Causeway is called in Irish *Clochán na bh-Fomhorach*.

The Goborchinns or Horse-heads have also an interest, not only in connexion with the Fomori, as when we read of a king of the latter called Eocha Eachcheann[1], or Eochy Horse-head, but also as a link between the Welsh afanc and the Highland water-horse, of whom Campbell has a good deal to say in his *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*. See more especially iv. 337, where he remarks among other things, that 'the water-horse assumes many shapes; he often appears as a man,' he adds, 'and sometimes as a large bird.' A page or two earlier he gives a story which illustrates the statement, at the same time that it vividly reminds one of that part of the Conwy legend which (p. 130) represents the afanc resting his head on the lap of the damsel forming one of the *dramatis personæ*. Here follows Campbell's own story, omitting all about a marvellous bull, however, that was in the end to checkmate the water-horse:—

'A long time after these things a servant girl went with the farmer's herd of cattle to graze them at the side of a loch, and she sat herself down near the bank. There, in a little while, what should she see walking

[1] *The Four Masters*, A.M. 3520.

towards her but a man, who asked her to *fasg* his hair [Welsh *tŵeua*]. She said she was willing enough to do him that service, and so he laid his head on her knee, and she began to array his locks, as Neapolitan damsels also do by their swains. But soon she got a great fright, for growing amongst the man's hair, she found a great quantity of *liobhagach an locha*, a certain slimy green weed[1] that abounds in such lochs, fresh, salt, and brackish. The girl knew that if she screamed there was an end of her, so she kept her terror to herself, and worked away till the man fell asleep as he was with his head on her knee. Then she untied her apron strings, and slid the apron quietly on to the ground with its burden upon it, and then she took her feet home as fast as it was in her heart[2]. Now when she was getting near the houses, she gave a glance behind her, and there she saw her *caraid* (friend) coming after her in the likeness of a horse.'

The equine form belongs also more or less constantly to the kelpie of the Lowlands of Scotland and of the Isle of Man, where we have him in the glashtyn, whose amorous propensities are represented as more repulsive than what appears in Welsh or Irish legend: see p. 289 above, and the *Lioar Manninagh* for 1897, p. 139. Perhaps in Man and the Highlands the horsy nature of this being has been reinforced by the influence of the Norse *Nykr*, a Northern Proteus or old *Nick*, who takes many forms, but with a decided preference for that of 'a gray water-horse': see Vigfusson's *Icelandic-English Dictionary*. But the idea of associating the equine form with the water divinity is by no means confined to the Irish and the Northern nations: witness the Greek

[1] In another version Campbell had found it to be sand and nothing else.

[2] As to this incident of a girl and a supernatural, Campbell says that he had heard it in the Isle of Man also, and elsewhere.

legend of the horse being of Poseidon's own creation, and the beast whose form he sometimes assumed.

It is in this sort of a notion of a water-horse one is probably to look for the key to the riddle of such conceptions as that of March ab Meirchion, the king with horse's ears, and the corresponding Irish figure of Labraid Lorc[1]. In both of these the brute peculiarities are reduced almost to a minimum: both are human in form save their ears alone. The name *Labraid Lorc* is distinct enough from the Welsh *March*, but under this latter name one detects traces of him with the horse's ears in Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany[2]. We have also probably the same name in the *Morc* of Irish legend: at any rate *Morc*, *Marc*, or *Margg*, seems to be the same name as the Welsh *March*, which is no other word than *march*, 'a steed or charger.' Now the Irish Morc is not stated to have had horse's ears, but he and another called Conaing are represented in the legendary history of early Erin as the naval leaders of the Fomori, a sort of position which would seem to fit the Brythonic March also were he to be treated in earnest as an historical character. But short of that another treatment may be suspected of having been actually dealt out to him, namely, that of resolving the water-horse into a horse and his master. Of this we seem to have two instances in the course of the story of the formation of Lough Neagh in the *Book of the Dun Cow*, fo. 39-41:—

There was once a good king named Maired reigning over Munster, and he had two sons, Eochaid and Rib.

[1] See the *Revue Celtique*, ii. 197. He was also called Labraid Longsech, and Labraid Longsech Lorc. The explanation of *Labraid Lorc* is possibly that it was originally Labraid Morc, and that the fondness for alliteration brought it into line as *Labraid Lorc*: compare *Llûd Llaweraint* in Welsh for *Nûd Llaweraint*. This is not disproved by the fact that Labraid *Lorc's* grandfather is said to have been called Loegaire *Lorc*: Loegaire Lorc and Labraid Lorc are rather to be regarded perhaps as duplicates of the same original.

[2] See my *Arthurian Legend*, p. 70; also *Hibbert Lectures*, p. 590.

He married a wife named Ebliu (genitive *Eblinde*), who fell in love with her stepson, Eochaid. The two brothers make up their minds to leave their father and to take Ebliu with them, together with all that was theirs, including in all a thousand men. They proceed northwards, but their druids persuade them that they cannot settle down in the same district, so Rib goes westwards to a plain known as *Tir Cluchi Midir acus Maic Óic*, 'the Play-ground of Mider and the Mac Óc,' so called after the two great fairy chiefs of Ireland. Mider visits Rib's camp and kills their horses, then he gives them a big horse of his own ready harnessed with a pack-saddle. They had to put all their baggage on the big horse's back and go away, but after a while the nag lay down and a well of water formed there, which eventually burst forth, drowning them all: this is Loch Ri, 'Rib's Loch, or Lough Ree,' on the Shannon. Eochaid, the other brother, went with his party to the banks of the Boyne near the Brug, where the fairy chief Mac Óc or Mac ind Óc had his residence: he destroyed Eochaid's horses the first night, and the next day he threatened to destroy the men themselves unless they went away. Thereupon Eochaid said that they could not travel without horses, so the Mac Óc gave them a big horse, on whose back they placed all they had. The Mac Óc warned them not to unload the nag on the way, and not to let him halt lest he should be their death. However, when they had reached the middle of Ulster, they thoughtlessly took all their property off the horse's back, and nobody bethought him of turning the animal's head back in the direction from which they had come: so he also made a well[1]. Over that well

[1] The original has in these passages respectively *siblais a fual corbo thipra*, 'minxit urinam suam so that it was a spring'; *ar na siblad a fúal ar na bad fochond báis doib*, 'ne mingat urinam suam lest it should be the cause of

Eochaid had a house built, and a lid put on the well, which he set a woman to guard. In the sequel she neglected it, and the well burst forth and formed Lough Neagh, as already mentioned, p. 382 above. What became of the big horses in these stories one is not told, but most likely they were originally represented as vanishing in a spring of water where each of them stood. Compare the account of Undine at her unfaithful husband's funeral. In the procession she mysteriously appeared as a snow-white figure deeply veiled, but when one rose from kneeling at the grave, where she had knelt nought was to be seen save a little silver spring of limpid water bubbling out of the turf and trickling on to surround the new grave:—*Da man sich aber wieder erhob, war die weisse Fremde verschwunden; an der Stelle, wo sie geknieet hatte, quoll ein silberhelles Brünnlein aus dem Rasen; das rieselte und rieselte fort, bis es den Grabhügel des Ritters fast ganz umzogen hatte; dann rann es fürder und ergoss sich in einen Weiher, der zur Seite des Gottesackers lag.*

The late and grotesque story of the Gilla Decair may be mentioned next: he was one of the Fomorach, and had a wonderful kind of horse on whose back most of Finn's chief warriors were induced to mount. Then the Gilla Decair and his horse hurried towards Corkaguiny, in Kerry, and took to the sea, for he and his horse travelled equally well on sea and land. Thus Finn's men, unable to dismount, were carried prisoners to an island not named, on which Dermot in quest of them afterwards landed, and from which, after great perils, he made his way to Tír fo Thuinn, 'Terra sub Unda,' and brought his friends back to Erin[1]. Now the number

death to them'; and *silis*, 'minxit,' fo. 39b. For a translation of the whole story see Dr. O'Grady's *Silva Gadelica*, pp. 265–9; also Joyce's *Old Celtic Romances*, pp. 97–105.

[1] See the story in Dr. O'Grady's *Silva Gadelica*, pp. 292–311.

of Finn's men taken away by force by the Gilla Decair was fifteen, fourteen on the back of his horse and one clutching to the animal's tail, and the Welsh Triads, i. 93 = ii. 11, seem to re-echo some similar story, but they give the number of persons not as fifteen but just one half, and describe the horse as Du (y) Moroeđ, 'the Black of (the) Seas,' steed of Elidyr Mwynfawr, that carried seven human beings and a half from Pen Llech Elidyr in the North to Pen Llech Elidyr in Môn, 'Anglesey.' It is explained that Du carried seven on his back, and that one who swam with his hands on that horse's crupper was reckoned the half man in this case. Du Moroeđ is in the story of Kulhwch and Olwen called Du March Moro, 'Black the Steed of Moro,' the horse ridden in the hunt of Twrch Trwyth by Gwyn ab Nuđ, king of the other world; and he appears as a knight with his name unmistakably rendered into Brun de Morois in the romance of Durmart le Galois, who carries away Arthur's queen on his horse to his castle in Morois[1]. Lastly, here also might be mentioned the incident in the story of Peredur or Perceval, which relates how to that knight, when he was in the middle of a forest much distressed for the want of a horse, a lady brought a fine steed as black as a blackberry. He mounted and he found his beast marvellously swift, but on his making straight for a vast river the knight made the sign of the cross, whereupon he was left on the ground, and his horse plunged into the water, which his touch seemed to set ablaze. The horse is interpreted to have been the devil[2], and this is a fair specimen of the way in which Celtic paganism is treated by the

[1] See Stengel's edition of *li Romans de Durmart le Galois* (Tübingen, 1873), lines 4185–340, and my *Arthurian Legend*, pp. 68–9.

[2] See Williams' *Seint Greal*, pp. 60–1, 474–5; Nutt's *Holy Grail*, p. 44; and my *Arthurian Legend*, pp. 69–70.

Grail writers when they feel in the humour to assume an edifying attitude.

If one is right in setting Môn, 'Anglesey,' over against the anonymous isle to which the Gilla Decair hurries Finn's men away, Anglesey would have to be treated as having once been considered one of the Islands of the Dead and the home of Other-world inhabitants. We have a trace of this in a couplet in a poem by the medieval poet, Dafyđ ab Gwilym, who makes Blodeuweđ the Owl give a bit of her history as follows:—

Merch i arglwyd, ail Meirchion, Daughter to a lord, son of Meirchion,
Wyf i, myn Dewi! o Fon[1]. Am I, by St. David! from Mona.

This, it will be seen, connects March ab Meirchion, as it were 'Steed son of Steeding,' with the Isle of Anglesey. Add to this that the Irish for Anglesey or Mona was *Móin Conaing*, 'Conaing's Swamp,' so called apparently after Conaing associated with Morc, a name which is practically *March* in Welsh. Both were leaders of the Fomori in Irish tales: see my *Arthurian Legend*, p. 356.

On the great place given to islands in Celtic legend and myth it is needless here to expatiate: witness

[1] *Barđoniaeth D. ab Gwilym*, poem 183. A similar descent of Blodeuweđ's appears implied in the following *englyn*—one of two—by Anthony Powel, who died in 1618: it is given by Taliesin ab Iolo in his essay on the Neath Valley, entitled *Traethawd ar Gywreineđ, Hynafiaeth, a hen Bendefigion Glynn Neđ* (Aberdare, 1886), p. 15:—

Crug ael, carn gadarn a godwyd yn fryn,
Yn hen fraenwaith bochlwyd;
Main a'i tlođ man y tlađwyd,
Merch hoewen loer Meirchion lwyd.

It refers, with six other *englynion* by other authors, to a remarkable rock called Craig y Đinas, with which Taliesin associated a cave where Arthur or Owen Lawgoch and his men are supposed, according to him, to enjoy a secular sleep, and it implies that Blodeuweđ, whose end in the *Mabinogi* of Màth was to be converted into an owl, was, according to another account, overwhelmed by Craig y Đinas. It may be Englished somewhat as follows:

Heaped on a brow, a mighty cairn built like a hill,
Like ancient work rough with age, grey-cheeked;
Stones that confine her where she was slain,
Grey Meirchion's daughter quick and bright as the moon.

Brittia, to which Procopius describes the souls of the departed being shipped from the shores of the Continent, the Isle of Avallon in the Romances, that of Gwales in the *Mabinogion*, Ynys Enlli or Bardsey, in which Merlin and his retinue enter the Glass House [1], and the island of which we read in the pages of Plutarch, that it contains Cronus held in the bonds of perennial sleep [2].

Let us return to the more anthropomorphic figure of the afanc, and take as his more favoured representative the virile personage described emerging from the Fan Fach Lake to give his sanction to the marriage of his daughter with the Myddfai shepherd. It is probable that a divinity of the same order belonged to every other lake of any considerable dimensions in the country. But it will be remembered that in the case of the story of Llyn Du'r Arddu two parents appeared with the lake maiden—her father and her mother—and we may suppose that they were divinities of the water-world. The same thing also may be inferred from the late Triad, iii. 13, which speaks of the bursting of the lake of Llïon, causing all the lands to be inundated so that all the human race was drowned except Dwyfan and Dwyfach, who escaped in a mastless ship: it was from them that the island of Prydain was repeopled. A similar Triad, iii. 97, but evidently of a different origin, has already been mentioned as speaking of the Ship of Nefydd Naf Neifion, that carried in it a male and female of every kind when the lake of Llïon burst. This later Triad evidently supplies what had been forgotten in the previous one, namely, a pair of each kind of animal life, and not of mankind alone. But from the

[1] This comes from the late series of Triads, iii. 10, where Merlin's nine companions are called *naw beird cylfeird*: *cylfeird* should be the plural of *cylfard*, which must be the same word as the Irish *culbard*, name of one of the bardic grades in Ireland.

[2] For some more remarks on this subject generally, see my *Arthurian Legend*, chapter xv, on the 'Isles of the Dead.'

names Dwyfan and Dwyfach I infer that the writer of Triad iii. 13 has developed his universal deluge on the basis of the scriptural account of it, for those names belonged in all probability to wells and rivers: in other terms, they were the names of water divinities. At any rate there seems to be some evidence that two springs, whose waters flow into Bala Lake, were at one time called Dwyfan and Dwyfach, these names being borne both by the springs themselves and the rivers flowing from them. The Dwyfan and the Dwyfach were regarded as uniting in the lake, while the water on its issuing from the lake is called Dyfrdwy. Now *Dyfrdwy* stands for an older *Dyfr-dwyf*, which in Old Welsh was *Dubr duiu*, 'the water of the divinity.' One of the names of that divinity was *Donwy*, standing for an early form *Danuvios* or *Danuvia*, according as it was masculine or feminine. In either case it was practically the same name as that of the *Danube* or *Danuvios*, derived from a word which is represented in Irish by the adjective *dána*, 'audax, fortis, intrepidus.' The Dee has in Welsh poetry still another name, Aerfen, which seems to mean a martial goddess or the spirit of the battlefield, which is corroborated and explained by Giraldus[1], who represents the river as the accredited arbiter of the fortunes of the wars in its country between the Welsh and the English. The name Dyfrdonwy occurs in a poem by Llywarch Brydyđ y Moch, a poet who flourished towards the end of the twelfth century, as follows[2]:—

Nid kywiw[3] *a ffwfyr dwfyr dyfyrdonwy*	With a coward Dyfrdonwy water ill agrees:
Kerwist oth uebyd gwryd garwy.	From thy boyhood hast thou loved Garwy's valour.

[1] See his *Itinerarium Kambriæ*, ii. 11 (p. 139); also my *Celtic Britain*, p. 68, and *Arthurian Legend*, p. 364.

[2] From the *Myvyrian Archaiology of Wales*, i. 302.

[3] I regard *nid kywiw* as a corruption of *ni chywiw* from *cyf-yw*, an instance

The prince praised was Llywelyn ab Iorwerth, whom the poet seems to identify here with the Dee, and it looks as if the water of the Dee formed some sort of a test which no coward could face: compare the case of the discreet cauldron that would not boil meat for a coward [1].

The *dwy, dwyf, duiu*, of the river's Welsh name represent an early form *dēva* or *dēiva*, whence the Romans called their station on its banks *Deva*, possibly as a shortening of *ad Devam*; but that Dēva should have simply and directly meant the river is rendered probable by the fact that Ptolemy elsewhere gives it as the name of the northern Dee, which enters the sea near Aberdeen. From the same stem were formed the names Dwyf-an and Dwyf-ach, which are treated in the Triads as masculine and feminine respectively. In its course the Welsh Dee receives a river Ceirw not far above Corwen, and that river flows through farms called Ar-ðwyfan and Hendre' Ar-ðwyfan, and adjoining Arðwyfan is another farm called Foty Arðwyfan, 'Shielings of Arðwyfan,' while Hendre' Arðwyfan means the old stead or winter abode of Arðwyfan, Arðwyfan itself would seem to mean 'On Dwyfan,' and Hendre' Arðwyfan, which may be supposed the original homestead, stands near a burn which flows into the Ceirw. That burn I should suppose to have been the Dwyfan, and perhaps the name extended to the Ceirw itself; but Dwyfan is not now known as the name

of the verb corresponding to *cymod* (=*cym-bod*), 'peace, conciliation.' The preterite has, in the Oxford *Bruts*, A. D. 1217 (p. 358), been printed *kynni* for what one may read *kymu*: the words would then be *y kymu reinald y brecys ar brenhin*, 'that Reginald de Breos was reconciled with the king, or settled matters with him.'

[1] See the *Book of Taliessin*, poem XXX, in Skene's *Four Ancient Books*, ii. 181; also Guest's *Mabinogion*, ii. 354, and the *Brython* for 1860, p. 372[b], where more than one article of similar capacity of distinguishing brave men from cowards is mentioned.

of any stream in the neighbourhood. Elsewhere we have two rivers called Dwyfor or Dwyfawr and Dwyfach, which unite a little below the village of Llan Ystumdwy; and from there to the sea, the stream is called Dwyfor, the mouth of which is between Criccieth and Afon Wen, in Carnarvonshire. Ystumdwy, commonly corrupted into Stindwy, seems to mean *Ystum-dwy*, 'the bend of the Dwy'; so that here also we have Dwyfach and Dwy, as in the case of the Dee. Possibly Dwyfor was previously called simply Dwy or even Dwyfan; but it is now explained as *Dwy-fawr*, 'great Dwy,' which was most likely suggested by Dwyfach, as this latter explains itself to the country people as *Dwy-fach*, 'little Dwy.' However, it is but right to say that in Llywelyn ab Gruffyd's grant of lands to the monks of Aber Conwy they seem to be called Dwyuech and Dwyuaur[1].

All these waters have in common the reputation of being liable to sudden and dangerous floods, especially the Dwyfor, which drains Cwm Stradllyn and its lake lying behind the great rocky barrier on the left as one goes from Tremadoc towards Aber Glaslyn Bridge. Still more so is this the case with the Dee and Bala Lake, which is wont to rise at times from seven to nine feet above its ordinary level. The inundation which then invades the valley from Bala down presents a sight more magnificent than comfortable to contemplate. In fact nothing could have been more natural than for the story elaborated by the writer of certain of the late Triads to have connected the most remarkable inundations with the largest piece of water in the Principality, and one liable to such sudden changes of level: in other words, that one should treat Llyn Llïon as merely

[1] See Dugdale's *Monasticon*, v. 672, where they are printed *Dwynech* and *Dwynaur* respectively.

one of the names of Bala Lake, now called in Welsh Llyn Tegid, and formerly sometimes Llyn Aerfen.

While touching at p. 286 on Gwaen Llifon with its Llyn Pencraig as one of those claiming to be the Llyn Llïon of the Triads, it was hinted that *Llïon* was but a thinner form of *Llifon*. Here one might mention perhaps another Llifon, for which, however, no case could be made. I allude to the name of the residence of the Wynns descended from Gilmin Troeddu, namely, Glyn Llifon, which means the river Llifon's Glen; but one could not feel surprised if the neighbouring Llyfni, draining the lakes of Nantlle, should prove to have once been also known as a Llifon, with the Nantlle waters conforming by being called Llyn Llifon. But however that may be, one may say as to the flood caused by the bursting of any such lake, that the notion of the universality of the catastrophe was probably contributed by the author of Triad iii. 13, from a non-Welsh source. He may have, however, not invented the vessel in which he places Dwyfan and Dwyfach: at all events, one version of the story of the Fan Fach represents the Lake Lady arriving in a boat. As to the writer of the other Triad, iii. 97, he says nothing about Dwyfan and his wife, but borrows Nefyd Naf Neifion's ship to save all that were to be saved; and here one may probably venture to identify *Nefyd* with *Nemed*[1], genitive *Nemid*, a name borne in Irish legend by a rover who is represented as one of the early colonizers of Erin. As to the rest, the name Neifion by itself is used in Welsh for Neptune and the sea, as in the following couplet of D. ab Gwilym's poem lv:—

Nofiad a wnaeth hen Neifion It is old Neptune that has swam
O Droia fawr draw i Fôn. From great Troy afar to Mona.

[1] See my *Hibbert Lectures*, pp. 649–50.

In the same way *Môr Neifion*, 'Sea of Neifion,' seems to have signified the ocean, the high seas.

To return to the Triad about Dwyfan and Dwyfach, not only does it make them from being water divinities into a man and woman, but there is no certainty even that both were not feminine. In modern Welsh all rivers are treated as feminine, and even Dyfrdwyf has usually to submit, though the modern bard Tegid, analysing the word into *Dwfr Dwyf*, 'Water of the Divinity or Divine Water,' where *dwfr*, 'water,' could only be masculine, addressed Llyn Tegid thus, p. 78:

Drwyot, er dyddiau'r Drywon, Through thee, from the days of the Druids,
Y rhwyf y Dyfrdwyf ei don. The Dwfr Dwyf impels his wave.

This question, however, of the gender of river names, or rather the sex which personification ascribed them, is a most difficult one. If we glance at Ptolemy's Geography written in the second century, we find in his account of the British Isles that he names more than fifty of our river mouths and estuaries, and that he divides their names almost equally into masculine and feminine. The modern Welsh usage has, it is seen, departed far from this, but not so far the folklore: the afanc is a male, and we have a figure of the same sex appearing as the father of the lake maiden in the Fan Fach story, and in that of Llyn Du'r Arddu; the same, too, was the sex of the chief dweller of Llyn Cwm Llwch; the same remark is applicable also to the greatest divinity of these islands—the greatest, at any rate, so far as the scanty traces of his cult enable one to become acquainted with him. As his name comes down into legend it belongs here, as well as to the deities of antiquity, just as much, in a sense, as the Dee. I refer to Nudons or Nodons, the remains[1] of whose sanctuary

[1] A full account of them will be found in a volume devoted to them, and entitled *Roman Antiquities at Lydney Park, Gloucestershire*, being a post-

were many years ago brought to light on a pleasant hill in Lydney Park, on the western banks of the Severn. In the mosaic floor of the god's temple there is a coloured inscription showing the expense of that part of the work to have been defrayed by the contributions (*ex stipibus*) of the faithful, and that it was carried out by two men, of whom one appears to have been an officer in command of a naval force guarding the coasts of the Severn Sea. In the midst of the mosaic inscription is a round opening in the floor of nine inches in diameter and surrounded by a broad band of red enclosed in two of blue. This has given rise to various speculations, and among others that it was intended for libations. The mosaics and the lettering of the inscriptions seem to point to the third century as the time when the sanctuary of Nudons was built under Roman auspices, though the place was doubtless sacred to the god long before. In any case it fell in exactly with the policy of the more astute of Roman statesmen to encourage such a native cult as we find traces of in Lydney Park.

One of the inscriptions began with D. M. Nodonti, 'to the great god Nudons,' and a little bronze crescent intended for the diadem of the god or of one of his priests gives a representation of him as a crowned, beardless personage driving a chariot with four horses; and on either side of him is a naked figure supposed to represent the winds, and beyond them on each of the two sides is a triton with the fore feet of a horse. The god holds the reins in his left hand, and his right uplifted grasps what may be a sceptre or possibly a whip, while the whole equipment of the god recalls in

humous work of the Rev. W. Hiley Bathurst, with Notes by C. W. King, London, 1879. See also an article entitled 'Das Heiligtum des Nodon,' by Dr. Hübner in the *Jahrbücher des Vereins von Alterthumsfreunden im Rheinlande*, lxvii. pp. 29-46, where several things in Mr. King's book are criticized.

some measure the Chariot of the Sun. Another piece of the bronze ornament shows another triton with an anchor in one of his hands, and opposite him a fisherman in the act of hooking a fine salmon. Other things, such as oars and shell trumpets, together with mosaic representations of marine animals in the floor of the temple, compel us to assimilate Nudons more closely with Neptune than any other god of classical mythology.

The name of the god, as given in the inscriptions, varies between Nudons and Nodens, the cases actually occurring being the dative Nodonti, Nodenti, and Nudente, and the genitive Nodentis, so I should regard *ō* or *ū* as optional in the first syllable, and *o* as preferable, perhaps, to *e* in the second, for there is no room for reasonably doubting that we have here to do with the same name as Irish *Nuadu*, genitive *Nuadat*, conspicuous in the legendary history of Ireland. Now the Nuadu who naturally occurs to one first, was Nuadu Argetlám or Nuadu of the Silver Hand, from *argat*, 'silver, *argentum*,' and *lám*, 'hand.' Irish literature explains how he came to have a hand made of silver, and we can identify with him on Welsh ground a Llud Llawereint; for put back as it were into earlier Brythonic, this would be *Lūdo(ns) Lām'-argentios*: that is to say, a reversal takes place in the order of the elements forming the epithet out of *ereint* (for older *ergeint*), 'silvern, *argenteus*,' and *ttaw*, for earlier *lāma*, 'hand.' Then comes the alliterative instinct into play, forcing *Nūdo(ns) Lāmargentio(s)* to become *Lūdo(ns) Lāmargentio(s)*, whence the later form, *Llud Llawereint*, derives regularly[1]. Thus we have in Welsh the name *Llûd*, fashioned into that form under the influence of the epithet, whereas elsewhere it is *Nûd*, which occurs as a man's name in the pedigrees, while an intermediate form was probably *Nūdos*

[1] See my *Hibbert Lectures*, pp. 122, 125.

or *Nūdo*, of which a genitive *NVDI* occurs in a post-Roman inscription found near Yarrow Kirk in Selkirkshire. It is worthy of note that the modification of *Nūdo* into *Lūdo* must have taken place comparatively early—not improbably while the language was still Goidelic—as we seem to have a survival of the name in that of *Lydney* itself.

It is very possible that we have *Lūdo*, Lud, also in *Porthlud*, which Geoffrey of Monmouth gives, iii. 20, as the Welsh for Ludesgata or Ludgate, in London, which gate, according to him, was called after an ancient king of Britain named Lud. He seems to have been using an ancient tradition, and there would be nothing improbable in the conjecture that Geoffrey's Lud was our Lud, and that the great water divinity of that name had another sanctuary on the hill by the Thames, somewhere near the present site of St. Paul's Cathedral, and occupying a post as it were prophetic of Britain's rule of the water-ways in later times.

Perhaps as one seems to find traces of Nudons from the estuary of the Thames to that of the Severn and thence to Ireland, one may conclude that the god was one of the divinities worshipped by the Goidels. With regard to the Brythonic Celts, there is nothing to suggest that he belonged also to them except in the sense of his having been probably adopted by them from the Goidels. It might be further suggested that the Goidels themselves had in the first instance adopted him from the pre-Celtic natives, but in that case a goddess would have been rather more probable[1]. In fact in the case of the Severn we seem to have a trace of such a goddess in the Sabrina, Old Welsh Habren, now Hafren, so called after a princess whom Geoffrey, ii. 5, represents drowned in the river: she may have been

[1] On this subject, see *The Welsh People*, especially pp. 54-61.

the pre-Celtic goddess of the Severn, and the name corresponding to Welsh Hafren occurs in Ireland in the form of Sabrann, an old name of the river Lee that flows through Cork. Similarly one now reads sometimes of *Father* Thames after the fashion of classic phraseology, and in the Celtic period Nudons may have been closely identified with that river, but the ancient name Tămēsa or Tămēsis[1] was decidedly feminine, and it was, most likely, that of the river divinity from times when the pre-Celtic natives held exclusive possession of these islands. On the whole it appears safer to regard Nudons as belonging to a race that had developed on a larger scale the idea of a patriarchal or kingly ruler holding sway over a comparatively wide area. So Nudons may here be treated as ruled out of the discussion as to the origin of the fairies, to which a few paragraphs are now to be devoted.

Speaking of the rank and file of the fairies in rather a promiscuous fashion, one may say that we have found manifold proof of their close connexion with the water-world. Not only have we found them supposed to haunt places bordering on rivers, to live beneath the lakes, or to inhabit certain green isles capable of playing hide-and-seek with the ancient mariner, and perhaps not so very ancient either; but other considerations have been suggested as also pointing unmistakably to the same conclusion. Take for instance the indirect evidence

[1] Why our dictionary makers have taken into their heads to treat it as *Tamésis* I know not. The Welsh is *Tafwys* with a diphthong regularly representing an earlier long *e* or *ei* in the second syllable. There is, as far as I know, no reason to suppose *Tafwys* an invention, rather than a genuine vocable of the same origin as the name of the Glamorganshire river *Taff*, in Welsh *Taf*, which is also the name of the river emptying itself at Laugharne, in Carmarthenshire. *Tafwys*, however, does not appear to occur in any old Welsh document; but no such weakness attaches to the testimony of the French *Tamise*, which could hardly come from *Tamésis*: compare also the place-name *Tamise* near the Scheldt in East Flanders; this, however, may be of a wholly different origin.

afforded by the method of proceeding to recover an infant stolen by the fairies. One account runs thus: The mother who had lost her baby was to go with a wizard and carry with her to a river the child left her in exchange. The wizard would say, *Crap ar y wrach*, 'Grip the hag,' and the woman would reply, *Rhy hwyr, gyfraglach*, 'Too late, you urchin[1].' Before she uttered those words she had dropped the urchin into the river, and she would then return to her house. By that time the kidnapped child would be found to have come back home[2]. The words here used have not been quite forgotten in Carnarvonshire, but no distinct meaning seems to be attached to them now; at any rate I have failed to find anybody who could explain them. I should however guess that the wizard addressed his words to the fairy urchin with the intention, presumably, that the fairies in the river should at the same time hear and note what was about to be done. Another, and a somewhat more intelligible version, is given in the *Gwyliedyd* for 1837, p. 185, by a contributor who publishes it from a manuscript which Lewis Morris began to write in 1724 and finished apparently in 1729. He was a native of Anglesey, and it is probably to that county the story belongs, which he gives to illustrate one of the phonological aspects of certain kinds of Welsh. That account differs from the one just cited in that it introduces no

[1] A more difficult version has been sent me by Dewi Glan Ffrydlas, of Bethesda: *Caffed y wrach*, 'Let him seize the hag'; *Methu'r cryfaglach*, 'You have failed, urchin.' But he has not been able to get any explanation of the words at the Penrhyn Quarries. *Cryfaglach* is also the form in *Mur y Cryfaglach*, 'the Urchin's Wall,' in Jenkins' *Bedd Gelert*, p. 249. He informs me that this is the name of an old ruin on an elevated spot some twenty or thirty yards from a swift brook, and not far in a south-south-easterly direction from Sir Edward Watkin's chalet.

[2] For this I am indebted to Mr. Wm. Davies (p. 147 above), who tells me that he copied the original from *Chwedlau a Thraddodiadau Gwynedd*, 'Gwynedd Tales and Traditions,' published in a periodical, which I have not been able to consult, called *Y Gordofigion*, for the year 1873.

wizard, but postulates two fairy urchins between whom the dialogue occurs, which is not unusual in our changeling stories: see p. 62. After this explanation I translate Morris' words thus:—

'But to return to the question of the words approaching to the nature of the thing intended, there is an old story current among us concerning a woman whose children had been exchanged by the *Tylwyth Teg*. Whether it is truth or falsehood does not much matter, yet it shows what the men of that age thought concerning the sound of words, and how they fancied that the language of those sprites was of a ghastly and lumpy kind. The story is as follows:—The woman whose two children had been exchanged, chanced to overhear the two fair heirs, whom she got instead of them, reasoning with one another beyond what became their age and persons. So she picked up the two sham children, one under each arm, in order to go and throw them from a bridge into a river, that they might be drowned as she fancied. But hardly had the one in his fall reached the bottom when he cried out to his comrade in the following words:—

Grippiach greppiach	Grippiach Greppiach,
Dal d'afel yn y wrach,	Keep thy hold on the hag.
Hi aeth yn rhowyr 'faglach—	It got too late, thou urchin—
Mi eis i ir mwthlach[1].'	I fell into the . . .

In spite of the obscurity of these words, it is quite clear that it was thought the most natural thing in the world to return the fairies to the river, and no sooner were

[1] The meaning of the word *mwthlach* is doubtful, as it is now current in Gwyneđ only in the sense of a soft, doughy, or puffy person who is all of a heap, so to say. Pughe gives *mwythlan* and *mwythlen* with similar significations. But *mwthlach* would seem to have had some such a meaning in the doggerel as that of rough ground or a place covered with a scrubby, tangled growth. It is possibly the same word as the Irish *mothlach*, 'rough, bushy, ragged, shaggy'; see the *Vision of Laisrén*, edited by Professor K. Meyer, in the *Otia Merseiana*, pp. 114, 117.

they dropped there than the right infants were found to have been sent home.

The same thing may be learned also from the story of the Curse of Pantannas, pp. 187–8 above; for when the time of the fairies' revenge is approaching, the merry party gathered together at Pantannas are frightened by a piercing voice rising from a black and cauldron-like pool in the river; and after a while they hear it a second time rising above the noise of the river as it cascades over the shoulder of a neighbouring rock. Shortly afterwards an ugly, diminutive woman appears on the table near the window, and had it not been for the rudeness of one of those present she would have disclosed the future to them, but, as it was, she said very little in a vague way and went away offended; but as long as she was there the voice from the river was silent. Here we have the Welsh counterpart of the *ben síde*, pronounced *banshee* in Anglo-Irish, and meaning a fairy woman who is supposed to appear to certain Irish families before deaths or other misfortunes about to befall them. It is doubtless to some such fairy persons the voices belong, which threaten vengeance on the heir of Pantannas and on the wicked prince and his descendants previous to the cataclysm which brings a lake into the place of a doomed city: witness such cases as those of Llynclys, Syfaðon, and Kenfig.

The last mentioned deserves some further scrutiny; and I take this opportunity of referring the reader back to pp. 403–4, in order to direct his attention to the fact that the voice so closely identifies itself with the wronged family that it speaks in the first person, as it cries, 'Vengeance is come on him who murdered my father of the ninth generation!' Now it is worthy of remark that the same personifying is also characteristic of the Cyhiraeth[1].

[1] The account here given of the Cyhiraeth is taken partly from *Choice*

This spectral female used to be oftener heard than seen; but her blood-freezing shriek was as a rule to be heard when she came to a cross-road or to water, in which she splashed with her hands. At the same time she would make the most doleful noise and exclaim, in case the frightened hearer happened to be a wife, *Fy ngwr, fy ngwr!* 'my husband, my husband!' If it was the man the exclamation would be, *Fy ngwraig, fy ngwraig!* 'my wife, my wife!' Or in either case it might be, *Fy mhlentyn, fy mhlentyn, fy mhlentyn bach!* 'my child, my child, my little child!' These cries meant the approaching death of the hearer's husband, wife, or child, as the case might be; but if the scream was inarticulate it was reckoned probable that the hearer himself was the person foremourned. Sometimes she was supposed to

Notes, pp. 31-2, and partly from Howells, pp. 31-4, 56-7, who appears to have got uncertain in his narrative as to the sex of the Cyhiraeth; but there is no reason whatsoever for regarding it as either male *or* female—the latter alone is warranted, as he might have gathered from her being called *y Gyhiraeth*, 'the Cyhiraeth,' never *y Cyhiraeth* as far as I know. In North Cardiganshire the spectre intended is known only by another name, that of *Gwrach y Rhibyn*, but *y Gyhiraeth* or *yr hen Gyhiraeth* is a common term of abuse applied to a lanky, cadaverous person, both there and in Gwynedd; in books, however, it is found sometimes meaning a phantom funeral. The word *cyhiraeth* would seem to have originally meant a skeleton with *cyhyrau*, 'sinews,' but no flesh. However, *cyhyrau*, singular *cyhyr*, would be more correctly written with an *i*; for the words are pronounced—even in Gwynedd—*cyhir, cyhirau*. The spelling *cyhyraeth* corresponds to no pronunciation I have ever heard of the word; but there is a third spelling, *cyheuraeth*, which corresponds to an actual *cyhoeyreth* or *cyhoyreth*, the colloquial pronunciation to be heard in parts of South Wales: I cannot account for this variant. *Gwrach y Rhibyn* means the Hag of the *Rhibyn*, and *rhibyn* usually means a row, streak, a line—*ma' nhw'n mynd yn un rhibyn*, 'they are going in a line.' But what exactly *Gwrach y Rhibyn* should connote I am unable to say. I may mention, however, on the authority of Mr. Gwenogvryn Evans, that in Mid-Cardiganshire the term *Gwrach y Rhibyn* means a long roll or bustle of fern tied with ropes of straw and placed along the middle of the top of a hayrick. This is to form a ridge over which and on which the thatch is worked and supported: *gwrach* unqualified is, I am told, used in this sense in Glamorganshire. Something about the *Gwrach* sprite will be found in the *Brython* for 1860, p. 23[a], while a different account is given in Jenkins' *Bedd Gelert*, pp. 80-1.

come, like the Irish banshee, in a dark mist to the window of a person who has been long ailing, and to flap her wings against the glass, while repeating aloud his or her name, which was believed to mean that the patient must die[1]. The picture usually given of the Cyhiraeth is of the most repellent kind: tangled hair, long black teeth, wretched, skinny, shrivelled arms of unwonted length out of all proportion to the body. Nevertheless it is, in my opinion, but another aspect of the banshee-like female who intervenes in the story of the Curse of Pantannas. One might perhaps treat both as survivals of a belief in a sort of personification of, or divinity identified with, a family or tribe, but for the fact that such language is emptied of most of its meaning by the abstractions which it would connect with a primitive state of society. So it is preferable, as coming probably near the truth, to say that what we have here is a trace of an ancestress. Such an idea of an ancestress as against that of an ancestor is abundantly countenanced by dim figures like that of the Dôn of the *Mabinogion*, and of her counterpart, after whom the Tribes of the goddess Donu or Danu[2] are known as *Tuatha Dé Danann* in Irish literature. But the one who most provokes comparison is the Old Woman of Beare, already mentioned, pp. 393–4: she figures largely in Irish folklore as a hag surviving to see her descendants reckoned by tribes and peoples. It may be only an accident that a poetically wrought legend pictures her not so much interested in the fortunes of her progeny as engaged in bewailing the unattractive appearance of her thin arms and shrivelled hands, together with the

[1] This statement I give from *Choice Notes*, p. 32; but I must confess that I am sceptical as to the 'wings of a leathery and bat-like substance,' or of any other substance whatsoever.

[2] For more about her and similar ancestral personages, see *The Welsh People*, pp. 54–61.

general wreck of the beauty which had been hers some time or other centuries before.

However, the evidence of folklore is not of a kind to warrant our building any heavy superstructure of theory on the supposition, that the foundations are firmly held together by a powerful sense of consistency or homogeneity. So I should hesitate to do anything so rash as to pronounce the fairies to be all of one and the same origin: they may well be of several. For instance, there may be those that have grown out of traditions about an aboriginal pre-Celtic race, and some may be the representatives of the ghosts of departed men and women, regarded as one's ancestors; but there can hardly be any doubt that others, and those possibly not the least interesting, have originated in the demons and divinities—not all of ancestral origin—with which the weird fancy of our remote forefathers peopled lakes and streams, bays and creeks and estuaries. Perhaps it is not too much to hope that the reader is convinced that in the course of this chapter some interesting specimens have, so to say, been caught in their native element, or else in the enjoyment of an amphibious life of mirth and frolic, largely spent hard by sequestered lakes, near placid rivers or babbling brooks.

CHAPTER VIII

Welsh Cave Legends

Ἐκεῖ μέντοι μίαν εἶναι νῆσον, ἐν ᾗ τὸν Κρόνον καθείρχθαι φρουρούμενον ὑπὸ τοῦ Βριάρεω καθεύδοντα· δεσμὸν γὰρ αὐτῷ τὸν ὕπνον μεμηχανῆσθαι, πολλοὺς δὲ περὶ αὐτὸν εἶναι δαίμονας ὑπαδοὺς καὶ θεράποντας.—Plutarch.

In previous chapters sundry allusions have been made to treasure caves besides that of Marchlyn Mawr, which has been given at length on pp. 234–7 above. Here follow some more, illustrative of this kind of folklore prevalent in Wales: they are difficult to classify, but most of them mention treasure with or without sleeping warriors guarding it. The others are so miscellaneous as to baffle any attempt to characterize them generally and briefly. Take for instance a cave in the part of Rhiwarth rock nearest to Cwm Llanhafan, in the neighbourhood of Llangynog in Montgomeryshire. Into that, according to Cynđelw in the *Brython* for 1860, p. 57, some men penetrated as far as the pound of candles lasted, with which they had provided themselves; but it appears to be tenanted by a hag who is always busily washing clothes in a brass pan.

Or take the following, from J. H. Roberts' essay, as given in Welsh in Edwards' *Cymru* for 1897, p. 190: it reminds one of an ordinary fairy tale, but it is not quite like any other which I happen to know:—In the western end of the Arennig Fawr there is a cave: in fact there

are several caves there, and some of them are very large too; but there is one to which the finger of tradition points as an ancient abode of the *Tylwyth Teg*. About two generations ago, the shepherds of that country used to be enchanted by one of them called Mary, who was remarkable for her beauty. Many an effort was made to catch her or to meet her face to face, but without success, as she was too quick on her feet. She used to show herself day after day, and she might be seen, with her little harp, climbing the bare slopes of the mountain. In misty weather when the days were longest in summer, the music she made used to be wafted by the breeze to the ears of the love-sick shepherds. Many a time had the boys of the Filltir Gerrig heard sweet singing when passing the cave in the full light of day, but they were subject to some spell, so that they never ventured to enter. But the shepherd of Boch y Rhaiadr had a better view of the fairies one Allhallows night (*ryw noson Galangaeaf*) when returning home from a merry-making at Amnoď. On the sward in front of the cave what should he see but scores of the *Tylwyth Teg* singing and dancing! He never saw another assembly in his life so fair, and great was the trouble he had to resist being drawn into their circles.

Let us now come to the treasure caves, and begin with *Ogof Arthur*, 'Arthur's Cave,' in the southern side of Mynyď y Cnwc[1] in the parish of Llangwyfan, on the south-western coast of Anglesey. The foot of Mynyď y Cnwc is washed by the sea, and the mouth of the cave is closed by its waters at high tide, but the cave, which

[1] This seems to be the Goidelic word borrowed, which in Mod. Irish is written *cnocc* or *cnoc*, 'a hill': the native Welsh form is *cnwch*, as in *Cnwch Coch* in Cardiganshire, *Cnwch Dernog* (corrupted into *Clwch Dernog*) in Anglesey, printed *Kuwgh Dernok* in the *Record of Carnarvon*, p. 59, where it is associated with other interesting names to be noticed later.

is spacious, has a vent-hole in the side of the mountain[1]. So it is at any rate reported in the *Brython* for 1859, p. 138, by a writer who explored the place, though not to the end of the mile which it is said to measure in length. He mentions a local tradition, that it contains various treasures, and that it temporarily afforded Arthur shelter in the course of his wars with the *Gwyđelod* or Goidels. But he describes also a cromlech on the top of Mynyđ y Cnwc, around which there was a circle of stones, while within the latter there lies buried, it is believed, an iron chest full of ancient gold. Various attempts are said to have been made by the more greedy of the neighbouring inhabitants to dig it up, but they have always been frightened away by portents. Here then the guardians of the treasure are creatures of a supernatural kind, as in many other instances, and especially that of Dinas Emrys to be mentioned presently.

Next comes the first of a group of cave legends involving treasure entrusted to the keeping of armed warriors. It is taken from Elijah Waring's *Recollections and Anecdotes of Edward Williams*, Iolo Morgannwg (London, 1850), pp. 95-8, where it is headed 'A popular Tale in Glamorgan, by Iolo Morgannwg'; a version of it in Welsh will be found in the *Brython* for 1858, p. 162, but Waring's version is in several respects better, and I give it in his words:—'A Welshman walking over London Bridge, with a neat hazel staff in his hand, was accosted by an Englishman, who asked him whence he came. "I am from my own country," answered the Welshman, in a churlish tone. "Do not take it amiss,

[1] All said by natives of Anglesey about rivers and mountains in their island must be taken relatively, for though the country has a very uneven surface it has no real mountain: they are apt to call a brook a river and a hillock a mountain, though the majestic heights of Arfon are within sight.

my friend," said the Englishman; "if you will only answer my questions, and take my advice, it will be of greater benefit to you than you imagine. That stick in your hand grew on a spot under which are hid vast treasures of gold and silver; and if you remember the place, and can conduct me to it, I will put you in possession of those treasures."

'The Welshman soon understood that the stranger was what he called a cunning man, or conjurer, and for some time hesitated, not willing to go with him among devils, from whom this magician must have derived his knowledge; but he was at length persuaded to accompany him into Wales; and going to Craig-y-Dinas [Rock of the Fortress], the Welshman pointed out the spot whence he had cut the stick. It was from the stock or root of a large old hazel: this they dug up, and under it found a broad flat stone. This was found to close up the entrance into a very large cavern, down into which they both went. In the middle of the passage hung a bell, and the conjurer earnestly cautioned the Welshman not to touch it. They reached the lower part of the cave, which was very wide, and there saw many thousands of warriors lying down fast asleep in a large circle, their heads outwards, every one clad in bright armour, with their swords, shields, and other weapons lying by them, ready to be laid hold on in an instant, whenever the bell should ring and awake them. All the arms were so highly polished and bright, that they illumined the cavern, as with the light of ten thousand flames of fire. They saw amongst the warriors one greatly distinguished from the rest by his arms, shield, battle-axe, and a crown of gold set with the most precious stones, lying by his side.

'In the midst of this circle of warriors they saw two

very large heaps, one of gold, the other of silver. The magician told the Welshman that he might take as much as he could carry away of either the one or the other, but that he was not to take from both the heaps. The Welshman loaded himself with gold: the conjurer took none, saying that he did not want it, that gold was of no use but to those who wanted knowledge, and that his contempt of gold had enabled him to acquire that superior knowledge and wisdom which he possessed. In their way out he cautioned the Welshman again not to touch the bell, but if unfortunately he should do so, it might be of the most fatal consequence to him, as one or more of the warriors would awake, lift up his head, and ask *if it was day*. "Should this happen," said the cunning man, "you must, without hesitation, answer *No, sleep thou on*; on hearing which he will again lay down his head and sleep." In their way up, however, the Welshman, overloaded with gold, was not able to pass the bell without touching it—it rang—one of the warriors raised up his head, and asked, "Is it day?" "No," answered the Welshman promptly, "it is not, sleep thou on;" so they got out of the cave, laid down the stone over its entrance, and replaced the hazel tree. The cunning man, before he parted from his companion, advised him to be economical in the use of his treasure; observing that he had, with prudence, enough for life: but that if by unforeseen accidents he should be again reduced to poverty, he might repair to the cave for more; repeating the caution, not to touch the bell if possible, but if he should, to give the proper answer, *that it was not day*, as promptly as possible. He also told him that the distinguished person they had seen was ARTHUR, and the others his warriors; and they lay there asleep with their arms ready at hand, for the dawn of that day when the *Black Eagle* and the *Golden*

Eagle should go to war, the loud clamour of which would make the earth tremble so much, that the bell would ring loudly, and the warriors awake, take up their arms, and destroy all the enemies of the Cymry, who afterwards should repossess the Island of Britain, re-establish their own king and government at Caerlleon, and be governed with justice, and blessed with peace so long as the world endures.

'The time came when the Welshman's treasure was all spent: he went to the cave, and as before overloaded himself. In his way out he touched the bell: it rang: a warrior lifted up his head, asking if it was day, but the Welshman, who had covetously overloaded himself, being quite out of breath with labouring under his burden, and withal struck with terror, was not able to give the necessary answer; whereupon some of the warriors got up, took the gold away from him, and beat him dreadfully. They afterwards threw him out, and drew the stone after them over the mouth of the cave. The Welshman never recovered the effects of that beating, but remained almost a cripple as long as he lived, and very poor. He often returned with some of his friends to Craig-y-Dinas; but they could never afterwards find the spot, though they dug over, seemingly, every inch of the hill.'

This story of Iolo's closes with a moral, which I omit in order to make room for what he says in a note to the effect, that there are two hills in Glamorganshire called Craig-y-Dinas—nowadays the more usual pronunciation in South Wales is Craig y Ðinas—one in the parish of Llantrissant and the other in Ystrad Dyfodwg. There was also a hill so called, Iolo says, in the Vale of Towy, not far from Carmarthen. He adds that in Glamorgan the tale is related of the Carmarthenshire hill, while in Carmarthenshire the hill is said to be in Glamorgan.

According to Iolo's son, Taliesin Williams[1] or Taliesin ab Iolo, the Craig y Ðinas with which the Cave of Arthur (or Owen Lawgoch) is associated is the one on the borders of Glamorgan and Brecknockshire. That is also the opinion of my friend Mr. Reynolds, who describes this *craig* and *dinas* as a very bold rocky eminence at the top of the Neath Valley, near Pont Neđ Fechan. He adds that in this tale as related to his mother 'in her very young days' by a very old woman, known as Mari Shencin y Clochyđ, 'Jenkin the Sexton's Mary,' the place of Arthur was taken by Owen Lawgoch, 'Owen of the Red Hand,' of whom more anon.

The next Arthurian story is not strictly in point, for it makes no allusion to treasure; but as it is otherwise so similar to Iolo's tale I cannot well avoid introducing it here. It is included in the composite story of *Bwca 'r Trwyn*, 'the Bogie of the Nose,' written out for me in Gwentian Welsh by Mr. Craigfryn Hughes. The cave portion relates how a Monmouthshire farmer, whose house was grievously troubled by the bogie, set out one morning to call on a wizard who lived near Caerleon, and how he on his way came up with a very strange and odd man who wore a three-cornered hat. They fell into conversation, and the strange man asked the farmer if he should like to see something of a wonder. He answered he would. 'Come with me then,' said the wearer of the cocked hat, 'and you shall see what nobody else alive to-day has seen.' When they had reached the middle of a wood this spiritual guide sprang from horseback and kicked a big stone near the road. It instantly moved aside to disclose the mouth of a large cave; and now said he to the farmer, 'Dismount and bring your horse in here: tie him up alongside of mine,

[1] See pp. 13-16 of his essay on the Neath Valley, referred to in a note at p. 439 above, where Craig y Ðinas is also mentioned.

and follow me so that you may see something which the eyes of man have not beheld for centuries.' The farmer, having done as he was ordered, followed his guide for a long distance: they came at length to the top of a flight of stairs, where two huge bells were hanging. 'Now mind,' said the warning voice of the strange guide, 'not to touch either of those bells.' At the bottom of the stairs there was a vast chamber with hundreds of men lying at full length on the floor, each with his head reposing on the stock of his gun. 'Have you any notion who these men are?' 'No,' replied the farmer, 'I have not, nor have I any idea what they want in such a place as this.' 'Well,' said the guide, 'these are Arthur's thousand soldiers reposing and sleeping till the Kymry have need of them. Now let us get out as fast as our feet can carry us.' When they reached the top of the stairs, the farmer somehow struck his elbow against one of the bells so that it rang, and in the twinkling of an eye all the sleeping host rose to their feet shouting together, 'Are the Kymry in straits?' 'Not yet: sleep you on,' replied the wearer of the cocked hat, whereupon they all dropped down on their guns to resume their slumbers at once. 'These are the valiant men,' he went on to say, 'who are to turn the scale in favour of the Kymry when the time comes for them to cast the Saxon yoke off their necks and to recover possession of their country.' When the two had returned to their horses at the mouth of the cave, his guide said to the farmer, 'Now go in peace, and let me warn you on the pain of death not to utter a syllable about what you have seen for the space of a year and a day: if you do, woe awaits you.' After he had moved the stone back to its place the farmer lost sight of him. When the year had lapsed the farmer happened to pass again that way, but, though he made a long and

careful search, he failed completely to find the stone at the mouth of the cave.

To return to Iolo's yarn, one may say that there are traces of his story as at one time current in Merionethshire, but with the variation that the Welshman met the wizard not on London Bridge but at a fair at Bala, and that the cave was somewhere in Merioneth: the hero was Arthur, and the cave was known as Ogof Arthur. Whether any such cave is still known I cannot tell; but a third and interestingly told version is given in the *Brython* for 1858, p. 179, by the late Gwynionyđ, who gives the story as the popular belief in his native parish of Troed yr Aur, halfway between Newcastle Emlyn and Aber Porth, in South Cardiganshire. In this last version the hero is not Arthur, but the later man as follows:—Not the least of the wonders of imagination wont to exercise the minds of the old people was the story of Owen Lawgoch. One sometimes hears sung in our fairs the words:—

Yr Owain hwn yw Harri 'r Nawfed This Owen is Henry the Ninth,
Syđ yn trigo 'ngwlad estronied, &c. Who tarries in a foreign land, &c.

But this Owen Lawgoch, the national deliverer of our ancient race of Brythons, did not, according to the Troed yr Aur people, tarry in a foreign land, but somewhere in Wales, not far from Offa's Dyke. They used to say that one Dafyđ Meirig of Bettws Bledrws, having quarrelled with his father, left for Lloegr[1], 'England.' When he had got a considerable distance from home, he struck a bargain with a cattle dealer to drive a herd of his beasts to London. Somewhere at the corner of a vast moor Dafyđ cut a very remarkable hazel stick; for a good staff is as essential to the vocation of a good drover as

[1] This is an interesting word of obscure origin, to which I should like our ingenious etymologists to direct their attention.

teeth are to a dog. So while his comrades had had their sticks broken before reaching London, Dafyđ's remained as it was, and whilst they were conversing together on London Bridge a stranger accosted Dafyđ, wishing to know where he had obtained that wonderful stick. He replied that it was in Wales he had had it, and on the stranger's assuring him that there were wondrous things beneath the tree on which it had grown, they both set out for Wales. When they reached the spot and dug a little they found that there was a great hollow place beneath. As night was spreading out her sable mantle, and as they were getting deeper, what should they find but stairs easy to step and great lamps illumining the vast chamber! They descended slowly, with mixed emotions of dread and invincible desire to see the place. When they reached the bottom of the stairs, they found themselves near a large table, at one end of which they beheld sitting a tall man of about seven foot. He occupied an old-fashioned chair and rested his head on his left hand, while the other hand, all red, lay on the table and grasped a great sword. He was withal enjoying a wondrously serene sleep; and at his feet on the floor lay a big dog. After casting a glance at them, the wizard said to Dafyđ: 'This is Owen Lawgoch, who is to sleep on till a special time, when he will wake and reign over the Brythons. That weapon in his hand is one of the swords of the ancient kings of Prydain. No battle was ever lost in which that sword was used.' Then they moved slowly on, gazing at the wonders of that subterranean chamber; and they beheld everywhere the arms of ages long past, and on the table thousands of gold pieces bearing the images of the different kings of Prydain. They got to understand that it was permitted them to take a handful of each, but not to put any in

their purses. They both visited the cave several times, but at last Dafyd put in his purse a little of the gold bearing the image of one of the bravest of Owen's ancestors. But after coming out again they were never able any more to find Owen's subterranean palace.

Those are, says Gwynionyd, the ideas cherished by the old people of Troed yr Aur in Keredigion, and the editor adds a note that the same sort of story is current among the peasantry of Cumberland, and perhaps of other parts of Britain. This remark will at once recall to the reader's mind the well-known verses[1] of the Scottish poet, Leyden, as to Arthur asleep in a cave in the Eildon Hills in the neighbourhood of Melrose Abbey. But he will naturally ask why London Bridge is introduced into this and Iolo's story, and in answer I have to say, firstly, that London Bridge formerly loomed very large in the popular imagination as one of the chief wonders of London, itself the most wonderful city in the world. Such at any rate was the notion cherished as to London and London Bridge by the country people of Wales, even within my own memory. Secondly, the fashion of selecting London Bridge as the opening scene of a treasure legend had been set, perhaps, by a widely spread English story to the following effect:— A certain pedlar of Swaffham in Norfolk had a dream, that if he went and stood on London Bridge he would have very joyful news; as the dream was doubled and trebled he decided to go. So he stood on the bridge two or three days, when at last a shopkeeper, observing that he loitered there so long, neither offering anything for sale nor asking for alms, inquired of him as to his business. The pedlar told him his errand, and was heartily laughed at by the shopkeeper, who said that he

[1] See the *Poetical Works of John Leyden* (Edinburgh, 1875), p. 36 (*Scenes of Infancy*, part ii); also my *Arthurian Legend*, p. 18.

had dreamt that night that he was at a place called Swaffham in Norfolk, and that if he only dug under a great oak tree in an orchard behind a pedlar's house there, he would find a vast treasure; but the place was utterly unknown to him, and he was not such a fool as to follow a silly dream. No, he was wiser than that; so he advised the pedlar to go home to mind his business. The pedlar very quietly took in the words as to the dream, and hastened home to Swaffham, where he found the treasure in his own orchard. The rest of the story need not be related here, as it is quite different from the Welsh ones, which the reader has just had brought under his notice[1].

To return to Owen Lawgoch, for we have by no means done with him: on the farm of Cil yr Ychen there stands a remarkable limestone hill called *y Ðinas*, 'the Fortress,' hardly a mile to the north of the village of Llandybïe, in Carmarthenshire. This *dinas* and the lime-kilns that are gradually consuming it are to be seen on the right from the railway as you go from Llandeilo to Llandybïe. It is a steep high rock which forms a very good natural fortification, and in the level area on the top is the mouth of a very long cavern, known as *Ogo'r Ðinas*, 'the Dinas Cave.' The entrance into it is small and low, but it gradually widens out, becoming in one place lofty and roomy with several smaller branch caves leading out of it; and it is believed that some of them connect Ogo'r Ðinas with smaller caves at Pant y Llyn, 'the Lake Hollow,' where, as the

[1] I am indebted for the English story to an article entitled 'The Two Pedlar Legends of Lambeth and Swaffham,' contributed by Mr. Gomme to the pages of the *Antiquary*, x. 202–5, in which he gives local details and makes valuable comparisons. I have to thank Mr. Gomme also for a cutting from the weekly issue of the *Leeds Mercury* for Jan. 3, 1885, devoted to 'Local Notes and Queries' (No. cccxii), where practically the same story is given at greater length as located at Upsall Castle in Yorkshire.

name indicates, there is a small lake a little higher up: both Ogo'r Đinas and Pant y Llyn are within a mile of the village of Llandybïe[1]. Now I am informed, in a letter written in 1893 by one native, that the local legend about Ogo'r Đinas is that Owen Lawgoch and his men are lying asleep in it, while another native, Mr. Fisher, writing in the same year, but on the authority of somewhat later hearsay, expresses himself as follows:—'I remember hearing two traditions respecting Ogo'r Đinas: (1) that King Arthur and his warriors lie sleeping in it with their right hands clasping the hilts of their drawn swords ready to encounter anyone who may venture to disturb their repose—is there not a *dinas* somewhere in Carnarvonshire with a similar legend? (2) That Owen Lawgoch lived in it some time or other: that is all that I remember having heard about him in connection with this *ogof*.' Mr. Fisher proceeds, moreover, to state that it is said of an *ogof* at Pant y Llyn, that Owen Lawgoch and his men on a certain occasion took refuge in it, where they were shut up and starved to death. He adds that, however this may be, it is a fact that in the year 1813 ten or more human skeletons of unusual stature were discovered in an *ogof* there[2].

[1] I have never been to the spot, and I owe these particulars partly to Mr. J. P. Owen, of 72 Comeragh Road, Kensington, and partly to the Rev. John Fisher, already quoted at p. 379. This is the parish where some would locate the story of the sin-eater, which others stoutly deny, as certain periodical outbursts of polemics in the pages of the *Academy* and elsewhere have shown. Mr. Owen, writing to me in 1893, states, that, when he last visited the *dinas* some thirty years previously, he found the mouth of the cave stopped up in order to prevent cattle and sheep straying into it.

[2] Mr. Fisher refers me to an account of the discovery published in the *Cambrian* newspaper for Aug. 14, 1813, a complete file of which exists, as he informs me, in the library of the Royal Institution of South Wales at Swansea. Further, at the Cambrians' meeting in 1892 that account was discussed and corrected by Mr. Stepney-Gulston: see the *Archæologia Cambrensis* for 1893, pp. 163–7. He also 'pointed out that on the opposite side of the gap in the ridge the noted cave of Owain Law Goch was to be found. Near the Pant-y-ffyn bone caves is a place called Craig Derwyđon, and close by is

To this I may append a reference to the *Geninen* for 1896, p. 84, where Mr. Ieufer Thomas, who is also a native of the district, alludes to the local belief that Owen Lawgoch and his men are asleep, as already mentioned, in the cave of Pant y Ilyn, and that they are to go on sleeping there till a trumpet blast and the clash of arms on Rhiw Goch rouse them to sally forth to combat the Saxons and to conquer, as set forth by Howells: see p. 381 above. It is needless to say that there is no reason, as will be seen presently, to suppose Owen Lawgoch to have ever been near any of the caves to which allusion has here been made; but that does not appreciably detract from the fascination of the legend which has gathered round his personality; and in passing I may be allowed to express my surprise that in such stories as these the earlier Owen has not been eclipsed by Owen Glyndwr: there must be some historical reason why that has not taken place. Can it be that a habit of caution made Welshmen speak of Owen Lawgoch when the other Owen was really meant?

The passage I have cited from Mr. Fisher's letter raises the question of a *dinas* in Carnarvonshire, which that of his native parish recalled to his mind; and this is to be considered next. Doubtless he meant *Dinas Emrys* formerly called *Din Emreis*[1], 'the Fortress of Ambrosius,' situated near Beddgelert, and known in the neighbourhood simply as *y Dinas*, 'the Fort.' It is celebrated in the Vortigern legend as the place where the dragons had been hidden, that frustrated the build-

the scene of the exploits of Owain Law Goch, a character who appears to have absorbed some of the features of Arthurian romance. A cave in the locality bears Owain's name.'

[1] As in Llewelyn's charter to the Monks of Aberconwy, where we have, according to Dugdale's *Monasticon*, v. 673[a], a *Scubordynemreis*, that is *Scubor Dyn Emreis*, 'Din-Emreis Barn,' supposed to be Hafod y Borth, near Beddgelert: see Jenkins' *Bedd Gelert*, p. 198. In the *Myvyrian*, i. 195[a], it has been printed *Din Emrais*.

ing of that king's castle; and the spot is described in Lewis' *Topographical Dictionary of Wales*, in the article on *Bethgelart* (*Beđ-Celert*), as an isolated rocky eminence with an extensive top area, which is defended by walls of loose stones, and accessible only on one side. He adds that the entrance appears to have been guarded by two towers, and that within the enclosed area are the foundations of circular buildings of loose stones forming walls of about five feet in thickness. Concerning that Dinas we read in the *Brython* for 1861, p. 329, a legend to the following effect:—Now after the departure of Vortigern, Myrđin, or Merlin as he is called in English, remained himself in the Dinas for a long time, until, in fact, he went away with Emrys Ben-aur, 'Ambrosius the Gold-headed'—evidently Aurelius Ambrosius is meant. When he was about to set out with the latter, he put all his treasure and wealth into a *crochan aur*, 'a gold cauldron,' and hid it in a cave in the Dinas, and on the mouth of the cave he rolled a huge stone, which he covered up with earth and sods, so that it was impossible for any one to find it. He intended this wealth to be the property of some special person in a future generation, and it is said that the heir to it is to be a youth with yellow hair and blue eyes. When that one comes near to the Dinas a bell will ring to invite him to the cave, which will open of itself as soon as his foot touches it. Now the fact that some such legend was once currently believed about Beđgelert and Nanhwynain is proved by the curious stories as to various attempts made to find the treasure, and the thunderstorms and portents which used to vanquish the local greed for gold. For several instances in point see the *Brython*, pp. 329–30; and for others, showing how hidden treasure is carefully reserved for the right sort of heir, see p. 148 above. To prove how widely this idea prevailed in Carnarvonshire,

I may add a short story which Mrs. Williams-Ellis of Glasfryn got from the engineer who told her of the sacred eel of Llangybi (p. 366):—There was on Pentyrch, the hill above Llangybi, he said, a large stone so heavy and fixed so fast in the ground that no horses, no men could move it: it had often been tried. One day, however, a little girl happened to be playing by the stone, and at the touch of her little hand the stone moved. A hoard of coins was found under it, and that at a time when the little girl's parents happened to be in dire need of it. Search had long been made by undeserving men for treasure supposed to be hidden at that spot; but it was always unsuccessful until the right person touched the stone to move. The failure of the wrong person to secure the treasure, even when discovered, is illustrated by a story given by Mr. Derfel Hughes in his *Antiquities of Llandegai and Llanllechid*, pp. 35-6, to the effect that a servant man, somewhere up among the mountains near Ogwen Lake, chanced to come across the mouth of a cave with abundance of vessels of brass (*pres*) of every shape and description within it. He went at once and seized one of them, but, alas! it was too heavy for him to stir it. So he resolved to go away and return early on the morrow with a friend to help him; but before going he closed the mouth of the cave with stones and sods so as to leave it safe. While thus engaged he remembered having heard how others had like him found caves and failed to refind them. He could procure nothing readily that would satisfy him as a mark, so it occurred to him to dot his path with the chippings of his stick, which he whittled all the way as he went back until he came to a familiar track: the chips were to guide him back to the cave. So when the morning came he and his friend set out, but when they reached the point where the chips should

begin, not one was to be seen: the *Tylwyth Teg* had picked up every one of them. So that discovery of articles of brass—more probably bronze—was in vain. But, says the writer, it is not fated to be always in vain, for there is a tradition in the valley that it is a Gwyđel, 'Goidel, Irishman,' who is to have these treasures, and that it will happen in this wise:—A Gwyđel will come to the neighbourhood to be a shepherd, and one day when he goes up the mountain to see to the sheep, just when it pleases the fates a black sheep with a speckled head will run before him and make straight for the cave: the sheep will go in, with the Gwyđel in pursuit trying to catch him. When the Gwyđel enters he sees the treasures, looks at them with surprise, and takes possession of them; and thus, in some generation to come, the Gwyđyl will have their own restored to them. That is the tradition which Derfel Hughes found in the vale of the Ogwen, and he draws from it the inference which it seems to warrant, in words to the following effect:—Perhaps this shows us that the Gwyđyl had some time or other something to do with these parts, and that we are not to regard as stories without foundations all that is said of that nation; and the sayings of old people to this day show that there is always some spite between our nation and the Gwyđyl. Thus, for instance, he goes on to say, if a man proves changeable, he is said to have become a Gwyđel (*Y mae wedi troi'n Wyđel*), or if one is very shameless and cheeky he is called a Gwyđel and told to hold his tongue (*Taw yr hen Wyđel*); and a number of such locutions used by our people proves, he thinks, the former prevalence of much contention between the two sister-nations. Expressions of the kind mentioned by Mr. Hughes are well known in all parts of the Principality, and it is difficult to account for them except on the supposition

that Goidels and Brythons lived for a long time face to face, so to say, with one another over large areas in the west of our island.

The next story to be mentioned belongs to the same Snowdonian neighbourhood, and brings us back to Arthur and his Men. For a writer who has already been quoted from the *Brython* for 1861, p. 331, makes Arthur and his following set out from Dinas Emrys and cross Hafod y Borth mountain for a place above the upper reach of Cwmllan, called Tregalan, where they found their antagonists. From Tregalan the latter were pushed up the *bwlch* or pass, towards Cwm Dyli; but when the vanguard of the army with Arthur leading had reached the top of the pass, the enemy discharged a shower of arrows at them. There Arthur fell, and his body was buried in the pass so that no enemy might march that way so long as Arthur's dust rested there. That, he says, is the story, and there to this day remains in the pass, he asserts, the heap of stones called *Carneđ Arthur*, 'Arthur's Cairn': the pass is called *Bwlch y Saethau*, 'the Pass of the Arrows.' Then Ogof Llanciau Eryri is the subject of the following story given at p. 371 of the same volume:—After Arthur's death on Bwlch y Saethau, his men ascended to the ridge of the Lliweđ and descended thence into a vast cave called *Ogof Llanciau Eryri*, 'the young Men of Snowdonia's Cave,' which is in the precipitous cliff on the left-hand side near the top of Llyn Llydaw. This is in Cwm Dyli, and there in that cave those warriors are said to be still, sleeping in their armour and awaiting the second coming of Arthur to restore the crown of Britain to the Kymry. For the saying is:—

Llancia' 'Ryri a'u gwyn gyll a'i hennill hi.
Snowdonia's youths with their white hazels will win it.

As the local shepherds were one day long ago collecting

their sheep on the Lliwedd, one sheep fell down to a shelf in this precipice, and when the Cwm Dyli shepherd made his way to the spot he perceived that the ledge of rock on which he stood led to the hidden cave of Llanciau Eryri. There was light within: he looked in and beheld a host of warriors without number all asleep, resting on their arms and ready equipped for battle. Seeing that they were all asleep, he felt a strong desire to explore the whole place; but as he was squeezing in he struck his head against the bell hanging in the entrance. It rang so that every corner of the immense cave rang again, and all the warriors woke uttering a terrible shout, which so frightened the shepherd that he never more enjoyed a day's health; nor has anybody since dared as much as to approach the mouth of the cave.

Thus far the *Brython*, and I have only to remark that this legend is somewhat remarkable for the fact of its representing the Youths of Eryri sleeping away in their cave without Arthur among them. In fact, that hero is described as buried not very far off beneath a *carnedd* or cairn on Bwlch y Saethau. As to the exact situation of that cairn, I may say that my attention was drawn some time ago to the following lines by Mr. William Owen, better known as Glaslyn, a living bard bred and born in the district:—

Gerllaw Carnedd Arthur ar ysgwyd y Wyddfa
Y gorwedd gweddillion y cawr enwog Ricca.

Near Arthur's Cairn on the shoulder of Snowdon
Lie the remains of the famous giant Ricca.

These words recall an older couplet in a poem by Rhys Goch Eryri, who is said to have died in the year 1420. He was a native of the parish of Bedgelert, and his words in point run thus:—

Ar y drum oer dramawr,
Yno gorwedd Ricca Gawr.

On the ridge cold and vast,
There the Giant Ricca lies.

From this it is clear that Rhys Goch meant that the cairn on the top of Snowdon covered the remains of the giant whose name has been variously written Ricca, Ritta, and Rhita. So I was impelled to ascertain from Glaslyn whether I had correctly understood his lines, and he has been good enough to help me out of some of my difficulties, as I do not know Snowdon by heart, especially the Nanhwynain and Beđgelert side of the mountain:—The cairn on the summit of Snowdon was the Giant's before it was demolished and made into a sort of tower which existed before the hotel was made. Glaslyn has not heard it called after Ricca's name, but he states that old people used to call it *Carneđ y Cawr*, 'the Giant's Cairn.' In 1850 *Carneđ Arthur*, 'Arthur's Cairn,' was to be seen on the top of Bwlch y Saethau, but he does not know whether it is still so, as he has not been up there since the building of the hotel. Bwlch y Saethau is a lofty shoulder of Snowdon extending in the direction of Nanhwynain, and the distance from the top of Snowdon to it is not great; it would take you half an hour or perhaps a little more to walk from the one *carneđ* to the other. It is possible to trace Arthur's march from Dinas Emrys up the slopes of Hafod y Borth, over the shoulder of the Aran and Braich yr Oen to Tregalan—or Cwm Tregalan, as it is now called—but from Tregalan he would have to climb in a north-easterly direction in order to reach Bwlch y Saethau, where he is related to have fallen and to have been interred beneath a cairn. This may be regarded as an ordinary or commonplace account of his death. But the scene suggests a far more romantic picture; for down below was Llyn Llydaw with its sequestered isle, connected then by means only of a primitive canoe with a shore occupied by men engaged in working the ore of Eryri. Nay with the eyes of

Malory we seem to watch Bedivere making, with Excalibur in his hands, his three reluctant journeys to the lake ere he yielded it to the arm emerging from the deep. We fancy we behold how 'euyn fast by the banke houed a lytyl barge wyth many fayr ladyes in hit,' which was to carry the wounded Arthur away to the accompaniment of mourning and loud lamentation; but the legend of the Marchlyn bids us modify Malory's language as to the barge containing many ladies all wearing black hoods, and take our last look at the warrior departing rather in a coracle with three wondrously fair women attending to his wounds[1].

Some further notes on Snowdon, together with a curious account of the Cave of Llanciau Eryri, have been kindly placed at my disposal by Mr. Ellis Pierce (Elis[2] o'r Nant) of Dolwyddelan:—In the uppermost part of the hollow called Cwmllan is Tregalan, and in the middle of Cwm Tregalan is a green hill, or rather an eminence which hardly forms a hill, but what is commonly called a *boncyn*[3] in Carnarvonshire, and between that green *boncyn* and the *Clogwyn Du*, 'Black Precipice,' is a bog, the depth of which no one has ever succeeded in ascertaining, and a town—inferred perhaps from *tre*

[1] See Somer's Malory's *Morte Darthur*, xxi. v (=vol. i. p. 849), and as to the Marchlyn story see p. 236 above. Lastly some details concerning Llyn Llydaw will be found in the next chapter.

[2] The oldest spellings known of this name occur in manuscript *A* of the *Annales Cambriæ* and in the *Book of Llan Dâv* as *Elised* and *Elised*, doubtless pronounced *Elissed* until it became, by dropping the final dental, *Elisse*. This in time lost its identity by assimilation with the English name *Ellis*. Thus, for example, in Wynne's edition of Powell's Caradog of Llancarfan's *History of Wales* (London, 1774), pp. 22, 24, *Elised* is reduced to *Elis*. In the matter of dropping the *d* compare our *Dewi*, 'St. David,' for *Dewid*, for an instance of which see Duffus Hardy's *Descriptive Catalogue*, i. 119. The form *Eliseg* with a final *g* has no foundation in fact. Can the English name *Ellis* be itself derived from *Elised*?

[3] *Boncyn* is derived from *bonc* of nearly the same meaning, and *bonc* is merely the English word *bank* borrowed: in South Wales it is pronounced *banc* and used in North Cardiganshire in the sense of hill or mountain.

in *Tregalan*—is fabled to have been swallowed up there. Another of my informants speaks of several hillocks or *boncyns* as forming one side of this little *cwm*; but he has heard from geologists, that these green mounds represent moraines deposited there in the glacial period. From the bottom of the Clogwyn Du it is about a mile to Bwlch y Saethau. Then as to the cave of Llanciau Eryri, which nobody can now find, the slope down to it begins from the top of the Lliwedd, but ordinarily speaking one could not descend to where it is supposed to have been without the help of ropes, which seems incompatible with the story of the Cwm Dyli shepherd following a sheep until he was at the mouth of the cave; not to mention the difficulty which the descent would have offered to Arthur's men when they entered it. Then Elis o'r Nant's story represents it shutting after them, and only opening to the shepherd in consequence of his having trodden on a particular sod or spot. He then slid down unintentionally and touched the bell that was hanging there, so that it rang and instantly woke the sleeping warriors. No sooner had that happened than those men of Arthur's took up their guns—never mind the anachronism—and the shepherd made his way out more dead than alive; and the frightened fellow never recovered from the shock to the day of his death. When these warriors take up their guns they fire away, we are told, without mercy from where each man stands: they are not to advance a single step till Arthur comes to call them back to the world.

To swell the irrelevancies under which this chapter labours already, and to avoid severing cognate questions too rudely, I wish to add that Elis o'r Nant makes the name of the giant buried on the top of Snowdon into Rhitta or Rhita instead of Ricca. That is also the form of the name with which Mrs. Rhys was familiar through-

out her childhood on the Llanberis side of the mountain. She often heard of Rhita[1] Gawr having been buried on the top of Snowdon, and of other warriors on other parts of Snowdon such as Moel Gynghorion and the Gist on that *moel*. But Elis o'r Nant goes further, and adds that from Rhita the mountain was called *Wyđfa Rhita*, more correctly *Gwyđfa Rita*, 'Rhita's Gwyđfa.' Fearing this might be merely an inference, I have tried to cross-examine him so far as that is possible by letter. He replies that his father was bred and born in the little glen called Ewybrnant[2], between Bettws y Coed and Pen Machno, and that his grandfather also lived there, where he appears to have owned land not far from the home of the celebrated Bishop Morgan. Now Elis' father often talked, he says, in his hearing of 'Gwyđfa Rhita.' Wishing to have some more definite evidence, I wrote again, and he informs me that his father was very fond of talking about *his* father, Elis o'r Nant's grandfather, who appears to have been a character and a great supporter of Sir Robert Williams, especially in a keenly contested political election in 1796, when the latter was opposed by the then head of the Penrhyn family. Sometimes the old man from Ewybrnant would set out in his *clocs*, 'clogs or wooden shoes,' to visit Sir Robert Williams, who lived at Plas y Nant, near Beđgelert. On starting he would say to his

[1] The name occurs twice in the story of Kulhwch and Olwen: see the *Mabinogion*, p. 107, where the editors have read *Ricca* both times in 'Gormant, son of Ricca.' This is, however, more than balanced by *Rita* in the *Book of Llan Dâv*, namely in Tref Rita, 'Rita's town or stead,' which occurs five times as the name of a place in the diocese of Llandaff; see pp. 32, 43, 90, 272. The uncertainty is confined to the spelling, and it has arisen from the difficulty of deciding in medieval manuscripts between *t* and *c*: there is no reason to suppose the name was ever pronounced *Ricca*.

[2] This can hardly be the real name of the place, as it is pronounced *Gwybrnant* (and even *Gwybrant*), which reminds me of the *Gwybr fynyđ* on which Gwyn ab Nûđ wanders about with his hounds: see Evans' facsimile of the *Black Book of Carmarthen*, p. 50ᵃ, where the words are, *dỳ gruidir ar wibir winit*.

family, *Mi a'i hyibio troed Gwyđfa Rhita ag mi đo'n ol rwbrud cin nos*, or sometimes *foru*. That is, 'I'll go round the foot of Rhita's *Gwyđfa* and come back some time before night': sometimes he would say 'to-morrow.' Elis also states that his father used to relate how Rhita's *Gwyđfa* was built, namely by the simple process of each of his soldiers taking a stone to place on Rhita's tomb. However the story as to Rhita Gawr being buried on the top of Snowdon came into existence, there can be no doubt that it was current in comparatively recent times, and that the Welsh name of *y Wyđfa*, derived from it, refers to the mountain as distinguished from the district in which it is situated. In Welsh this latter is Eryri, the habitat, as it were, of the *eryr*, 'eagle,' a bird formerly at home there as many local names go to prove, such as *Carreg yr Eryr*[1], 'the Stone of the Eagle,' mentioned in the boundaries of the lands on Snowdon granted to the Abbey of Aberconwy in Llewelyn's charter, where also Snowdon mountain is called *Wedua vawr*, 'the Great Gwyđfa.' Now, as already suggested, the word *gwyđfa* takes us back to Rhita's *Carneđ* or Cairn, as it signified a monument, a tomb or barrow: Dr. Davies gives it in his Welsh-Latin Dictionary as *Locus Sepulturæ, Mausoleum*. This meaning of the word may be illustrated by a reference in passing to the mention in *Brut y Tywysogion* of the burial of Madog ab Maredyđ. For under the year 1159 we are told that he was interred at Meifod, as it was there his tomb or the vault of his family, the one intended also for him (*y 6ydua*[2]), happened to be.

[1] Dugdale has printed this (v. 673[a]) *Carrecereryr* with one *er* too much, and the other name forms part of the phrase *ad capud Weddua-Vaur*, 'to the top of the Great Gwyđfa'; but I learn from Mr. Edward Owen, of Gray's Inn, that the reading of the manuscript is *Wedua vawr* and *Carrecereryr*.

[2] The MSS. except *B* have *y 6ylva*, which is clearly not the right word, as it could only mean 'his place of watching.'

Against the evidence just given, that tradition places Rhita's grave on the top of Snowdon, a passing mention by Derfel Hughes (p. 52) is of no avail, though to the effect that it is on the top of the neighbouring mountain called *Carneđ Lywelyn*, 'Llewelyn's Cairn,' that Rhita's Cairn was raised. He deserves more attention, however, when he places *Carneđ Drystan*, 'Tristan or Tristram's Cairn,' on a spur of that mountain, to wit, towards the east above Ffynnon y Llyffaint[1]. For it is worthy of note that the name of Drystan, associated with Arthur in the later romances, should figure with that of Arthur in the topography of the same Snowdon district.

Before leaving Snowdon I may mention a cave near a small stream not far from Llyn Gwynain, about a mile and a half above Dinas Emrys. In the Llwyd letter (printed in the *Cambrian Journal* for 1859, pp. 142, 209),

[1] See Derfel Hughes' *Llandegai and Llanllechid*, p. 53. As to Drystan it is the Pictish name *Drostan*, but a kindred form occurs in Cornwall on a stone near Fowey, where years ago I guessed the ancient genitive *Drustagni*; and after examining it recently I am able to confirm my original guess. The name of Drystan recalls that of Essyllt, which offers some difficulty. It first occurs in Welsh in the Nennian Genealogies in the Harleian MS. 3859: see Pedigree I in the *Cymmrodor*, ix. 169, where we read that Mermin (Merfyn) was son of Etthil daughter of Cinnan (Cynan), who succeeded his father Rhodri Molwynog in the sovereignty of Gwyneđ in 754. The spelling *Etthil* is to be regarded like that of the Welsh names in Nennius, for some instances of which see § 73 (quoted in the next chapter) and the Old Welsh words *calaur*, *nouel*, *patel*, so spelt in the Juvencus Codex: see Skene, ii. 2: in all these *l* does duty for *ll*. So *Etthil* is to be treated as pronounced Ethill or Ethyll; but Jesus College MS. 20 gives a more ancient pronunciation (at least as regards the consonants) when it calls Cynan's daughter *Ethellt*: see the *Cymmrodor*, viii. 87. Powell, in his *History of Wales* by Caradog of Llancarfan, as edited by Wynne, writes the name *Esylht*; and the Medieval Welsh spelling has usually been *Essyllt* or *Esyllt*, which agrees in its sibilant with the French *Iselt* or *Iseut*; but who made the Breton-looking change from *Eth* to *Es* or *Is* in this name remains a somewhat doubtful point. Professor Zimmer, in the *Zeitschrift für französische Sprache und Litteratur*, xiii. 73–5, points out that the name is an Anglo-Saxon *Ethylda* borrowed, which he treats as a 'Kurzform für *Ethelhild*': see also the *Revue Celtique*, xii. 397, xiii. 495. The adoption of this name in Wales may be regarded as proof of intermarriage or alliance between an English family and the royal house of Gwyneđ as early as the eighth century.

on which I have already drawn, it is called *Ogo'r Gwr Blew*, 'the Hairy Man's Cave'; and the story relates how the Gwr Blew who lived in it was fatally wounded by a woman who happened to be at home, alone, in one of the nearest farm houses when the Gwr Blew came to plunder it. Its sole interest here is that a later version [1] identifies the Hairy Man with Owen Lawgoch, after modifying the former's designation *y Gwr Blew*, which literally meant 'the Hair Man,' into *y Gwr Blewog*, 'the Hairy Man.' This doubtful instance of the presence of Owen Lawgoch in the folklore of North Wales seems to stand alone.

Some of these cave stories, it will have been seen, reveal to us a hero who is expected to return to interfere again in the affairs of this world, and it is needless to say that Wales is by no means alone in the enjoyment of imaginary prospects of this kind. The same sort of poetic expectation has not been unknown, for instance, in Ireland. In the summer of 1894, I spent some sunny days in the neighbourhood of the Boyne, and one morning I resolved to see the chief burial mounds dotting the banks of that interesting river; but before leaving the hotel at Drogheda, my attention was attracted by a book of railway advertisement of the kind which forcibly impels one to ask two questions: why will not the railway companies leave those people alone who do not want to travel, and why will they make it so tedious for those who do? But on turning the leaves of that booklet over I was inclined to a suaver mood, as I came on a paragraph devoted to an ancient stronghold called the Grianan of Aileach, or Greenan-Ely, in the highlands of Donegal. Here I read that a thousand armed men sit resting there on their

[1] See the *Brython* for 1861, pp. 331-2, also *Cymru Fu*, p. 468, where Glasynys was also inclined to regard the Hairy Fellow as being Owen.

swords, and bound by magic sleep till they are to be called forth to take their part in the struggle for the restoration of Erin's freedom. At intervals they awake, it is said, and looking up from their trance they ask in tones which solemnly resound through the many chambers of the Grianan: 'Is the time come?' A loud voice, that of the spiritual caretaker, is heard to reply: 'The time is not yet.' They resume their former posture and sink into their sleep again. That is the substance of the words I read, and they called to my mind the legend of such heroes of the past as Barbarossa, with his sleep interrupted only by his change of posture once in seven years; of Dom Sebastian, for centuries expected from Moslem lands to restore the glories of Portugal; of the Cid Rodrigo, expected back to do likewise with the kingdom of Castile; and last, but not least, of the O'Donoghue who sleeps beneath the Lakes of Killarney, ready to emerge to right the wrongs of Erin. With my head full of these and the like dreams of folklore, I was taken over the scene of the Battle of the Boyne; and the car-driver, having vainly tried to interest me in it, gave me up in despair as an uncultured savage who felt no interest in the history of Ireland. However he somewhat changed his mind when, on reaching the first ancient burial mound, he saw me disappear underground, fearless of the Fomhoraigh; and he began to wonder whether I should ever return to pay him his fare. This in fact was the sheet anchor of all my hopes; for I thought that in case I remained fast in a narrow passage, or lost my way in the chambers of the prehistoric dead, the jarvey must fetch me out again. So by the time I had visited three of these ancient places, Dowth, Knowth, and New Grange, I had risen considerably in his opinion; and he bethought him of stories older than the Battle of

the Boyne. So he told me on the way back several bits of something less drearily historical. Among other things, he pointed in the direction of a place called Ardee in the county of Louth, where, he said, there is Garry Geerlaug's enchanted fort full of warriors in magic sleep, with Garry Geerlaug himself in their midst. Once on a time a herdsman is said to have strayed into their hall, he said, and to have found the sleepers each with his sword and his spear ready to hand. But as the intruder could not keep his hands off the metal wealth of the place, the owners of the spears began to rouse themselves, and the intruder had to flee for his life. But there that armed host is awaiting the eventful call to arms, when they are to sally forth to restore prosperity and glory to Ireland. That was his story, and I became all attention as soon as I heard of Ardee, which is in Irish *Áth Fhir-dheadh*, or the Ford of Fer-deadh, so called from Fer-deadh, who fought a protracted duel with Cúchulainn in that ford, where at the end, according to a well-known Irish story, he fell by Cúchulainn's hand. I was still more exercised by the name of Garry Geerlaug, as I recognized in Garry an Anglo-Irish pronunciation of the Norse name Godhfreydhr, later Godhroedh, sometimes rendered Godfrey and sometimes Godred, while in Man and in Scotland it has become Gorry, which may be heard also in Ireland. I thought, further, that I recognized the latter part of Garry Geerlaug's designation as the Norse female name Geirlaug. There was no complete lack of Garries in that part of Ireland in the tenth and eleventh centuries; but I have not yet found any historian to identify for me the warrior named or nicknamed Garry Geerlaug, who is to return blinking to this world of ours when his nap is over. Leaving Ireland, I was told the other day of a place called Tom na Hurich, near Inverness, where

Finn and his following are resting, each on his left elbow, enjoying a broken sleep while waiting for the note to be sounded, which is to call them forth. What they are then to do I have not been told: it may be that they will proceed at once to solve the Crofter Question, for there will doubtless be one.

It appears, to come back to Wales, that King Cadwaladr, who waged an unsuccessful war with the Angles of Northumbria in the seventh century, was long after his death expected to return to restore the Brythons to power. At any rate so one is led in some sort of a hazy fashion to believe in reading several of the poems in the manuscript known as the *Book of Taliessin*. One finds, however, no trace of Cadwaladr in our cave legends: the heroes of them are Arthur and Owen Lawgoch. Now concerning Arthur one need at this point hardly speak, except to say that the Welsh belief in the eventual return of Arthur was at one time a powerful motive affecting the behaviour of the people of Wales, as was felt, for instance, by English statesmen in the reign of Henry II. But by our time the expected return of Arthur—*rexque futurus*—has dissipated itself into a commonplace of folklore fitted only to point an allegory, as when Elvet Lewis, one of the sweetest of living Welsh poets, sings in a poem entitled *Arthur gyda ni*, 'Arthur with us':—

Mae Arthur Fawr yn cysgu,
A'i ðewrion syð o'i ðeutu,
A'u gafael ar y cleð:
Pan ðaw yn ðyð yn Nghymru,
Daw Arthur Fawr i fynu
Yn fyw—yn fyw o'i feð!

Great Arthur still is sleeping,
His warriors all around him,
With grip upon the steel:
When dawns the day on Cambry,
Great Arthur forth will sally
Alive to work her weal!

Not so with regard to the hopes associated with the name of Owen Lawgoch; for we have it on Gwynionyð's testimony, p. 464, that our old *baledwyr* or ballad men used to sing about him at Welsh fairs: it is not in the least

improbable that they still do so here and there, unless the horrors of the ghastly murder last reported in the newspapers have been found to pay better. At any rate Mr. Fisher (p. 379) has known old people in his native district in the Llychwr Valley who could repeat stanzas or couplets from the ballads in question. He traces these scraps to a booklet entitled *Merlin's Prophecy*[1], *together with a brief history of his life, taken from the Book of Prognostication.* This little book bears no date, but appears to have been published in the early part of the nineteenth century. It is partly in prose, dealing briefly with the history of Merlin the Wild or Silvaticus, and the rest consists of two poems. The first of these poems is entitled *Dechreu Darogan Myrđin*, 'the Beginning of Merlin's Prognostication,' and is made up of forty-nine verses, several of which speak of Owen as king conquering all his foes and driving out the Saxons: then in the forty-seventh stanza comes the couplet which says, that this Owen is Henry the Ninth, who is tarrying in a foreign land. The other poem is of a more general character, and is entitled the Second Song of Merlin's Prognostication,

[1] I have never seen a copy, but Mr. Fisher gives me the title as follows: *Prophwydoliaeth Myrđin Wyllt yn nghyda ber Hanes o'i Fywyd, wedi eu tynu allan o Lyfr y Daroganau . . . Caerfyrđin . . . Pris dwy Geiniog.* It has no date, but Mr. Fisher once had a copy with the date 1847. Recently he has come across another versified prophecy written in the same style as the printed ones, and referring to an Owain who may have been Owen Lawgoch. The personage meant is compared to the most brilliant of pearls, *Owain glain golyaf.* The prophecy is to be found at the Swansea Public Library, and occurs in a seventeenth century manuscript manual of Roman Catholic Devotion, Latin and Welsh. It gives 1440 as the year of the deliverance of the *Brytaniaid.* It forms the first of two poems (fo. 37), the second of which is ascribed to Taliessin. Such is Mr. Fisher's account of it, and the lines which he has copied for me cling to the same theme of the ultimate triumph of the Kymry. Quite recently I have received further information as to these prophecies from Mr. J. H. Davies, of Lincoln's Inn (p. 354), who will, it is to be hoped, soon publish the results of his intimate study of their history in South Wales.

and consists of twenty-six stanzas of four lines each like the previous one; but the third stanza describes Arthur's bell at Caerlleon, 'Caerleon,' ringing with great vigour to herald the coming of Owen; and the seventh stanza begins with the following couplet:—

Cair gweled Owen Law-goch yn d'od i Frydain Fawr,
Cair gweled newyn ceiniog yn nhref Gaerlleon-gawr.
Owen Lawgoch one shall to Britain coming see,
And dearth of pennies find at Chester on the Dee.

It closes with the date in verse at the end, to wit, 1668, which takes us back to very troublous times: 1668 was the year of the Triple Alliance of England, Sweden, and Holland against Louis XIV; and it was not long after the Plague had raged, and London had had its Great Fire. So it is a matter of no great surprise if some people in Wales had a notion that the power of England was fast nearing its end, and that the *baledwyr* thought it opportune to refurbish and adapt some of Merlin's prophecies as likely to be acceptable to the peasantry of South Wales. At all events we have no reason to suppose that the two poems which have here been described from Mr. Fisher's data represented either the gentry of Wales, whose ordinary speech was probably for the most part English, or the bardic fraternity, who would have looked with contempt at the language and style of the Prognostication. For, apart from careless printing, this kind of literature can lay no claim to merit in point of diction or of metre. Such productions represent probably the *baledwyr* and the simple country people, such as still listen in rapt attention to them doing at Welsh fairs and markets what they are pleased to regard as singing. All this fits in well enough with the folklore of the caves, such as the foregoing stories represent it. Here I may add that I am informed by Mr. Craigfryn Hughes of a tradition

that Arthur and his men are biding their time near Caerleon on the Usk, to wit, in a cave resembling generally those described in the foregoing legends. He also mentions a tradition as to Owen Glyndwr—so he calls him, though it is unmistakably the Owen of the *baledwyr* who have been referred to by Mr. Fisher—that he and his men are similarly slumbering in a cave in Craig Gwrtheyrn, in Carmarthenshire. That is a spot in the neighbourhood of Llandyssil, consisting of an elevated field terminating on one side in a sharp declivity, with the foot of the rock laved by the stream of the Teifi. *Craig Gwrtheyrn* means Vortigern's Rock, and it is one of the sites with which legend associates the name of that disreputable old king. I am not aware that it shows any traces of ancient works, but it looks at a distance an ideal site for an old fortification. An earlier prophecy about Owen Lawgoch than any of these occurs, as kindly pointed out to me by Mr. Gwenogvryn Evans, in the Peniarth MS. 94 (= Hengwrt MS. 412, p. 23), and points back possibly to the last quarter of the fourteenth century. See also one quoted by him, from the Mostyn MS. 133, in his *Report on MSS. in the Welsh Language*, i. 106. Probably many more such prophecies might be discovered if anybody undertook to make a systematic search for them.

But who was Owen Lawgoch, if there ever was such a man? Such a man there was undoubtedly; for we read in one of the documents printed in the miscellaneous volume commonly known as the *Record of Carnarvon*, that at a court held at Conway in the forty-fourth year of Edward III a certain Gruffyd Says was adjudged to forfeit all the lands which he held in Anglesey to the Prince of Wales—who was at that time no other than Edward the Black Prince—for the reason

that the said Gruffyd had been an adherent of Owen: *adherens fuisset Owino Lawegogh* (or *Lawgogh*) *inimico et proditori predicti domini Principis et de consilio predicti Owyni ad mouendam guerram in Wallia contra predictum dominum Principem* [1]. How long previously it had been attempted to begin a war on behalf of this Owen Lawgoch one cannot say, but it so happens that at this time there was a captain called *Yeuwains*, *Yewains*, or *Yvain de Gales* or *Galles*, 'Owen of Wales,' fighting on the French side against the English in Edward's Continental wars. Froissart in his *Chronicles* has a great deal to say of him, for he distinguished himself greatly on various critical occasions. From the historian's narrative one finds that Owen had escaped when a boy to the court of Philip VI of France, who received him with great favour and had him educated with his own nephews. Froissart's account of him is, that the king of England, Edward III, had slain his father and given his lordship and principality to his own son as Prince of Wales; and Froissart gives Owen's father's name as *Aymon*, which should mean *Edmond*, unless the name intended may have been rather *Einion*. However that may have been, Owen was engaged in the Battle of Poitiers in 1356, and when peace was made he went to serve in Lombardy; but when war between England and France broke out again in 1369, he returned to France. He sometimes fought on sea and sometimes on land, but he was always entrusted by the French king, who was now Charles V, with important commands [2]. Thus

[1] *Record of Carnarvon*, p. 133, to which attention was called by me in the *Report of the Welsh Land Commission*, p. 648: see now *The Welsh People*, pp. 343–4, 593–4.

[2] Nor was Owen the only Welshman in the king of France's service: there was Owen's chaplain, who on one occasion distinguished himself greatly in battle. He is called in Froissart's text David House, but the editor has found from other documents that the name was Honvel

in 1372 he was placed at the head of a flotilla with 3,000 men, and ordered to operate against the English: he made a descent on the Isle of Guernsey[1], and while there besieging the castle of Cornet, he was charged by the king of France to sail to Spain to invite the king of Castile to send his fleet again to help in the attack on La Rochelle. Whilst staying at Santander the earl of Pembroke was brought thither, having been taken prisoner in the course of the destruction of the English fleet before La Rochelle. Owen, on seeing the earl of Pembroke, asks him with bitterness if he is come there to do him homage for his land, of which he had taken possession in Wales. He threatens to avenge himself on him as soon as he can, and also on the earl of Hereford and Edward Spencer, for it was by the fathers of these three men, he said, his own father had been betrayed to death. Edward III died in 1377, and the Black Prince had died shortly before. Owen survived them both, and was actively engaged in the siege of Mortagne sur Mer in Poitou, when he was assassinated by one Lamb, who had insinuated himself into his service and confidence, partly by pretending to bring

Flinc, which is doubtless Howel, whatever the second vocable may have been: see Froissart, viii, pp. xxxviii, 69.

[1] As to the original destination of the flotilla, see Kervyn de Lettenhove's edition of Froissart (Brussels, 1870–7), viii. 435–7, where the editor has brought together several notes, from which it appears that Owen tried unsuccessfully to recruit an army in Spain, but that he readily got together in France a considerable force. For Charles V, on May 8, 1372, ordered the formation of an army, to be placed under Owen's command for the reconquest of his ancestors' lands in Wales, and two days later Owen issued a declaration as to his Welsh claims and his obligations to the French king; but the flotilla stopped short with Guernsey. It is not improbable, however, that the fear in England of a descent on Wales by Owen began at least as early as 1369. In his declaration Owen calls himself *Evain de Gales*, which approaches the Welsh spelling *Ewein*, more frequently *Ywein*, modern *Ywain*, except that all these forms tended to be supplanted by *Owain* or *Owen*. This last is, strictly speaking, the colloquial form, just as *Howel* is the colloquial form of *Hywel*, and *bowyd* of *bywyd*, 'life.'

him news about his native land and telling him that all Wales was longing to have him back to be the lord of his country—*et lui fist acroire que toute li terre de Gales le desiroient mout à ravoir à seigneur*. So Owen fell in the year 1378, and was buried at the church of Saint-Léger [1], while Lamb returned to the English to receive his stipulated pay. When this happened Owen's namesake, Owen Glyndwr, was nearly thirty years of age. The latter was eventually to assert with varying fortune on several fields of battle in this country the claims of his elder kinsman, who, by virtue of his memory in France, would seem to have rendered it easy for the later Owen to enter into friendly relations with the French court of his day [2].

Now as to Yvain de Galles, the Rev. Thomas Price (Carnhuanawc) in his *Hanes Cymru*, 'History of Wales,' devotes a couple of pages, 735–7, to Froissart's account of him, and he points out that Angharad Llwyd, in her edition of Sir John Wynne's *History of the Gwydir Family* [3], had found Owen Lawgoch to have been Owen

[1] For the account of Owen's life see the *Chroniques de J. Froissart publiées pour la Société de l'Histoire de France*, edited with abstracts and notes by Siméon Luce, more especially vols. viii. pp. 44–9, 64, 66–71, 84, 122, 190, and ix. pp. 74–9, where a summary is given of his life and a complete account of his death. In Lord Berners' translation, published in Henry VIII's time, Owen is called Yuan of Wales, as if anybody could even glance at the romances without finding that *Owen ab Urien*, for instance, became in French *Ywains* or *Ivains le fils Urien* in the nominative, and *Ywain* or *Ivain* in régime. Thomas Johnes of Hafod, whose translation was published in 1803–6, betrays still greater ignorance by giving him the modern name *Evan*; but he had the excuse of being himself a Welshman.

For copies of some of the documents in point see Rymer's *Fœdera*, viii. 356, 365, 382.

[2] I have not been able to find a copy of this work, and for drawing my attention to the passage in *Hanes Cymru* I have again to thank Mr. Fisher. The pedigree in question will be found printed in Table I in Askew Roberts' edition of Sir John Wynne's *History of the Gwydir Family* (Oswestry, 1878); and a note, apparently copied from Miss Llwyd, states that it was in a Hengwrt MS. she found the identification of Owen Lawgoch. The editor surmises that to refer to p. 865 of Hengwrt MS. 351, which he represents as

ab Thomas ab Rhodri, brother to Llewelyn, the last native prince of Wales. One of the names, however, among other things, forms a difficulty: why did Froissart call Yvain's father Aymon? So it is clear that a more searching study of Welsh pedigrees and other documents, including those at the Record Office[1], has to be made before Owen can be satisfactorily placed in point of succession. For that he was in the right line to succeed the native princes of Wales is suggested both by the eagerness with which all Wales was represented as looking to his return to be the lord of the country, and by the opening words of Froissart in describing what he had been robbed of by Edward III, as being both lordship and principality—*la signourie et princeté*. Be that as it may, there is, it seems to me, little doubt that Yvain de Galles was no other than the Owen Lawgoch, whose adherent Gruffyd Says was deprived of his land and property in the latter part of Edward's reign. In the next place, there is hardly room for doubt that the Owen Lawgoch here referred to was the same man whom the *baledwyr* in their jumble of prophecies intended to be Henry the Ninth, that is to say the Welsh successor to the last Tudor king, Henry VIII, and that he was at the same time the hero of the cave legends of

being a copy of Hengwrt MS. 96 in the handwriting of Robert Vaughan the Antiquary.

[1] This has already been undertaken: on Feb. 7, 1900, a summary of this chapter was read to a meeting of the Hon. Society of Cymmrodorion, and six weeks later Mr. Edward Owen, of Gray's Inn, read an elaborate paper in which he essayed to fix more exactly Yvain de Galles' place in the history of Wales. It would be impossible here to do justice to his reasoning, based as it was on a careful study of the records in point. Let it suffice for the present, however, that the paper will in due course appear in the Society's *Transactions*. Mr. J. H. Davies also informs me that he is bringing together items of evidence, which tend, as he thinks, to show that Miss Lwyd's information was practically correct. Before, however, the question can be considered satisfactorily answered, some explanation will have to be offered of Froissart's statement, that Yvain's father's name was Aymon.

divers parts of the Principality, especially South Wales, as already indicated.

Now without being able to say why Owen and his analogues should become the heroes of cave legends contemplating a second advent, it is easy to point to circumstances which facilitated their doing so. It is useless to try to discuss the question of Arthur's disappearance; but take Garry Geerlaug, for instance, a roving Norseman, as we may suppose from his name, who may have suddenly disappeared with his followers, never more to be heard of in the east of Ireland. In the absence of certain news of his death, it was all the easier to imagine that he was dozing quietly away in an enchanted fortress. Then as to King Cadwaladr, who was also, perhaps, to have returned to this world, so little is known concerning his end that historians have no certainty to this day when or where he died. So much the readier therefore would the story gain currency that he was somewhere biding his time to come back to retrieve his lost fortunes. Lastly, there is Owen Lawgoch, the magic of whose name has only been dissipated in our own day: he died in France in the course of a protracted war with the kings of England. It is not likely, then, that the peasantry of Wales could have heard anything definite about his fate. So here also the circumstances were favourable to the cave legend and the dream that he was, whether at home or abroad, only biding his time. Moreover, in all these cases the hope-inspiring delusion gained currency among a discontented people, probably, who felt the sore need of a deliverer to save them from oppression or other grievous hardships of their destiny.

The question can no longer be prevented from presenting itself as to the origin of this idea of a second advent of a hero of the past; but in that form it is too

large for discussion here, and it would involve a review, for instance, of one of the cardinal beliefs of the Latter-day Saints as to the coming of Christ to reign on earth, and other doctrines supposed to be derived from the New Testament. On the other hand, there is no logical necessity why the expected deliverer should have been in the world before: witness the Jews, who are looking forward not to the return but to the birth and first coming of their Messiah. So the question here may be confined more or less strictly to its cave-legend form; and though I cannot answer it, some advance in the direction whence the answer should come may perhaps be made. In the first place, one will have noticed that Arthur and Owen Lawgoch come more or less in one another's way; and the presumption is that Owen Lawgoch has been to a certain extent ousting Arthur, who may be regarded as having the prior claim, not to mention that in the case of the Gwr Blew cave, p. 481, Owen is made by an apparently recent version of the story to evict from his lair a commonplace robber of no special interest. In other words, the Owen Lawgoch legend is, so to say, detected spreading itself[1]. That is very possibly just what had happened at a remoter period in the case of the Arthur legend itself. In other words, Arthur has taken the place of some ancient divinity, such as that dimly brought within our ken by Plutarch in the words placed at the head of this chapter. He reproduces the report of a certain Demetrius, sent by the emperor of Rome to reconnoitre and inspect the coasts of Britain. It was to the effect that around

[1] We seem also to have an instance in point in Carmarthenshire, where legend represents Owen and his men sleeping in *Ogof Myrdin*, the name of which means Merlin's Cave, and seems to concede priority of tenancy to the great magician: see the extinct periodical *Golud yr Oes* (for 1863), i. 253, which I find to have been probably drawing on Eliezer Williams' *English Works* (London, 1840), p. 156.

Britain lay many uninhabited islands, some of which are named after deities and some after heroes; and of the islands inhabited, he visited the one nearest to the uninhabited ones. Of this the dwellers were few, but the people of Britain treated them as sacrosanct and inviolable in their persons. Among other things, they related to him how terrible storms, diseases, and portents happened on the occasion of any one of the mighty leaving this life. He adds:—'Moreover there is, they said, an island in which Cronus is imprisoned, with Briareus keeping guard over him as he sleeps; for, as they put it, sleep is the bond forged for Cronus. They add that around him are many divinities, his henchmen and attendants[1].'

What divinity, Celtic or pre-Celtic, this may have been who recalled Cronus or Saturn to the mind of the Roman officer, it is impossible to say. It is to be noticed that he sleeps and that his henchmen are with him, but no allusion is made to treasure. No more is there, however, in Mr. Fisher's version of the story of Ogo'r Ðinas, which, according to him, says that Arthur and his warriors there lie sleeping with their right hands clasping the hilts of their drawn swords, ready to encounter any one who may venture to disturb their repose. On the other hand, legends about cave treasure are probably very ancient, and in some at least of our stories the safe keeping of such treasure must be regarded as the original object of the presence of the armed host.

The permission supposed to be allowed an intruder to take away a reasonable quantity of the cave gold,

[1] For the Greek text of the entire passage see the Didot edition of Plutarch, vol. iii. p. 511 (*De Defectu Oraculorum*, xviii); also my *Arthurian Legend*, pp. 367-8. It is curious to note that storms have, in a way, been associated in England with the death of her great men as recently as that of the celebrated Duke of Wellington: see *Choice Notes*, p. 270.

I should look at in the light of a sort of protest on the part of the story-teller against the niggardliness of the cave powers. I cannot help suspecting in the same way that the presence of a host of armed warriors to guard some piles of gold and silver for unnumbered ages must have struck the fancy of the story-tellers as disproportionate, and that this began long ago to cause a modification in the form of the legends. That is to say, the treasure sank into a mere accessory of the presence of the armed men, who are not guarding any such thing so much as waiting for the destined hour when they are to sally forth to make lost causes win. Originally the armed warriors were in some instances presumably the henchmen of a sleeping divinity, as in the story told to Demetrius; but perhaps oftener they were the guardians of treasure, just as much as the invisible agencies are, which bring on thunder and lightning and portents when any one begins to dig at Dinas Emrys or other spots where ancient treasure lies hidden. There is, it must be admitted, no objection to regarding the attendants of a divinity as at the same time the guardians of his treasure. In none, however, of these cave stories probably may we suppose the principal figure to have originally been that of the hero expected to return among men: he, when found in them, is presumably to be regarded as a comparatively late interloper. But it is, as already hinted, not to be understood that the notion of a returning hero is itself a late one. Quite the contrary; and the question then to be answered is, Where was that kind of hero supposed to pass his time till his return? There is only one answer to which Welsh folklore points, and that is, In fairyland. This is also the teaching of the ancient legend about Arthur, who goes away to the Isle of Avallon to be healed of his wounds by the fairy

maiden Morgen; and, according to an anonymous poet[1], it is in her charms that one should look for the reason why Arthur tarries so long:—

Immodice læsus Arthurus tendit ad aulam
Regis Avallonis, ubi virgo regia, vulnus
Illius tractans, sanati membra reservat
Ipsa sibi: vivuntque simul, si credere fas est.

Avallon's court see suffering Arthur reach:
His wounds are healed, a royal maid the leech;
His pains assuaged, he now with her must dwell,
If we hold true what ancient legends tell.

Here may be cited by way of comparison Walter Mapes' statement as to the Trinio, concerning whom he was quoted in the first chapter, p. 72 above. He says, that as Trinio was never seen after the losing battle, in which he and his friends had engaged with a neighbouring chieftain, it was believed in the district around Llyn Syfaðon, that Trinio's fairy mother had rescued him from the enemy and taken him away with her to her home in the lake. In the case of Arthur it is, as we have seen, a fairy also or a lake lady that intervenes; and there cannot be much room for doubt, that the story representing him going to fairyland to be healed is far older than any which pictures him sleeping in a cave with his warriors and his gold all around him. As for the gold, however, it is abundantly represented as nowhere more common than in the home of the fairies: so this metal treated as a test cannot greatly help us in essaying the distinction here suggested. With regard to Owen Lawgoch, however, one is not forced to suppose that he was ever believed to have sojourned in Faery: the legendary precedent of Arthur as a cave sleeper would probably suffice to open the door for him to enter the recesses of Craig y Ðinas, as soon as

[1] See my *Arthurian Legend*, p. 335. I am indebted to Professor Morfill for rendering the hexameters into English verse.

the country folk began to grow weary of waiting for his return. In other words, most of our cave legends have combined together two sets of popular belief originally distinct, the one referring to a hero gone to the world of the fairies and expected some day to return, and the other to a hero or god enjoying an enchanted sleep with his retinue all around him. In some of our legends, however, such as that of Llanciau Eryri, the process of combining the two sets of story has been left to this day incomplete.

CHAPTER IX

Place-name Stories

The *Dindsenchas* is a collection of stories (*senchasa*), in Middle-Irish prose and verse, about the names of noteworthy places (*dind*) in Ireland—plains, mountains, ridges, cairns, lakes, rivers, fords, estuaries, islands, and so forth. . . . But its value to students of Irish folklore, romance (sometimes called history), and topography has long been recognized by competent authorities, such as Petrie, O'Donovan, and Mr. Alfred Nutt.

Whitley Stokes.

In the previous chapters some folklore has been produced in which we have swine figuring: see more especially that concerned with the Hwch Ðu Gwta, pp. 224–6 above. Now I wish to bring before the reader certain other groups of swine legends not vouched for by oral tradition so much as found in manuscripts more or less ancient. The first three to be mentioned occur in one of the Triads[1]. I give the substance of it in the three best known versions, pre-

[1] They are produced here in their order as printed at the beginning of the second volume of the *Myvyrian Archaiology of Wales*, and the series or versions are indicated as i, ii, iii. Version ii will be found printed in the third volume of the *Cymmrodor*, pp. 52–61, also in the Oxford *Mabinogion*, pp. 297–308, from the *Red Book of Hergest* of the fourteenth century. The letter (a, b, c) added is intended to indicate the order of the three parts of the Triad, for it is not the same in all the series. Let me here remark in a general way that the former fondness of the Welsh for Triads was not peculiar to them. The Irish also must have been at one time addicted to this grouping. Witness the Triad of Cleverest Countings, in the *Book of the Dun Cow*, fol. 58^a, and the Triad of the Blemishes of the Women of Ulster, ib. 43^b.

mising that the Triad is entitled that of the Three Stout Swineherds of the Isle of Prydain:—

i. 30[a]:—Drystan[1] son of Tallwch who guarded the swine of March son of Meirchion while the swineherd went to bid Essyllt come to meet him: at the same time Arthur sought to have one sow by fraud or force, and failed.

ii. 56[b]:—Drystan son of Tallwch with the swine of March ab Meirchion while the swineherd went on a message to Essyllt. Arthur and March and Cai and Bedwyr came all four to him, but obtained from Drystan not even as much as a single porker, whether by force, by fraud, or by theft.

iii. 101[c]:—The third was Trystan son of Tallwch, who guarded the swine of March son of Meirchion while the swineherd had gone on a message to Essyllt to bid her appoint a meeting with Trystan. Now Arthur and Marchell and Cai and Bedwyr undertook to go and make an attempt on him, but they proved unable to get possession of as much as one porker either as a gift or as a purchase, whether by fraud, by force, or by theft.

In this story the well-known love of Drystan and Essyllt is taken for granted; but the whole setting is so peculiar and so unlike that of the story of Tristan and Iselt or Iseut in the romances, that there is no reason to suppose it in any way derived from the latter.

The next portion of the Triad runs thus:—

i. 30[b]:—And Pryderi son of Pwyll of Annwvyn who guarded the swine of Pendaran of Dyfed in the Glen of the Cuch in Emlyn.

ii. 56[a]:—Pryderi son of Pwyll Head of Annwn with the swine of Pendaran of Dyfed his foster father. The

[1] As to the names Drystan (also *Trystan*) and Essyllt, see the footnote on p 480 above.

swine were the seven brought away by Pwyll Head of Annwn and given by him to Pendaran of Dyfed his foster father; and the Glen of the Cuch was the place where they were kept. The reason why Pryderi is called a mighty swineherd is that no one could prevail over him either by fraud or by force [1].

iii. 101[a]:—The first was Pryderi son of Pwyll of Pendaran in Dyfed [2], who guarded his father's swine while he was in Annwn, and it was in the Glen of the Cuch that he guarded them.

The history of the pigs is given, so to say, in the *Mabinogion*. Pwyll had been able to strike up a friendship and even an alliance with Arawn king of Annwvyn [3] or Annwn, which now means Hades or the other world; and they kept up their friendship partly by exchanging presents of horses, greyhounds, falcons, and any other things calculated to give gratification to the receiver of them. Among other gifts which Pryderi appears to have received from the king of Annwn were *hobeu* or *moch*, 'pigs, swine,' which had never before been heard of in the island of Prydain. The news about this new race of animals, and that they formed sweeter food than oxen, was not long before it reached Gwyned; and we shall presently see that there was another story which

[1] This was meant to explain the unusual term *górdueichyat*, also written *górdueichat*, *górueichyat*, and *gwrddfeichiad*. This last comes in the modern spelling of iii. 101, where this clause is not put in the middle of the Triad but at the end.

[2] The editor of this version seems to have supposed Pendaran to have been a place in Dyfed! But his ignorance leaves us no evidence that he had a different story before him.

[3] This word is found written in Mod. Welsh *Annwfn*, but it has been mostly superseded by the curtailed form *Annwn*, which appears twice in the *Mabinogi* of Math. These words have been studied by M. Gaidoz in Meyer and Stern's *Zeitschrift für Celtische Philologie*, i. 29–34, where he equates *Annwfn* with the Breton *anauon*, which is a plural used collectively for the souls of the departed, the other world. His view, however, of these interesting words has since been mentioned in the same *Zeitschrift*, iii. 184-5, and opposed in the *Annales de Bretagne*, xi. 488.

flatly contradicts this part of the Triad, namely to the effect that Gwydion, nephew of Math king of Gwyneđ and a great magician, came to Pryderi's court at Rhuđlan, near Dolau Bach or Highmead on the Teifi in what is now the county of Cardigan, and obtained some of the swine by deceiving the king. But, to pass by that for the present, I may say that Dyfed seems to have been famous for rearing swine; and at the present day one affects to believe in the neighbouring districts that the chief industry in Dyfed, more especially in South Cardiganshire, consists in the rearing of parsons, carpenters, and pigs. Perhaps it is also worth mentioning that the people of the southern portion of Dyfed are nicknamed by the men of Glamorgan to this day *Moch Sir Benfro*, 'the Pigs of Pembrokeshire.'

But why so much importance attached to pigs? I cannot well give a better answer than the reader can himself supply if he will only consider what rôle the pig plays in the domestic economy of modern Ireland. But, to judge from old Irish literature, it was even more so in ancient times, as pigs' meat was so highly appreciated, that under some one or other of its various names it usually takes its place at the head of all flesh meats in Irish stories. This seems the case, for instance, in the medieval story called the Vision of MacConglinne[1]; and, to go further back, to the Feast of Bricriu for instance, one finds it decidedly the case with the Champion's Portion[2] at that stormy banquet. Then one may mention the story of the fatal feast on Mac-Dáthó's great swine[3], where that beast would have apparently sufficed for the braves both of Connaught

[1] Edited by Professor Kuno Meyer (London, 1892): see for instance pp. 76-8.

[2] See Windisch's *Irische Texte*, p. 256, and now the Irish Text Society's *Fled Bricrend*, edited with a translation by George Henderson, pp. 8, 9.

[3] Windisch, ibid. pp. 99-105.

and Ulster had Conall Cernach carved fair, and not given more than their share to his own Ultonian friends in order to insult the Connaught men by leaving them nothing but the fore-legs. It is right, however, to point out that most of the stories go to show, that the gourmands of ancient Erin laid great stress on the pig being properly fed, chiefly on milk and the best kind of meal. It cannot have been very different in ancient Wales; for we read in the story of Peredur that, when he sets out from his mother's home full of his mother's counsel, he comes by-and-by to a pavilion, in front of which he sees food, some of which he proceeds to take according to his mother's advice, though the gorgeously dressed lady sitting near it has not the politeness to anticipate his wish. It consisted, we are told, of two bottles of wine, two loaves of white bread, and collops of a milk-fed pig's flesh [1]. The home of the fairies was imagined to be a land of luxury and happiness with which nothing could compare in this world. In this certain Welsh and Irish stories agree; and in one of the latter, where the king of the fairies is trying to persuade the queen of Ireland to elope with him, we find that among the many inducements offered her are fresh pig, sweet milk, and ale [2]. Conversely, as the fairies were considered to be always living and to be a very old-fashioned and ancient people,

[1] See the Oxford *Mabinogion*, p. 196, and Guest's trans., i. 302, where the Welsh words *a golỏython o gic meluoch* are rendered 'and collops of the flesh of the wild boar,' which can hardly be correct; for the *mel* in *mel-uoch*, or *mel-foch* in the modern spelling, is the equivalent of the Irish *melg*, 'milk.' So the word must refer either to a pig that had been fed on cows' milk or else a sucking pig. The former is the more probable meaning, but one is not helped to decide by the fact, that the word is still sometimes used in books by writers who imagine that they have here the word *mel*, 'honey,' and that the compound means pigs whose flesh is as sweet as honey: see Dr. Pughe's *Dictionary*, where *melfoch* is rendered 'honey swine,' whatever that may mean.

[2] Windisch's *Irische Texte*, p. 133, where *laith lemnacht* = Welsh *ỻaeth ỻefrith*, 'sweet milk.'

it was but natural to suppose that they had the animals which man found useful, such as horses, cattle, and sheep, except that they were held to be of superior breeds, as they are represented, for instance, in our lake legends. Similarly, it is natural enough that other stories should ascribe to them also the possession of herds of swine; and all this prior to man's having any. The next step in the reasoning would be that man had obtained his from the fairies. It is some tradition of this kind that possibly suggested the line taken by the Pwyll story in the matter of the derivation of the pig from Annwn: see the last chapter.

The next story in the Triad is, if possible, wilder still: it runs as follows:—

i. 30[c]:—Coll son of Collfrewi[1] who guarded Henwen[2], Dallweir Dallben's sow, which went burrowing as far as the Headland of Awstin in Kernyw and then took to the sea. It was at Aber Torogi in Gwent Is-coed that she came to land, with Coll keeping his grip on her bristles whatever way she went by sea or by land. Now in Maes Gwenith, 'Wheat Field,' in Gwent she dropped a grain of wheat and a bee, and thenceforth that has been the best place for wheat. Then she went as far as Llonwen in Penfro and there dropped a grain of barley and a bee, and thenceforth Llonwen has been the best place for barley. Then she proceeded to Rhiw Gyferthwch in Eryri and dropped a wolf-cub and an eagle-chick. These Coll gave away, the eagle to the

[1] *Collfrewi* was probably, like *Gwenfrewi*, a woman's name: this is a point of some importance when taken in connexion with what was said at p. 326 above as to Gwydion and Coll's magic.

[2] This reminds one of Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Henvinus*, whom he makes into *dux Cornubiæ* and father of *Cunedagius* or *Cunedda*: see ii. 12, 15. Probably Geoffrey's connecting such names as those of Cunedda and Dyfnwal Moelmud (ii. 17) with Cornwall is due to the fact, that the name of the Dumnonia of the North had been forgotten long before that of the Dumnonia to be identified with Devon and Cornwall.

Goidel Brynach from the North, and the wolf to Menwaed of Arllechwed, and they came to be known as Menwaed's Wolf and Brynach's Eagle. Then the sow went as far as the Maen Du at Llanfair in Arfon, and there she dropped a kitten, and that kitten Coll cast into the Menai: that came later to be known as Cath Paluc, 'Palug's Cat.'

ii. 56[a]:—The third was Coll son of Kallureuy with the swine of Dallwyr Dallben in Dallwyr's Glen in Kernyw. Now one of the swine was with young and Henwen was her name; and it was foretold that the Isle of Prydain would be the worse for her litter; and Arthur collected the host of Prydain and went about to destroy it. Then one sow went burrowing, and at the Headland of Hawstin in Kernyw she took to the sea with the swineherd following her. And in Maes Gwenith in Gwent she dropped a grain of wheat and a bee, and ever since Maes Gwenith is the best place for wheat and bees. And at Llonyon in Penfro she dropped a grain of barley and another of wheat: therefore the barley of Llonyon has passed into a proverb. And on Rhiw Gyferthwch in Arfon she dropped a wolf-cub and an eagle-chick. The wolf was given to Mergaed and the eagle to Breat a prince from the North, and they were the worse for having them. And at Llanfair in Arfon, to wit below the Maen Du, she dropped a kitten, and from the Maen Du the swineherd cast it into the sea, but the sons of Paluc reared it to their detriment. It grew to be Cath Paluc, 'Palug's Cat,' and proved one of the three chief molestations of Mona reared in the island: the second was Daronwy and the third was Edwin king of England.

iii. 101[b]:—The second was Coll son of Collfrewi who guarded Dallwaran Dallben's sow, that came burrowing as far as the Headland of Penwedic in Kernyw and

then took to the sea; and she came to land at Aber Tarogi in Gwent Is-coed with Coll keeping his hold of her bristles whithersoever she went on sea or land. At Maes Gwenith in Gwent she dropped three grains of wheat and three bees, and ever since Gwent has the best wheat and bees. From Gwent she proceeded to Dyfed and dropped a grain of barley and a porker, and ever since Dyfed has the best barley and pigs: it was in Llonnio Llonnwen these were dropped. Afterwards she proceeded to Arfon (*sic*) and in Lleyn she dropped the grain of rye, and ever since Lleyn and Eifionyd have the best rye. And on the side of Rhiw Gyferthwch she dropped a wolf-cub and an eagle-chick. Coll gave the eagle to Brynach the Goidel of Dinas Affaraon, and the wolf to Menwaed lord of Arllechwed, and one often hears of Brynach's Wolf and Menwaed's Eagle [the writer was careless: he has made the owners exchange pests]. Then she went as far as the Maen Du in Arfon, where she dropped a kitten and Coll cast it into the Menai. That was the Cath Balwg (*sic*), 'Palug's Cat': it proved a molestation to the Isle of Mona subsequently.

Such are the versions we have of this story, and a few notes on the names seem necessary before proceeding further. Coll is called Coll son of Collurewy in i. 30, and Coll son of Kallureuy in ii. 56: all that is known of him comes from other Triads, i. 32–3, ii. 20, and iii. 90. The first two tell us that he was one of the Three chief Enchanters of the Isle of Prydain, and that he was taught his magic by Rhuddlwm the Giant; while ii. 20 calls the latter a dwarf and adds that Coll was nephew to him. The matter is differently put in iii. 90, to the effect that Rhuddlwm the Giant learnt his magic from Eid[il]ig the Dwarf and from Coll son of Collfrewi. Nothing is known of Dallwyr's Glen in

Kernyw, or of the person after whom it was named. Kernyw is the Welsh for Cornwall, but if Penryn Awstin or Hawstin is to be identified with Aust Cliff on the Severn Sea in Gloucestershire, the story would seem to indicate a time when Cornwall extended north-eastwards as far as that point. The later Triad, iii. 101, avoids Penryn Awstin and substitutes Penwedic, which recalls some such a name as Pengwaed[1] or Penwith in Cornwall: elsewhere Penwedic[2] is only given as the name of the most northern hundred of Keredigion. Gwent Is-coed means Gwent below the Wood or Forest, and Aber Torogi or Tarogi—omitted, probably by accident, in ii. 56—is now Caldicot Pill, where the small river Tarogi, now called Troggy, discharges itself not very far from Portskewet. Maes Gwenith in the same neighbourhood is still known by that name. The correct spelling of the name of the place in Penfro was probably Llonyon, but it is variously given as Llonwen, Llonyon, and Llonion, not to mention the Llonnio Llonnwen of the later form of the Triad: should this last prove to be based on any authority one might suggest Llonyon Henwen, so called after the sow, as the original. The modern Welsh spelling of Llonyon would be Llonion, and it is identified by Mr. Egerton Phillimore with Lanion near Pembroke[3]. Rhiw Gyferthwch is guessed to have been one of the slopes of Snowdon on the Bedgelert side; but I have failed to discover anybody who has ever heard the name used in that neighbourhood.

Arllechwed was, roughly speaking, that part of Car-

[1] See the Oxford *Mabinogion*, p. 104, and the Oxford *Bruts*, p. 292.

[2] See the Oxford *Bruts*, pp. 299, 317, 345-6, 348, 384. I learn from Prof. Anwyl that Castell *Penwedig* is still remembered at Llanfihangel Genau'r Glyn as the old name of Castell Gwallter in that parish.

[3] See his note in Owen's *Pembrokeshire*, p. 237, where he also notices Aber Tarogi, and the editor's notes to p. 55.

narvonshire which drains into the sea between Conway and Bangor. Brynach and Menwaed or Mengwaed[1] seem to be the names underlying the misreadings in ii. 56; but it is quite possible that Brynach, probably for an Irish Bronach, has here superseded an earlier Urnach or Eurnach also a Goidel, to whom I shall have to return in another chapter. Dinas Affaraon[2] is the place called *Dinas Ffaraon Dande* in the story of Lud and Llevelys, where we are told that after Lud had had the two dragons buried there, which had been dug up at the centre of his realm, to wit at Oxford, Ffaraon, after whom the place was called, died of grief. Later it came to be called Dinas Emrys from Myrđin Emrys, 'Merlinus Ambrosius,' who induced Vortigern to go away from there in quest of another place to build his castle[3]. So the reader will see that the mention of this Dinas brings us back to a weird spot with which he has been familiarized in the previous chapter: see pp. 469, 495 above. Llanfair in Arfon is Llanfair Is-gaer near Port Dinorwic on the Menai Straits, and the Maen Du should be a black rock or black stone on the southern side of those straits. Daronwy and Cath Paluc are both personages on whom light is still wanted. Lastly, by Edwin king of England is to be understood Edwin

[1] *Mergaed* for *Mengwaed* hardly requires any explanation; and as to *Brvat* or rather *Vrvat*, as it occurs in mutation, we have only to suppose the original carelessly written *Vrv̄ac* for *Vrv̄ach*, and we have the usual error of neglecting the stroke indicating the *n*, and the very common one of confounding *c* with *t*. This first-mentioned name should possibly be analysed into *Mengw-aed* or *Menw-aed* for an Irish *Menb-aed*, with the *menb*, 'little,' noticed at p. 510 below; in that case one might compare such compounds of *Aed* as *Beo-aed* and *Lug-aed* in the *Martyrology of Gorman*. Should this prove well founded the Mod. Welsh transcription of *Menwaed* should be *Menwaedd*. I have had the use of other versions of the Triads from MSS. in the Peniarth collection; but they contribute nothing of any great importance as regards the proper names in the passages here in question.

[2] See the Oxford *Mabinogion*, pp. 41, 98, and Guest's trans., iii. 313.

[3] See Geoffrey's *Historia Regum Britanniæ*, vi. 19, viii. 1, 2; also Giraldus, *Itinerarium Kambriæ*, ii. 8 (p. 133).

king of the Angles of Deira and Bernicia, whom Welsh tradition represents as having found refuge for a time in Anglesey.

Now this story as a whole looks like a sort of device for stringing together explanations of the origin of certain place-names and of certain local characteristics. Leaving entirely out of the reckoning the whole of Mid-Wales, that is to say, the more Brythonic portion of the country, it is remarkable as giving to South Wales credit for certain resources, but to North Wales for pests alone and scourges, except that the writer of the late version bethought himself of Llŷn and Eifionyð as having good land for growing rye; but he was very hazy as to the geography of North Wales—both he and the redactors of the other Triads equally belonged doubtless to South Wales. Among the place-names, Maes Gwenith, 'the Wheat Field,' is clear; but hardly less so is the case of Aber Torogi, 'Mouth of the Troggy,' where *torogi* is 'the pregnancy of animals,' from *torrog*, 'being with young.' So with Rhiw Gyferthwch, 'the Hillside or Ascent of *Cyferthwch*,' where *cyferthwch* means 'pantings, pangs, labour.' The name Maen Du, 'Black Rock,' is left to explain itself; and I am not sure that the original story was not so put as also to explain *Llonion*, to wit, as a sort of plural of *llawn*, 'full,' in reference, let us say, to the full ears of the barley grown there. But the reference to the place-names seems to have partly escaped the later tellers of the story or to have failed to impress them as worth emphasizing. They appear to have thought more of explaining the origin of Menwaed's Wolf and Brynach's Eagle. Whether this means in the former case that the district of Arllechwed was more infested by wolves than any other part of Wales, or that Menwaed, lord of Arllechwed, had a wolf as his symbol, it is impossible to say.

In another Triad, however, i. 23 = ii. 57, he is reckoned one of the Three Battle-knights who were favourites at Arthur's court, the others being Caradog Freichfras and Llyr Llüyđog or Llud Llurugog, while in iii. 29 Menwaed's place is taken by a son of his called Mael Hir. Similarly with regard to Brynach's Eagle one has nothing to say, except that common parlance some time or other would seem to have associated the eagle in some way with Brynach the Goidel. The former prevalence of the eagle in the Snowdon district seems to be the explanation of its Welsh name of Eryri—as already suggested, p. 479 above—and the association of the bird with the Goidelic chieftain who had his stronghold under the shadow of Snowdon seems to follow naturally enough. But the details are conspicuous by their scarcity in Welsh literature, though Brynach's Eagle is probably to be identified with the *Aquila Fabulosa* of Eryri, of which Giraldus makes a curious mention[1]. Perhaps the final disuse of Goidelic speech in the district is to be, to some extent, regarded as accounting for our dearth of data. A change of language involved in all probability the shipwreck of many a familiar mode of thought; and many a homely expression must have been lost in the transition before an equivalent acceptable to the Goidel was discovered by him in his adopted idiom.

This question of linguistic change will be found further illustrated by the story to which I wish now to pass, namely that of the hunting of Twrch Trwyth. It is one of those incorporated in the larger tale known as that of Kulhwch and Olwen, the hero and heroine concerned: see the Oxford *Mabinogion*, pp. 135–41, and Guest's translation, iii. 306–16. Twrch Trwyth is pictured as a formidable boar at the head of his offspring,

[1] *Itinerarium Kambriæ*, ii. 9 (p. 136).

consisting of seven swine, and the Twrch himself is represented as carrying between his ears a comb, a razor, and a pair of shears. The plot of the Kulhwch renders it necessary that these precious articles should be procured; so Kulhwch prevails on his cousin Arthur to undertake the hunt. Arthur began by sending one of his men, to wit, Menw[1] son of Teirgwaeđ, to see whether the three precious things mentioned were really where they were said to be, namely, between Twrch Trwyth's ears. Menw was a great magician who usually formed one of any party of Arthur's men about to visit a pagan country; for it was his business to subject the inhabitants to magic and enchantment, so that they should not see Arthur's men, while the latter saw them. Menw found Twrch Trwyth and his offspring at a place in Ireland called Esgeir Oervel[2], and in order to approach them he alighted in the form of a bird near where they were. He tried to snatch one of the three precious articles from Twrch Trwyth, but he only succeeded in securing one of his bristles, whereupon the Twrch stood up and shook himself so vigorously that a drop of venom from his bristles fell on Menw, who never enjoyed a day's health afterwards as long as he lived. Menw now returned and assured Arthur that the treasures were really about the Twrch's head as it was reported. Arthur then crossed to Ireland with a host and did not stop until he found Twrch

[1] Menw's name is to be equated with the Irish word *menb*, 'little, small,' and connected with the Welsh derivative *di-fenw-i*, 'belittling or reviling': it will be seen that he takes the form of a bird, and his designation *Menw fab Teirgwaeđ* might perhaps be rendered 'Little, son of Three-Cries.'

[2] Identified by Professor Kuno Meyer in the *Transactions of the Cymmrodorion Society*, 1895-6, p. 73, with a place in Leinster called *Sescenn Uairbeóil*, 'the Marsh of Uairbhél,' where Uairbhél may possibly be a man's name, but more likely that of a pass or gap described as Cold-mouth: compare the Slack or Sloc in the Isle of Man, called in Manx 'the big Mouth of the Wind.' The Irish name comes near in part to the Welsh Esgeir Oervel or Oerfel, which means 'the mountain Spur of cold Weather.'

Trwyth and his swine at Esgeir Oervel. The hunt began and was continued for several days, but it did not prevent the Twrch from laying waste *a fifth part* of Ireland, that is in Medieval Irish *cóiced*, a province of the island. Arthur's men, however, succeeded in killing one of the Twrch's offspring, and they asked Arthur the history[1] of that swine. Arthur replied that it had been a king before being transformed by God into a swine on account of his sins. Here I should remark by the way, that the narrator of the story forgets the death of this young boar, and continues to reckon the Twrch's herd as seven.

Arthur's next move was to send one of his men, Gwrhyr, interpreter of tongues[2], to parley with the boars. Gwrhyr, in the form of a bird, alighted above where Twrch Trwyth and his swine lay, and addressed them as follows: 'For the sake of Him who fashioned you in this shape, if you can speak, I ask one of you to come to converse with Arthur.' Answer was made by one of the boars, called Grugyn Gwrych Ereint, that is, Grugyn Silver-bristle; for like feathers of silver, we are told, were his bristles wherever he went, and whether in woods or on plains, one saw the gleam of his bristles. The following, then, was Grugyn's answer: 'By Him who fashioned us in

[1] The word used in the text is *ystyr*, which now means 'meaning or signification'; but it is there used in the sense of 'history,' or of the Latin 'historia,' from which it is probably borrowed.

[2] In the original his designation is *Gwrhyr Gwalstawt Ieithoedd*, and the man so called is in the Kulhwch credited with the mastery of all languages, including those of certain birds and quadrupeds. *Gwalstawt*, found written also *gwalstot*, is the Anglo-Saxon word *wealhstód*, 'an interpreter,' borrowed. The name Gwrhyr is possibly identical with that of Ferghoir, borne by the Stentor of Fionn mac Cumhaill's following. Ferghoir's every shout is said to have been audible over three cantreds. Naturally one who was to parley with a savage host had good reason to cultivate a far-reaching voice, if he wished to be certain of returning to his friends. For more about it see the footnote at p. 489 of my *Hibbert Lectures*.

this shape, we shall not do so, and we shall not converse with Arthur. Enough evil has God done to us when He fashioned us in this shape, without your coming to fight with us.' Gwrhyr replied: 'I tell you that Arthur will fight for the comb, the razor, and the shears that are between the ears of Twrch Trwyth.' 'Until his life has first been taken,' said Grugyn, 'those trinkets shall not be taken, and to-morrow morning we set out hence for Arthur's own country, and all the harm we can, shall we do there.'

The boars accordingly set out for Wales, while Arthur with his host, his horses, and his hounds, on board his ship *Prydwen*, kept within sight of them. Twrch Trwyth came to land at Porth Clais, a small creek south of St. David's, but Arthur went that night to Mynyw, which seems to have been Menevia or St. David's. The next day Arthur was told that the boars had gone past, and he overtook them killing the herds of Kynnwas Cwrvagyl, after they had destroyed all they could find in Deugleđyf, whether man or beast. Then the Twrch went as far as Presseleu, a name which survives in that of Preselly or Precelly, as in Preselly Top and Preselly Mountains in North Pembrokeshire. Arthur and his men began the hunt again, while his warriors were ranged on both sides of the *Nyfer* or the river Nevern. The Twrch then left the Glen of the Nevern and made his way to Cwm Kerwyn, the name of which survives in that of Moel Cwm Kerwyn, one of the Preselly heights. In the course of the hunt in that district the Twrch killed Arthur's four champions and many of the people of the country. He was next overtaken in a district called Peuliniauc [1] or Peuliniog, which appears

[1] The original has Pelumyawc, p. 138, and the name occurs in the (*Red Book*) *Bruts*, p. 355, as Pelunyawc, and p. 411, as Pelunea(wc) between the commots of Amgoed and Velfrey. The identification here suggested

to have occupied a central area between the mountains, Llanḋewi Velfrey, Henllan Amgoed, and Laugharne: it probably covered portions of the parish of Whitland and of that of Llandysilio, the church of which is a little to the north of the railway station of Clyn Derwen on the Great Western line. Leaving Peuliniog for the Laugharne Burrows, he crossed, as it seems, from Ginst Point to *Aber Towy* or Towy Mouth[1], which at low water are separated mostly by tracts of sand interrupted only by one or two channels of no very considerable width; for Aber Towy would seem to have been a little south-east of St. Ishmael's, on the eastern bank of the Towy. Thence the Twrch makes his way to *Glynn Ystu*, more correctly perhaps *Clyn Ystun*, now written *Clyn Ystyn*[2], the name of a farm between Carmarthen and the junction of the Amman with the Llychwr, more exactly about six miles from that junction and about

comes from Mr. Phillimore, who has seen that Peuliniawc must be a derivative from the name Paulinus, that is of the Paulinus, probably, who is mentioned in an ancient inscription at Llandysilio. There are other churches called after Tysilio, so this one used to be distinguished as *Llandysilio yn Nyfed*, that is, Llandysilio-in-Dyfed; but the pronunciation was much the same as if it had been written *Llandysilio yn Yfed*, meaning 'Llandysilio a-drinking,' 'whereof arose a merrye jest,' as George Owen tells us in his *Pembrokeshire*, p. 9. It is now sometimes called *Llandysilio'r Gynffon*, or 'Llandysilio of the Tail,' from the situation of a part of the parish on a strip, as it were a tail, of Carmarthenshire land running into Pembrokeshire.

[1] This Aber Towy appears to have been a town with a harbour in 1042, for we read in *Brut y Tywysogion* of a cruel engagement fought there between Gruffyḋ ab Llewelyn and Howel ab Edwin, who, with Irish auxiliaries, tried to effect a landing. Not long ago a storm, carrying away the accumulation of sand, laid bare a good deal of the site. It is to be hoped that excavations will be made soon on the spot.

[2] See the *Transactions of the Cymmrodorion*, 1894–5, pp. 146–7. There are a good many *clyns* about South Wales, but our etymologists are careful to have them in most cases written *glyn*, 'a glen.' Our story, however, shows that the word came under the influence of *glyn* long ago, for it should be, when accented, *clûn*, corresponding to Irish *cluain*, 'a meadow.' We have it as *clun* in *Clun Kein* in the *Black Book*, p. 34^{b}, where I guess it to mean the place now called *Cilcain*, 'Kilken' in Flintshire, which is accented on the first syllable; and we have had it in *y Clun Hir*, 'the Long Meadow,' mentioned above at p. 22.

eight and a half from Carmarthen as the crow flies. The hunt is resumed in the Valley of the Llychwr or Loughor[1], where Grugyn and another young boar, called Llwydawc Gouynnyat[2], committed terrible ravages among the huntsmen. This brought Arthur and his host to the rescue, and Twrch Trwyth, on his part, came to help his boars; but as a tremendous attack was now made on him he moved away, leaving the Llychwr, and making eastwards for Mynyd Amanw, or 'the Mountain of Amman,' for Amanw is plentifully preserved in that neighbourhood in the shortened form of Aman or Amman[3]. On Mynyd Amanw one of his boars was killed, but he is not distinguished by any proper name: he is simply called a *banw*, 'a young boar.' The Twrch was again hard pressed, and lost another called Twrch Llawin. Then a third of the swine is killed, called Gwys, whereupon Twrch Trwyth went to Dyffryn Amanw, or the Vale of Amman, where he lost a *banw* and a *benwic*, a 'boar' and a 'sow.' All this evidently takes place in the same district, and Mynyd Amanw was, if not Bryn Amman, probably one of the mountains to the south or south-east of the river Amman, so that Dyffryn Amanw may have been what is still called Dyffryn Amman, or the Valley of the

[1] Cas Llychwr, 'Loughor Castle,' is supposed to involve in its *Llychwr*, *Llwchwr*, or *Loughor*, the name of the place in the *Antoninus Itinerary*, 484, 1, to wit *Leucarum*; but the guttural spirant *ch* between vowels in *Llychwr* argues a phonetic process which was Goidelic rather than Brythonic.

[2] *Llwydawc Gouynnyat* would seem to mean Llwydawc the Asker or Demander, and the epithet occurs also in the Kulhwch in the name *Gallcoyt Gouynynat* (*Mabinogion*, 106), to be read doubtless *G. Gouynnyat*, 'G. who asks or demands': possibly one should rather compare with *Go-uynnyat* the word *tra-mynyat*, 'a wild boar': see Williams' *Seint Greal*, pp. 374, 381. However, the epithets in the Twrch Trwyth story do not count so far as concerns the place-names derived.

[3] Other instances of the like shortening occur in words like *cefnder*, 'a cousin,' for *cefnderw*, and *ardel*, 'to own,' for *ardelw*. As to Amman, it enters, also, into a group of Glamorganshire place-names: witness Aber Amman and Cwm Amman, near Aberdare.

Amman from Bryn Amman to where the river Amman falls into the Llychwr. From the Amman the Twrch and the two remaining boars of his herd made their way to Llwch Ewin, 'the lake or pool of Ewin,' which is now represented by a bog mere above a farm house called Llwch in the parish of Bettws, which covers the southern slope of the Amman Valley. I have found this bog called in a map *Llwch is Awel*, 'Pool below Breeze,' whatever that may mean.

We find them next at *Llwch Tawi*, the position of which is indicated by that of *Ynys Pen Llwch*, 'Pool's End Isle,' some distance lower down the Tawe than Pont ar Dawe. At this point the boars separate, and Grugyn goes away to Din Tywi, 'Towy Fort,' an unidentified position somewhere on the Towy, possibly Grongar Hill near Llandeilo, and thence to a place in Keredigion where he was killed, namely, Garth Grugyn. I have not yet been able to identify the spot, though it must have once had a castle, as we read of a castle called Garthgrugyn being strengthened by Maelgwn Vychan in the year 1242: the *Bruts* locate it in Keredigion[1], but this part of the story is obscured by careless copying on the part of the scribe[2] of the

[1] It should perhaps be looked for near Brechfa, where there is a Hafod Grugyn, and, as I am told, a *Garth* also which is, however, not further defined. For it appears that both Brechfa and Cayo, though now in Carmarthenshire, once belonged to Keredigion: see Owen's *Pembrokeshire*, p. 216. But perhaps another spot should be considered: J. D. Rhys, the grammarian (p. 22 above), gives in the Peniarth MS. 118 a list of *caers* or castles called after giants, and among them is that of Grugyn in the parish, he says, of 'Lan Hilar.' I have, however, not been able to hear of any trace of the name there, though I should guess the spot to have been Pen y Casteil, called in English Castle Hill, the residence of Mr. Loxdale in the parish of Lanilar, near Aberystwyth.

[2] I have re-examined the passage, and I have no doubt that the editors were wrong in printing *Grugyn*: the manuscript has *Grugyn*, which comes in the last line of column 841. Now besides that the line is in part somewhat faint, the scribe has evidently omitted something from the original story, and I guess that the lacuna occurs in the first line of the next column after the words *y tlas*, 'was killed,' which seem to end the story of Grugyn.

Red Book. After Grugyn's death we read of Llwydawc having made his way to Ystrad Yw, and, after inflicting slaughter on several of his assailants, he is himself killed there. Now Ystrad Yw, which our mapsters would have us call *Ystrad Wy*, as if it had been on the Wye [1], is supposed to have covered till Henry VIII's time the same area approximately as the hundred of Crickhowel has since, namely, the parishes of (1) Crickhowel, (2) Llanbedr Ystrad Yw with Patrishow, (3) Llanfihangel Cwm Du with Tretower and Penmyarth, (4) Llangattock with Llangenny, (5) Llanelly with Brynmawr, and (6) Llangynidr. Of these Llanbedr perpetuates the name of Ystrad Yw, although it is situated near the junction of the Greater and Lesser Grwynĕ and not in the Strath of the Yw, which *Ystrad Yw* means. So one can only treat *Llanbedr Ystrad Yw* as meaning that particular Llanbedr or St. Peter's Church which belongs to the district comprehensively called Ystrad Yw. Now if one glances at the *Red Book* list of cantreds and cymwds, dating in the latter part of the fourteenth century, one will find *Ystrad Yw* and *Cruc Howel* existing as separate cymwds. So we have to look for the former in the direction of the parish of Cwm Du; and on going back to the *Taxatio* of Pope Nicholas IV dating about 1291, we find that practically we have to identify with Cwm Du a name *Stratden'*, p. 273[a], which one is probably to treat as *Strat d'Eue* [2]

[1] Those who have discovered an independent Welsh appellative *wy* meaning water are not to be reasoned with. The Welsh *wy* only means an egg, while the meaning of *Gwy* as the name of the Wye has still to be discovered.

[2] This name also occurs in a passage quoted in Jones' *Brecknock*, ii. 501, from a Carte MS. which he treats as relating to the year 1234: the MS. is said to be at the Bodleian, though I have not succeeded in tracing it. But Jones gives *Villa de Ystraddewi*, and speaks of a chapel of St. John's of *Stradtewi*, which must have been St. John's Church, at Tretower, one of the ecclesiastical districts of Cwm Du: see also p. 497. The name is probably to be treated as *Strad* or *Strat d'Ewe*.

or some similar Norman spelling; for most of the other parishes of the district are mentioned by the names which they still bear. That is not all; for from Cwm Du a tributary of the Usk called the Rhiangoll comes down and receives at Tretower the waters of a smaller stream called the Yw. The land on both sides of that Yw burn forms the *ystrad* or strath of which we are in quest. The chief source of this water is called *Llygad Yw*, and gives its name to a house of some pretensions bearing an inscription showing that it was built in its present form about the middle of the seventeenth century by a member of the Gunter family well known in the history of the county. Near the house stands a yew tree on the boundary line of the garden, and close to its trunk, but at a lower level, is a spring of bubbling water: this is *Llygad Yw*, 'the Eye of the Yw.' For *Llygad Yw* is a succinct expression for the source of the Yw burn[1], and the stream retains the name *Yw* to its fall into the Rhiangoll; but besides the spring of *Llygad Yw* it has several other similar sources in the fields near the house. There is nothing, however, in this brook to account for the name of Ystrad

[1] A river may in Welsh be briefly called after anybody or anything. Thus in North Cardiganshire there is a stream called *Einon*, that is to say 'Einion's river,' and the flat land on both sides of it is called *Ystrad Einon*, which looks as if one might translate it Einion's Strath, but it means the Strath of Einion's river, or of the stream called Einon, as one will at once see from the upper course of the water being called *Blaen Einon*, which can only mean the upper course of the Einon river. So here *yw* is in English 'yew,' but *Ystrad Yw* and *Llygad Yw* have to be rendered the Strath of the Yew burn and the Eye of the Yew burn respectively. It is moreover felt by the Welsh-speaking people of the district that *yw* is the plural of *ywen*, 'a single yew,' and as there is only one yew at the source somebody had the brilliant idea of making the name right by calling it *Ywen*, and this has got into the maps as *Ewyn*, as though it were the Welsh word for foam. Who began it I cannot say, but Theophilus Jones has it in his *History of the County of Brecknock*, published in 1809. Nevertheless the name is still *Yw*, not *Ywen* or *Ewyn*, in the Welsh of the district, though Lewis gives it as *Ywen* in his article on *Llanvihangel-Cwm-Du*.

Yw having been extended to an important district; but if one traces its short course one will at once guess the explanation. For a few fields below Llygad Yw is the hamlet of the *Gaer* or fortress, consisting of four farm houses called the Upper, Middle, and Lower Gaer, and Pen y Gaer: through this hamlet of the Gaer flows the Yw. These, and more especially Pen y Gaer, are supposed to have been the site of a Roman camp of considerable importance, and close by it the Yw is supposed to have been crossed by the Roman road proceeding towards Brecon[1]. The camp in the Strath of the Yw was the head quarters of the ruling power in the district, and hence the application of the name of Ystrad Yw to a wider area. But for our story one has to regard the name as confined to the land about the Yw burn, or at most to a somewhat larger portion of the parish of Cwm Du, to which the Yw and Tretower belong. The position of the Gaer in Ystrad Yw at the foot of the Bwlch or the gap in the difficult mountain spur stretching down towards the Usk is more likely to have been selected by the Romans than by any of the Celtic inhabitants, whose works are to be found on several of the neighbouring hills, such as Myarth[2] between the Yw and the Usk.

[1] For exact information as to the Gaer, the Yw, and Llygad Yw, I am indebted chiefly to the courtesy of Lord Glanusk, the owner of that historic strath, and to the Rector of Llansantffread, who made a special visit to Llygad Yw for me; also to Mr. Francis Evans, of the Farmers' Arms at the Bwlch, who would be glad to change the name *Llygad Yw* into *Llygad dan yr Ywen*, 'the Source beneath the Yew-tree,' partly on account of the position 'of the spring emanating under the but of the yew tree,' and partly because there is only a single yew there. Theophilus Jones complained a century ago that the Gaer in Ystrad Yw had not attracted the attention it deserved; and I have been greatly disappointed to find that the Cambrian Archæological Association has had nothing to say of it. At any rate, I have tried the Index of its proceedings and found only a single mention of it. The whole district is said to teem with antiquities, Celtic, Roman, and Norman.

[2] Theophilus Jones, in his *Brecknockshire*, ii. 502, describes Miarth or

We next find Twrch Trwyth, now the sole survivor, making his way towards the Severn: so Arthur summons Cornwall and Devon to meet him at Aber Hafren or Severn mouth. Then a furious conflict with the Twrch takes place in the very waters of that river, between Llyn Lliwan (p. 407) and Aber Gwy or the mouth of the Wye. After much trouble, Arthur's men succeed in getting possession of two out of the three treasures of the boar, but he escapes with the third, namely, the comb, across the Severn[1]. Then as soon as he gets ashore he makes his way to Cornwall, where the comb is at length snatched from him. Chased thence, he goes straight into the sea, with the hounds Anet and Aethlem after him, and nothing has ever been heard of any of the three from that day to this.

That is the story of Twrch Trwyth, and Dr. Stokes calls my attention to a somewhat similar hunt briefly described in the Rennes *Dindsenchas* in the *Revue Celtique*, xv. 474–5. Then as to the precious articles carried by the Twrch about his head and ears, the comb, the razor, and the shears, two out of the three—the comb and the razor—belong to the regular stock of a certain group of tales which recount how the hero elopes with the daughter of a giant who loses his life in the pursuit[2]. In order to make sure of escaping from the

Myarth as a 'very extensive' camp, and proceeds as follows:—'Another British camp of less extent is seen on a knoll on Pentir hill, westward of the Rhiangoll and the parish church of Cwmdu, above a wood called Coed y Gaer, and nearly opposite to the peak or summit called Cloch ŷ Pibwr, or the piper's call.' This would probably be more accurately rendered the Piper's Rock or Stone, with *cloch* treated as the Goidelic word for a stone rather than the Brythonic word for a bell: how many more *clochs* in our place-names are Goidelic?

[1] The Twrch would seem to have crossed somewhere opposite the mouth of the Wye, let us say not very far from Aust; but he escapes to Cornwall without anything happening to him, so we are left without any indication whether the story originally regarded Kernyw as including the Penrhyn Awstin of the Coll story given at p. 503.

[2] For this suggestion I am indebted to the Rev. Dr. Gaster in the

infuriated giant, the daughter abstracts from her father's keeping a comb, a razor, and another article. When she and her lover fleeing on their horse are hard pressed, the latter throws behind him the comb, which at once becomes a rough impenetrable forest to detain the giant for a while. When he is again on the point of overtaking them, the lover throws behind him the razor, which becomes a steep and sharp mountain ridge through which the pursuing giant has to waste time tunnelling his way. The third article is usually such as, when thrown in the giant's way, becomes a lake in which he is drowned while attempting to swim across. In the Kulhwch story, however, as we have it, the allusion to these objects is torn away from what might be expected as its context. The giant is Yspaðaden Penkawr, whose death is effected in another way; but before the giant is finally disposed of he requires to be shaved and to have his hair dressed. His hair, moreover, is so rough that the dressing cannot be done without the comb and shears in the possession of Twrch Trwyth, whence the hunt; and for the shaving one would have expected the Twrch's razor to have been requisite; but not so, as the shaving had to be done by means of another article, namely, the tusk of *Yskithyrwynn Pennbeiđ*, 'White-tusk chief of Boars,' for the obtaining of which one is treated briefly to another boar hunt. The Kulhwch story is in this respect very mixed and disjointed, owing, it would seem, to the determination of the narrator to multiply the number of things difficult to procure, each involving a separate feat to be described.

Let us now consider the hunt somewhat more in

Cymmrodorion's *Transactions* for 1894-5, p. 34, and also for references in point to M. Cosquin's *Contes Populaires de la Lorraine*, i. 134, 141, 152. Compare also such Gaelic stories as that of the Bodach Glas, translated by Mrs. Mackellar, in the *Celtic Magazine*, xii. 12-6, 57-64.

detail, with special reference to the names mentioned; and let us begin with that of Twrch Trwyth: the word *twrch* means the male of a beast of the swine kind, and *twrch coed*, 'a wood pig,' is a wild boar, while *twrch daear*, 'an earth pig,' is the word in North Wales for a mole. In the next place we can practically equate *Twrch Trwyth* with a name at the head of one of the articles in Cormac's *Irish Glossary*. There the exact form is *Orc tréith*, and the following is the first part of the article itself as given in O'Donovan's translation edited by Stokes:—'*Orc Tréith, i. e. nomen* for a king's son, *triath enim rex vocatur, unde dixit poeta Oínach n-uirc tréith* "fair of a king's son," i. e. food and precious raiment, down and quilts, ale and flesh-meat, chessmen and chessboards, horses and chariots, greyhounds and playthings besides.' In this extract the word *orc* occurs in the genitive as *uirc*, and it means a 'pig' or 'boar'; in fact it is, with the usual Celtic loss of the consonant *p*, the exact Goidelic equivalent of the Latin *porcus*, genitive *porci*. From another article in Cormac's *Glossary*, we learn that *Tréith* is the genitive of *Triath*, which has been explained to mean a king. Thus, *Orc Tréith* means Triath's *Orc*, Triath's Boar, or the King's Boar; so we take Twrch Trwyth in the same way to mean 'Trwyth's Boar.' But we have here a discrepancy, which the reader will have noticed, for *twrch* is not the same word as Irish *orc*, the nearest form to be expected in Welsh being *Wrch*, not *Twrch*; but such a word as *Wrch* does not, so far as I know, exist. Now did the Welsh render *orc* by a different word unrelated to the Goidelic one which they heard? I think not; for it is remarkable that Irish has besides *orc* a word *torc*, meaning a 'boar,' and *torc* is exactly the Welsh *twrch*. So there seems to be no objection to our supposing that what Cormac calls *Orc Tréith* was

known in the Goidelic of Wales as *Torc Tréith*, which had the alliteration to recommend it to popular favour. In that case one could say that the Goidelic name *Torc Tréith* appears in Welsh with a minimum of change as *Twrch Trwyth*, and also with the stamp of popular favour more especially in the retention of the Goidelic *th*, just as in the name of an ancient camp or fortification on the Withy Bush Estate in Pembrokeshire: it is called the *Rath*, or the *Rath Ring*. Here *rāth* is identical with the Irish word *ráth*, 'a fortification or earthworks,' and we seem to have it also in *Cil Râth Fawr*, the name of a farm in the neighbourhood of Narberth. Now the Goidelic word *tréith* appears to have come into Welsh as *trēth-i*, the long vowel of which must in Welsh have become *oi* or *ui* by about the end of the sixth century; and if the *th* had been treated on etymological principles its proper equivalent in the Welsh of that time would have been *d* or *t*. The retention of the *th* is a proof, therefore, of oral transmission; that is to say, the Goidelic word passed bodily into Brythonic, to submit afterwards to the phonological rules of that language.

A little scrutiny of the tale will, I think, convince the reader that one of the objects of the original story-teller was to account for certain place-names. Thus Grugyn was meant to account for the name of Garth Grugyn, where Grugyn was killed; Gwys, to account similarly for that of Gwys, a tributary of the Twrch, which gives its name to a station on the line of railway between Ystalyfera and Bryn Amman; and Twrch Llawin to account for the name of the river Twrch, which receives the Gwys, and falls into the Tawe some distance below Ystrad Gynlais, between the counties of Brecknock and Glamorgan.

Besides Grugyn and Twrch Llawin, there was a third

brother to whom the story gives a special name, to wit, Llwydawc Gouynnyat, and this was, I take it, meant also to account for a place-name, which, however, is not given: it should have been somewhere in Ystrad Yw, in the county of Brecknock. Still greater interest attaches to the swine that have not been favoured with names of their own, those referred to simply as *banw*, 'a young boar,' and *benwic*, 'a young sow.' Now *banw* has its equivalent in Irish in the word *banbh*, which O'Reilly explains as meaning a 'sucking pig,' and that is the meaning also of the Manx *bannoo*; but formerly the word may have had a somewhat wider meaning. The Welsh appellative is introduced twice into the story of Twrch Trwyth; once to account, as I take it, for the name Mynyd Amanw, 'Amman Mountain,' and once for Dyffryn Amanw, 'Amman Valley.' In both instances Amanw was meant, as I think, to be accounted for by the *banw* killed at each of the places in question. But how, you will ask, does the word *banw* account for *Amanw*, or throw any light on it at all? Very simply, if you will just suppose the name to have been Goidelic; for then you have only to provide it with the definite article and it makes *in banbh*, 'the pig or the boar,' and that could not in Welsh yield anything but *ymmanw* or *ammanw*[1], which with the accent shifted backwards, became *Ammanw* and *Amman* or *Aman*.

Having premised these explanations let us, before we proceed further, see to what our evidence exactly amounts. Here, then, we have a mention of seven

[1] In some native Welsh words we have an option between a prefix *ym* and *am*, an option arising out of the fact that originally it was neither *ym* nor *am*, but *mb*, for an earlier *mbi*, of the same origin as Latin *ambi* and Greek ἀμφί, 'around, about.' The article, its meaning in the combination *in banbh* being forgotten, would fall under the influence of the analogy of the prefix, now *am* or *ym*, so far as the pronunciation was concerned.

swine, but as two of them, a *banw* and a *benwic*, are killed at one and the same place, our figure is practically reduced to six[1]. The question then is, in how many of these six cases the story of the hunt accounts for the names of the places of the deaths respectively, that is to say, accounts for them in the ordinary way with which one is familiar in other Welsh stories. They may be enumerated as follows:—

1. A *banw* is killed at Mynyđ *Amanw*.

2. A *twrch* is killed in the same neighbourhood, where there is a river *Twrch*.

3. A swine called *Gwys* is killed in the same neighbourhood still, where there is a river called *Gwys*, falling into the Twrch.

4. A *banw* and a *benwic* are killed in Dyffryn *Amanw*.

5. Grugyn is killed at a place called Garth *Grugyn*.

6. A swine called Llwydawc is killed at a spot, not named, in Ystrad Yw or not far off[2].

Thus in five cases out of the six, the story accounts for the place-name, and the question now is, can that be a mere accident? Just think what the probabilities of the case would be if you put them into numbers: South Wales, from St. David's to the Vale of the Usk, would supply hundreds of place-names as deserving of mention, to say the least, as those in this story; is it likely then that out of a given six among them no less than five should be accounted for or alluded to by any mere accident in the course of a story of the brevity of that of

[1] Possibly the *benwic* was thrown in to correct the reckoning when the redactor discovered, as he thought, that he had one too many to account for: it has been pointed out that he had forgotten that one had been killed in Ireland.

[2] It is just possible, however, that in an older version it was named, and that the place was no other than the rock just above Ystrad Yw, called *Craig Lwyd* or, as it is said to be pronounced, *Craig Llwyd*. If so, *Llwyd* would seem to have been substituted for the dissyllable *Llwydog*: compare the same person called *Llwyt* and *Llwydeu* in the *Mabinogion*, pp. 57, 110, 136.

Twrch Trwyth. To my thinking such an accident is inconceivable, and I am forced, therefore, to suppose that the narrative was originally so designed as to account for them. I said 'originally so designed,' for the scribe of the *Red Book*, or let us say the last redactor of the story as it stands in the *Red Book*, shows no signs of having noticed any such design. Had he detected the play on the names of the places introduced, he would probably have been more inclined to develop that feature of the story than to efface it.

What I mean may best be illustrated by another swine story, namely, that which has already been referred to as occurring in the *Mabinogi* of Math. There we find Pryderi, king of Dyfed, holding his court at Rhuđlan on the Teifi, but though he had become the proud possessor of a new race of animals, given him as a present by his friend Arawn, king of Annwn, he had made a solemn promise to his people, that he should give none of them away until they had doubled their number in Dyfed: these animals were the *hobeu* or pigs to which reference was made at p. 69 above. Now Gwydion, having heard of them, visited Pryderi's court, and by magic and enchantment deceived the king. Successful in his quest, he sets out for Gwyneđ with his *hobeu*, and this is how his journey is described in the *Mabinogi*: 'And that evening they journeyed as far as the upper end of Keredigion, to a place which is still called, for that reason, Mochdref, "Swine-town or Pigs' stead." On the morrow they went their way, and came across the Elenyd mountains, and that night they spent between Kerry and Arwystli, in the stead which is also called for that reason Mochdref. Thence they proceeded, and came the same evening as far as a commot in Powys, which is for that reason called

Mochnant[1], "Swine-burn." Thence they journeyed to the cantred of Rhôs, and spent that night within the town which is still called Mochdref[2].' 'Ah, my men,' said Gwydion, 'let us make for the fastness of Gwyned with these beasts: the country is being raised in pursuit of us.' So this is what they did: they made for the highest town of Arllechwed, and there built a *creu* or sty for the pigs, and for that reason the town was called *Creu-Wyrion*, that is, perhaps, 'Wyrion's Sty.' In this, it is needless to state, we have the Corwrion of chap. i: see pp. 47, 50-70 above—the name is variously pronounced also *Cyrwrion* and *C'rwrion*.

That is how a portion of the Math story is made to account for a series of place-names, and had the editor of the Kulhwch understood the play on the names of places in question in the story of Twrch Trwyth, it might be expected that he would have given it prominence, as already suggested. Then comes the question, how it came to pass that he did not understand it? The first thing to suggest itself as an answer is, that he may have been a stranger to the geography of the country concerned. That, however, is a very inadequate explanation; for his being a stranger, though it might account for his making blunders as to the localities, would not be likely to deter him from venturing into geography which he had not mastered.

What was it, then, that hid from him a portion of the original in this instance? In part, at least, it must have been a difficulty of language. Let us take an illustration: Gwys has already been mentioned more than once as a name applied to one of Twrch Trwyth's offspring,

[1] The name is well known in that of Llanrhaiadr yn Mochnant, 'Llanrhaiadr in Mochnant,' in the north of Montgomeryshire.

[2] Between Colwyn Bay and Llandudno Junction, on the Chester and Holyhead line of railway.

and the words used are very brief, to the following effect:—'And then another of his swine was killed: Gwys was its name.' As a matter of fact, the scribe was labouring under a mistake, for he ought to have said rather, 'And then another of his swine was killed: it was a sow'; since *gwys* was a word meaning a sow, and not the name of any individual hog. The word has, doubtless, long been obsolete in Welsh; but it was known to the poet of the 'Little Pig's Lullaby' in the *Black Book of Carmarthen*, where one of the stanzas begins, fo. 29ᵃ, with the line:

Oian aparchellan. aparchell. guin guis.

The late Dr. Pughe translated it thus:

Listen, little porkling! thou forward little white pig.

I fear I should be obliged to render it less elegantly:

Lullaby, little porker, white sow porker.

For the last four words Stokes suggests 'O pigling of a white sow'; but perhaps the most natural rendering of the words would be 'O white porker of a sow!'—which does not recommend itself greatly on the score of sense, I must admit. The word occurs, also, in Breton as *gwiz* or *gwéz*, 'truie, femelle du porc,' and as *gwys* or *guis* in Old Cornish, while in Irish it was *feis*. Nevertheless, the editor of the Twrch Trwyth story did not know it; but it would be in no way surprising that a Welshman, who knew his language fairly well, should be baffled by such a word in case it was not in use in his own district in his own time. This, however, barely touches the fringe of the question. The range of the hunt, as already given, was mostly within the boundaries, so to say, of the portion of South Wales where we find Goidelic inscriptions in the Ogam character of the fifth or sixth century; and I am persuaded that the Goidelic

language must have lived down to the sixth or seventh century in the south and in the north of Wales[1], a tract of Mid-Wales being then, probably, the only district which can be assumed to have been completely Brythonic in point of speech. In this very story, probably, such a name as Garth Grugyn is but slightly modified from a Goidelic *Gort Grucaind*, 'the enclosure of Grucand[2] or Grugan': compare Cúchulaind or *Cúchulainn* made in Welsh into Cocholyn. But the capital instance in the story of Twrch Trwyth as has already been indicated is that of Amanw, which I detect also as *Ammann* (probably to be read *Ammanu*), in the *Book of Llan Dâv* (or *Liber Landavensis*), p. 199: it is there borne by a lay witness to a grant of land called Tir Dimuner, which would appear to have been in what is now Monmouthshire. Interpreted as standing for *in Banbh*, 'the Boar,' it would make a man's name of the same class as *Ibleid*, found elsewhere in the same manuscript (pp. 178, 184), meaning evidently *i Bleiđ*, now *y Blaiđ*, 'the Wolf.' But observe that the latter was Welsh and the former Goidelic, which makes all the difference for our story. The Goidel relating the story would say that a boar, *banbh*, was killed on the mountain or hill of *in Banbh* or of 'the Boar'; and his Goidelic hearer could not fail to associate the place-name with the appellative. But a Brython could hardly understand what the words *in Banbh* meant, and certainly not after he had transformed them into *Ammanw*, with the *nb* assimilated into *mm*, and the accent shifted to the first syllable. It is needless to say that my remarks have no meaning unless Goidelic was the original language of the tale.

[1] I have discussed some of the traces of the Goidels in Wales in the *Arch. Camb.* for 1895, pp. 18–39, 264–302; 1899, pp. 160–7.

[2] In fact the genitive Grúcind occurs in the *Book of Leinster*, fo. 359[a].

In the summary I have given of the hunt, I omitted a number of proper names of the men who fell at the different spots where the Twrch is represented brought to bay. I wish now to return to them with the question, why were their names inserted in the story at all? It may be suspected that they also, or at any rate some of them, were intended to explain place-names; but I must confess to having had little success in identifying traces of them in the ordnance maps. Others, however, may fare better, who have a better acquaintance with the districts in point, and in that hope I append them in their order in the story:—

1. Arthur sends to the hunt on the banks of the Nevern, in Pembrokeshire, his men, Eli and Trachmyr, Gwarthegyd son of Caw, and Bedwyr; also *Tri meib Cledyv Divwlch*, 'three Sons of the Gapless Sword.' The dogs are also mentioned: Drudwyn, Greid son of Eri's whelp, led by Arthur himself; Glythmyr Ledewig's two dogs, led by Gwarthegyd son of Caw; and Arthur's dog Cavall, led by Bedwyr.

2. Twrch Trwyth makes for Cwm Kerwyn in the Preselly Mountains, and turns to bay, killing the following men, who are called Arthur's four *rhyswyr*[1] or champions—Gwarthegyd son of Caw, Tarawg of Allt Clwyd, Rheidwn son of Eli Atver, and Iscovan Hael.

3. He turns to bay a second time in Cwm Kerwyn, and kills Gwydre son of Arthur, Garselid Wydel, Glew son of Yscawt, and Iscawyn son of Bannon or Panon.

4. Next day he is overtaken in the same neighbour-

[1] The sort of question one would like to ask in that district is, whether there is a spot there called *Bed y Rhyswyr*, *Carn y Rhyswyr*, or the like. The word *rhyswr* is found applied to Arthur himself in the Life of Gruffyd ab Cynan, as the equivalent probably of the Latin *Arthur Miles* (p. 538 below): see the *Myvyrian Archaiology*, ii. 590. Similarly the soldiers or champions of Christ are called *rysóyr crist* in the Welsh Life of St. David: see the *Elucidarium and other Tracts* (in the *Anecdota Oxoniensia*), p. 118.

hood, and he kills Glewlwyd Gavaelvawr's three men, Huandaw, Gogigwr, and Penn Pingon, many of the men of the country also, and Gwlyđyn Saer, one of Arthur's chief architects.

5. Arthur overtakes the Twrch next in Peuliniauc (p. 512 above); and the Twrch there kills Madawc son of Teithion, Gwyn son of Tringad son of Neued, and Eiriawn Penllloran.

6. Twrch Trwyth next turns to bay at Aber Towy, 'Towy Mouth,' and kills Cynlas son of Cynan, and Gwilenhin, king of Franc

7. The next occasion of his killing any men whose names are given, is when he reaches Llwch Ewin (p. 515), near which he killed Echel Vorđwyd-twll, Arwyli eil Gwyđawg Gwyr, and many men and dogs besides.

8. Grugyn, one of the Twrch's offspring, goes to Garth Grugyn in Keredigion with Eli and Trachmyr pursuing him; but what happened to them we are not told in consequence of the omission mentioned above (p. 515) as occurring in the manuscript.

9. Llwydawc at bay in an uncertain locality kills Rudvyw Rys[1] and many others.

[1] *Rudvyw Rys* would be in Modern Welsh *Rhuđfyw Rys*, and probably means Rhuđfyw the Champion or Fighter, as *Rhys* is likely to have been synonymous with *rhyswr*. The corresponding Irish name was *Russ* or *Ross*, genitive *Rossa*, and it appears to come from the same origin as Irish *ross*, 'a headland, a forest,' Welsh *rhos*, 'moorland, uncultivated ground.' The original meaning was presumably 'exposed or open and untilled land'; and Stokes supposes the word to stand for an early (*p*)*ro-sto-* with *sto* of the same origin as Latin *sto*, 'I stand,' and as the English word *stand* itself. In that case *Ros*, genitive *Rossa*, Welsh *Rhys*, would mean one who stands out to fight, a προστάτης, so to say. But not only are these words of a different declension implying a nominative *Ro-stus*, but the Welsh one must have been once accented *Ro-stús* on the ending which is now lost, otherwise there is no accounting for the change of the remaining vowel into *y*. Other instances postulating an early Welsh accentuation of the same kind are very probably *llyg*, 'a fieldmouse,' Irish *luch*, 'a mouse'; *pryd*, 'form,' Irish *cruth*; *pryf*, 'aworm,' Irish *cruim*; so also with *ych*, 'an ox,' and *nyth*,

10. Llwydawc goes to Ystrad Yw, where he is met by the Men of Llydaw, and he kills Hirpeissawc, king of Llydaw, also Llygatruđ Emys and Gwrbothu Hên, maternal uncles to Arthur.

By way of notes on these items, I would begin with the last by asking, what is one to make of these Men of Llydaw? First of all, one notices that their names are singular: thus *Hirpeissawc*, 'Long-coated or Long-robed,' is a curious name for their king, as it sounds more like an epithet than a name itself. Then *Llygatruđ* (also *Llysgatruđ*, which I cannot understand, except as a scribal error) *Emys* is also unusual: one would have rather expected *Emys Lygatruđ*, 'Emys the Red-eyed.' As it stands it looks as if it meant the 'Red-eyed One of Emys.' Moreover *Emys* reminds one of the name of Emyr Llydaw, the ancestor in Welsh hagiology of a number of Welsh saints. It looks as if the redactor of the *Red Book* had mistaken an *r* for an *s* in copying from a pre-Norman original. That he had to work on such a manuscript is proved by the remaining instance, *Gwrbothu Hên*, 'G. the Ancient,' in which we have undoubtedly a pre-Norman spelling of *Gwrfođw*: the same redactor having failed to recognize the name, left it without being converted

'a nest,' Irish *nett*, genitive *nitt*, derived by Stokes from *nizdo-*, which, however, must have been oxytone, like the corresponding Sanskrit *nīdhá*. There is one very interesting compound of *rhys*, namely the saint's name *Rhwydrys*, as it were *Rēdo-rostus* to be compared with Gaulish *Eporēdo-rīx*, which is found in Irish analysed into *rí Eochraidhi*, designating the fairy king who was father to Étáin: see Windisch's *Irische Texte*, p. 119. *Bledrws*, *Bledrus*, as contrasted with *Bledrys*, *Bledris*, postulate Goidelic accentuation, while one has to treat *Bledruis* as a compromise between *Bledrws* and *Bledris*, unless it be due to misreading a *Bledruif* (*Book of Llan Dâv*, pp. 185, 221–2, and *Arch. Camb.* for 1875, p. 370). The Goidelic accent at an early date moved to first syllables, hence *cruth* (with its vowel influenced by the *u* of a stem *qu̯ṛt*) under the stress accent, became, when unstressed, *cridh* (from a simplified stem *cṛt*) as in *Noicride* (also *Nóicrothach*, Windisch, ibid., pp. 259, 261, 266) and *Luicridh* (*Four Masters*, A.D. 748), *Luccraid*, genitive *Luccraide* (*Book of Leinster*, 359[f]), *Luguqurit-* in Ogam.

into the spelling of his own school. In the *Book of Llan Dâv* it will be found variously written *Gurbodu*, *Guoruodu*, and *Guruodu*. Then the epithet *hên*, 'old or ancient,' reminds one of such instances as Math Hên and Gofynion Hên, to be noticed a little later in this chapter. Let us now direct the reader's attention for a moment to the word *Llydaw*, in order to see whether that may not suggest something. The etymology of it is contested, so one has to infer its meaning, as well as one can, from the way in which it is found used. Now it is the ordinary Welsh word for Brittany or Little Britain, and in Irish it becomes *Letha*, which is found applied not only to Armorica but also to Latium. Conversely one could not be surprised if a Goidel, writing Latin, rendered his own *Letha* or the Welsh *Llydaw* by *Latium*, even when no part of Italy was meant. Now it so happens that Llydaw occurs in Wales itself, to wit in the name of Llyn Llydaw, a Snowdonian lake already mentioned, p. 475. It is thus described by Pennant, ii. 339:—'We found, on arriving at the top, an hollow a mile in length, filled with *Llyn Llydaw*, a fine lake, winding beneath the rocks, and vastly indented by rocky projections, here and there jutting into it. In it was one little island, the haunt of black-backed gulls, which breed here, and, alarmed by such unexpected visitants, broke the silence of this sequestered place by their deep screams.' But since Pennant's time mining operations[1] have been carried on close to the

[1] These operations cannot have been the first of the kind in the district, as a writer in the *Archæologia Cambrensis* for 1862, pp. 159-60, in extracting a note from the *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries* (series II, vol. i. p. 10) relative to the discovery of the canoe, adds a statement based on the same volume, p. 161, to the effect that 'within half a mile of Llyn Llydaw there are the remains of a British town, not marked in the ordnance map, comprising the foundations of numerous circular dwellings. In some of them quantities of the refuse of copper smeltings were found. This town should be visited and examined with care by some of the members of our Associa-

margin of this lake; and in the course of them the level of the water is said to have been lowered to the extent of sixteen feet, when, in the year 1856, an ancient canoe was discovered there. According to the late Mr. E. L. Barnwell, who has described it in the *Archæologia Cambrensis* for 1874, pp. 150–1, it was in the possession of Dr. Griffith Griffith of Tal y Treuđyn, near Harlech, who exhibited it at the Cambrian Archæological Association's meeting at Machynlleth in 1866[1]. 'It measures,' Mr. Barnwell says, 'nine feet nine inches—a not uncommon length in the Scotch early canoes,—and has been hollowed out of one piece of wood, as is universally the case with these early boats.' He goes on to surmise that 'this canoe may have been used to reach the island, for the sake of birds or eggs; or what is not impossible, the island may have been the residence of some one who had reasons for preferring so isolated an abode. It may, in fact, have been a kind of small natural crannog, and, in one sense, a veritable lake-dwelling, access to and from which was easy by means of such a canoe.' Stokes conjectures *Llydaw* to have meant coast-land, and Thurneysen connects it with the Sanskrit *pṛthivī* and Old Saxon *folda*[2], 'earth': and, so far as I can see, one is at liberty to assume a meaning that would satisfy *Llydaw*, 'Armorica,' and the *Llydaw* of *Llyn Llydaw*, 'the Lake of Llydaw,' namely that it signified land which one had to reach by boat, so that it was in fact applicable to a lake settlement of any kind, in other words, that *Llydaw* on Snowdon was the name of the lake-dwelling. So

tion.' This was written not far short of forty years ago; but I am not aware that the Association has done anything positive as yet in this matter.

[1] According to Jenkins' *Beđ Gelert*, p. 300, the *canoe* was subsequently sold for a substantial price, and nobody seems to know what has eventually become of it. It is to be hoped this is not correct.

[2] See Holder's *Alt-celtischer Sprachschatz*, s. v. *Litavia*.

I cannot help suggesting, with great deference, that the place whence came the Men of Llydaw in the story of the hunting of Twrch Trwyth was the settlement in Syfaðon lake (p. 73), and that the name of that stronghold, whether it was a crannog or a stockaded islet, was also Llydaw. For the power of that settlement over the surrounding country to have extended a few miles around would be but natural to suppose—the distance between the Yw and Llyn Syfaðon is, I am told, under three miles. Should this guess prove well founded, we should have to scan with renewed care the allusions in our stories to Llydaw, and not assume that they always refer us to Brittany.

That the name Llydaw did on occasion refer to the region of Llyn Syfaðon admits of indirect proof as follows:—The church of Llangorse on its banks is dedicated to a Saint Paulinus, after whom also is called Capel Peulin, in the upper course of the Towy, adjacent to the Cardiganshire parish of Llanðewi Brefi. Moreover, tradition makes Paulinus attend a synod in 519 at Llanðewi Brefi, where St. David distinguished himself by his preaching against Pelagianism. Paulinus was then an old man, and St. David had been one of his pupils at the *Ty Gwyn*, 'Whitland,' on the Taf, where Paulinus had established a religious house[1]; and some five miles up a tributary brook of the Taf is the church of Llandysilio, where an ancient inscription mentions a Paulinus. These two places, Whitland and Llandysilio, were probably in the cymwd of Peuliniog, which is called after a Paulinus, and through which we have just followed the hunt of Twrch Trwyth

[1] For these notes I am indebted to Williams' *Dictionary of Eminent Welshmen*, and to Rees' *Welsh Saints*, pp. 187, 191; for our Paulinus is not yet recognized in the *Dictionary of Christian Biography*. His day was Nov. 22.

(p. 512). Now the inscription to which I have referred reads [1], with ligatures :—

CLVTORIGI
FILI PAVLINI
MARINILATIO

This probably means '(the Monument) of Clutorix, son of Paulinus from Latium in the Marsh'; unless one ought rather to treat *Marini* as an epithet to *Paulini*. In either case *Latio* has probably to be construed '*of* or *from Latium*': compare a Roman inscription found at Bath (Hübner's No. 48), which begins with *C. Murrius.* | *C. F. Arniensis* | *Foro. Iuli. Modestus* [2], and makes in English, according to Mr. Haverfield, 'Gaius Murrius Modestus, son of Gaius, of the tribe Arniensis, of the town Forum Iulii.' The easiest way to explain the last line as a whole is probably to treat it as a compound with the qualifying word deriving its meaning, not from *mare*, 'the sea,' but from the Late Latin *mara*, 'a marsh or bog.' Thus *Marini-Latium* would mean 'Marshy Latium,' to distinguish it from Latium in Italy, and from *Letha* or *Llydaw* in the sense of Brittany, which was analogously termed in Medieval Irish *Armuirc Letha* [3], that is the Armorica of *Letha*. This is

[1] There are two other inscriptions in South Wales which contain the name Paulinus, one on a stone found in the neighbourhood of Port Talbot in Glamorgan, reading *Hic iacit Cantusus Puter Paulinus*, which seems to imply that Paulinus set up the stone to the memory of a son of his named Cantusus. The other, found on the site of the extinct church of Llanwrthwl, near Dolau Cothi in Carmarthenshire, is a remarkable one in a kind of hexameter to the following effect:—

Servatur fidei patrieque semper amator
Hic Paulinus iacit cultor pientisimus æqui.

Whether we have one or two or three Paulini in these inscriptions I cannot say. Welsh writers, however, have made the name sometimes into *Pawl Hén*, 'Paul the Aged,' but, so far as I can see, without rhyme or reason.

[2] Since I chanced on this inscription my friend Professor Lindsay of St. Andrews has called my attention to Plautus' *Asinaria*, 499 (II. iv. 9a), where one reads, *Periphanes Rhodo mercator dives*, 'Periphanes a wealthy merchant of Rhodes'; he finds also *Æsculapius Epidauro* (Arnobius, 278. 18), and elsewhere *Nepos Philippis* and *Priscus Vienna*.

[3] See Stokes' *Patrick*, pp. 16, 412.

borne out by the name of the church of Paulinus, which is in Welsh *Llan y Gors*, anglicized *Llangorse*, 'the Church of the Marsh or Bog,' and that is exactly the meaning of the name given it in the *Taxatio* of Pope Nicholas, which is that of *Ecclesia de Mara*. In other terms, we have in the qualified *Latium* of the inscription the Latium or Letha which came to be called in Welsh *Llydaw*. It is, in my opinion, from that settlement as their head quarters, that the Men of Llydaw sallied forth to take part in the hunt in Ystrad Yw, where the boar Llwydog was killed.

The idea that the story of Twrch Trwyth was more or less topographical is not a new one. Lady Charlotte Guest, in her *Mabinogion*, ii. 363–5, traces the hunt through several places called after Arthur, such as *Buarth Arthur*, 'Arthur's Cattle-pen,' and *Bwrd Arthur*, 'Arthur's Table,' besides others more miscellaneously named, such as *Twyn y Moch*, 'the Swine's Hill,' near the source of the Amman, and *Llwyn y Moch*, 'the Swine's Grove,' near the foot of the same eminence. But one of the most remarkable statements in her note is the following:—'Another singular coincidence may be traced between the name of a brook in this neighbourhood, called Echel, and the Echel Forddwyttwll who is recorded in the tale as having been slain at this period of the chase.' I have been unable to discover any clue to a brook called Echel, but one called Egel occurs in the right place; so I take it that Lady Charlotte Guest's informants tacitly identified the name with that of Echel. Substantially they were probably correct, as the Egel, called Ecel in the dialect of the district, flows into the upper Clydach, which in its turn falls into the Tawe near Pont ar Dawe. As the next pool mentioned is Llwch Tawe, I presume it was some water or other which drained into the Tawe in this same neighbour-

hood. The relative positions of Llwch Ewin, the Egel, and Llwch Tawe as indicated above offer no apparent difficulty. The Goidelic name underlying that of Echel was probably some such a one as *Eccel* or *Ecell*; and *Ecell* occurs, for instance, in the *Book of the Dun Cow*, fo. 80^{b}, as the name of a noble or prince. In rendering this name into Welsh as *Echel*, due regard was had for the etymological equivalence of Goidelic *cc* or *c* to Welsh *ch*, but the unbroken oral tradition of a people changing its language by degrees from Goidelic to Welsh was subject to no such influence, especially in the matter of local names; so the one here in question passed into Welsh as *Eccel*, liable only to be modified into *Egel*. In any case, one may assume that the death of the hero Echel was introduced to account for the name of the brook Egel. Indications of something similar in the linguistic sense occur in the part of the narrative relating the death of Grugyn, at Garth Grugyn. This boar is pursued by two huntsmen called Eli and Trachmyr, the name of the former of whom reminds one of Garth Eli, in the parish of Llanđewi Brefi. Possibly the original story located at Garth Eli the death of Eli, or some other incident in which Grugyn was concerned; but the difficulty here is that the exact position of Garth Grugyn is still uncertain.

Lastly, our information as to the hunting of Twrch Trwyth is not exclusively derived from the Kulhwch, for besides an extremely obscure poem about the Twrch in the *Book of Aneurin*, a manuscript of the thirteenth century, we have one item given in the *Mirabilia* associated with the *Historia Brittonum* of Nennius, § 73, and this carries us back to the eighth century. It reads as follows:—

Est aliud mirabile in regione quæ dicitur Buelt. Est ibi cumulus lapidum, et unus lapis superpositus super

congestum, cum vestigio canis in eo. Quando venatus est porcum Troit, impressit Cabal, qui erat canis Arthuri militis, vestigium in lapide, et Arthur postea congregavit congestum lapidum sub lapide in quo erat vestigium canis sui, et vocatur Carn Cabal. Et veniunt homines et tollunt lapidem in manibus suis per spacium diei et noctis, et in crastino die invenitur super congestum suum.

'Another wonder there is in the district called Buallt: there is there a heap of stones, and one stone is placed on the top of the pile with the footmark of a dog in it. Cafall, the dog of the warrior Arthur, when chasing the pig Trwyd printed the mark of his foot on it, and Arthur afterwards collected a heap of stones underneath the stone in which was the footmark of his dog, and it is called Cafall's Cairn. And men come and take the stone away in their hands for the space of a day and a night, and on the following day the stone is found on the top of its heap[1].'

Lady Charlotte Guest, in a note to the Kulhwch story in her *Mabinogion*, ii. 360, appears to have been astonished to find that *Carn Cavall*, as she writes it, was no fabulous mound but an actual 'mountain in the district of Builth, to the south of Rhayader Gwy, and within sight of that town.' She went so far as to persuade one of her friends to visit the summit, and he begins his account of it to her with the words: 'Carn Cavall, or as it is generally pronounced Corn Cavall, is a lofty and rugged mountain.' On one of the cairns on the mountain he discovered what may have been the very stone to which the *Mirabilia* story refers; but the sketch with which he accompanied his communication cannot be said to be convincing, and he must have been drawing on his imagination when he spoke of this some-

[1] This will give the reader some idea of the pre-Norman orthography of Welsh, with *l* for the sound of *ll* and *b* for that of *v*.

what high hill as a lofty mountain. Moreover his account of its name only goes just far enough to be misleading: the name as pronounced in the neighbourhood of Rhayader is *Corn Gafaṫṫ* by Welsh-speaking people, and *Corn Gavalt* by monoglot Englishmen. So it is probable that at one time the pronunciation was *Carn Gavaṫṫ*[1]. But to return to the incident recorded by Nennius, one has to remark that it does not occur in the Kulhwch; nor, seeing the position of the hill, can it have been visited by Arthur or his dog in the course of the Twrch Trwyth hunt as described by the redactor of the story in its present form. This suggests the reflection not only that the Twrch story is very old, but that it was put together by selecting certain incidents out of an indefinite number, which, taken all together, would probably have formed a network covering the whole of South Wales as far north as the boundary of the portion of Mid-Wales occupied by the Brythons before the Roman occupation. In other words, the Goidels of this country had stories current among them to explain the names of the places with which they were familiar; and it is known that was the case with the Goidels of Ireland. Witness the place-name legends known in Medieval Irish as *Dindšenchas*, with which the old

[1] The softening of *Cafaṫ* to *Gafaṫ* could not take place after the masculine *corn*, 'a horn'; but it was just right after the feminine *carn*, 'a cairn.' So here *corn* is doubtless a colloquial corruption; and so is probably the *t* at the end, for as *ṫṫ* has frequently been reduced to *ṫ*, as in *cyfaiṫṫ*, 'a friend,' from the older *cyfaiṫṫt*, in Medieval Irish *comalta*, 'a foster brother or sister,' the language has sometimes reversed the process, as when one hears *hoṫṫ* for *hoṫ*, 'all,' or reads *ffferyṫṫ*, 'alchemist, chemist,' for *ffferyṫ* from *Vergilius*. The Nennian orthography does not much trouble itself to distinguish between *l* and *ṫ*, and even when *Carn Cabal* was written the pronunciation was probably *Carn Gavaṫ*, the mutation being ignored in the spelling, which frequently happens in the case even of Welsh people who never fail to mutate their consonants in speaking. Lastly, though it was a dog that was called *Cafaṫ*, it is remarkable that the word has exactly the form taken by *caballus* in Welsh: for *cafaṫ*, as meaning some sort of a horse, see Silvan Evans' *Geiriadur*.

literature of Ireland abounds. On what principle the narrator of the Kulhwch made his selection from the repertoire I cannot say; but one cannot help seeing that he takes little interest in the details, and that he shows still less insight into the etymological *motif* of the incidents which he mentions. However, this should be laid mainly to the charge, perhaps, of the early medieval redactor.

Among the reasons which have been suggested for the latter overlooking and effacing the play on the place-names, I have hinted that he did not always understand them, as they sometimes involved a language which may not have been his. This raises the question of translation: if the story was originally in Goidelic, what was the process by which it passed into Brythonic? Two answers suggest themselves, and the first comes to this: if the story was in writing, we may suppose a literary man to have sat down to translate it word for word from Goidelic to Brythonic, or else to adapt it in a looser fashion. In either case, one should suppose him a master of both languages, and capable of doing justice to the play on the place-names. But it is readily conceivable that the fact of his understanding both languages might lead him to miscalculate what was exactly necessary to enable a monoglot Brython to grasp his meaning clearly. Moreover, if the translator had ideas of his own as to style, he might object on principle to anything like an explanation of words being interpolated in the narrative. In short, one could see several loopholes through which a little confusion might force itself in, and prevent the monoglot reader or hearer of the translation from correctly grasping the story at all points as it was in the original. The other view, and the more natural one, as I think, is that we should postulate the interference of no special translator, but suppose the

story, or rather a congeries of stories, to have been current among the natives of a certain part of South Wales, say the Loughor Valley, at a time when their language was still Goidelic, and that, as they gradually gave up Goidelic and adopted Brythonic, they retained their stories and translated the narrative, while they did not always translate the place-names occurring in that narrative. Thus, for instance, would arise the discrepancy between *banw* and *Amanw*, the latter of which to be Welsh should have been rendered *y Banw*, 'the Boar.' If this is approximately what took place, it is easy to conceive the possibility of many points of nicety being completely effaced in the course of such a rough process of transformation. In one or two small matters it happens that we can contrast the community as translator with the literary individual at work: I allude to the word *Trwyth*. That vocable was not translated, not metaphoned, if I may so term it, at all at the time: it passed, when it was still *Trēth-i*, from Goidelic into Brythonic, and continued in use without a break; for the changes whereby *Trēth-i* has become *Trwyth* have been such as other words have undergone in the course of ages, as already stated. On the other hand, the literary man who knew something of the two languages seems to have reasoned, that where a Goidelic *th* occurred between vowels, the correct etymological equivalent in Brythonic was *t*, subject to be mutated to *d*. So when he took the name over he metaphoned *Trēth-i* into *Trēt-i*, whence we have the *Porcus Troit* of Nennius, and *Twrch Trwyd*[1] in Welsh poetry: these *Troit* and *Trwyd* were the literary forms as contrasted with the popular *Trwyth*. Now, if my surmises as to *Echel* and *Egel* are near the truth, their history must be

[1] An instance or two of *Trwyd* will be found in a note by Silvan Evans in Skene's *Four Ancient Books of Wales*, ii. 393.

similar; that is to say, *Echel* would be the literary form and *Ecel*, *Egel* the popular one respectively of the Goidelic *Ecell*. A third parallel offers itself in the case of the personal name *Arwyli*, borne by one of Echel's companions: the *Arwyl* of that name has its etymological equivalent in the *Arwystl-* of *Arwystli*, the name of a district comprising the eastern slopes of Plinlimmon, and represented now by the Deanery of Arwystli. So *Arwystli* challenges comparison with the Irish *Airgialla* or *Airgéill*, anglicized *Oriel*, which denotes, roughly speaking, the modern counties of Armagh, Louth, and Monaghan. For here we have the same prefix *ar* placed in front of one and the same vocable, which in Welsh is *gwystl*, 'a hostage,' and in Irish *giall*, of the same meaning and origin. The reader will at once think of the same word in German as *geisel*, 'a hostage,' Old High German *gīsal*. But the divergence of sound between *Arwystl-i* and *Arwyl-i* arises out of the difference of treatment of *sl* in Welsh and Irish. In the Brythonic district of Mid-Wales we have *Arwystli* with *sl* treated in the Brythonic way, while in *Arwyli* we have the combination treated in the Goidelic way, the result being left standing when the speakers of Goidelic in South Wales learnt Brythonic [1].

Careful observation may be expected to add to the number of these instructive instances. It is, however, not to be supposed that all double forms of the names in these stories are to be explained in exactly the same way. Thus, for instance, corresponding to Lug, genitive Loga, we have the two forms Lleu and Llew, of which the former alone matches the Irish. But it is to be observed that Lleu remains in some verses [2] in the

[1] For more about these names and kindred ones, see a note of mine in the *Arch. Cambrensis*, 1898, pp. 61–3.

[2] See my *Hibbert Lectures*, pp. 398–401.

story of Math, whereas in the prose he appears to be called Llew. It is not improbable that the editing which introduced Llew dates comparatively late, and that it was done by a man who was not familiar with the Venedotian place-names of which Lleu formed part, namely, *Dinllеu* and *Nantllеu*, now *Dinlle* and *Nantlle*. Similarly the two brothers, Gofannon and Amaethon, as they are called in the *Mabinogi* of Math and in the Kulhwch story, are found also called Gofynyon and Amathaon. The former agrees with the Irish form Goibniu, genitive Goibnenn, whereas Gofannon does not. As to Amaethon or Amathaon the Irish counterpart has, unfortunately, not been identified. Gofannon and Amaethon have the appearance of being etymologically transparent in Welsh, and they have probably been remodelled by the hand of a literary redactor. There were also two forms of the name of Manawyđan in Welsh; for by the side of that there was another, namely, Manawydan, liable to be shortened to Manawyd: both occur in old Welsh poetry[1]. But *manawyd* or *mynawyd* is the Welsh word for an *awl*, which is significant here, as the *Mabinogi* called after Manawyđan makes him become a shoemaker on two occasions, whence the Triads style him one of the Three golden Shoemakers of the Isle of Prydain: see the Oxford *Mabinogion*, p. 308.

What has happened in the way of linguistic change in one of our stories, the Kulhwch, may have happened in others, say in the four branches of the *Mabinogi*, namely, Pwyll, prince of Dyved; Branwen, daughter of Llyr; Math, son of Mathonwy; and Manawyđan, son of Llyr. Some time ago I endeavoured to show that

[1] See the *Black Book of Carmarthen* in Evans' facsimile, p. 47^b; Thomas Stephens' *Gododin*, p. 146; Dent's Malory, preface, p. xxvi; and Skene's *Four Ancient Books of Wales*, ii. 51, 63, 155.

the principal characters in the *Mabinogi* of Math, namely, the sons and daughters of Dôn, are to be identified as a group with the Tuatha Dé Danann, 'Tribes of the Goddess Danu or Donu,' of Irish legend. I called attention to the identity of our Welsh Dôn with the Irish Donu, genitive Donann, Gofynion or Gofannon with Goibniu, genitive Goibnenn, and of Lleu or Llew with Lug. Since then Professor Zimmer has gone further, and suggested that the *Mabinogion* are of Irish origin; but that I cannot quite admit. They are of Goidelic origin, but they do not come from the Irish or the Goidels of Ireland: they come rather, as I think, from this country's Goidels, who never migrated to the sister island, but remained here eventually to adopt Brythonic speech. There is no objection, however, so far as this argument is concerned, to their being regarded as this country's Goidels descended either from native Goidels or from early Goidelic invaders from Ireland, or else partly from the one origin and partly from the other. This last is perhaps the safest view to accept as a working hypothesis. Now Professor Zimmer fixes on that of *Mathonwy*, among other names, as probably the Welsh adaptation of some such an Irish name as the genitive *Mathgamnai*[1], now anglicized *Mahony*. This I am also prepared to accept in the sense that the Welsh form is a loan from a Goidelic one current some time or other in this country, and represented in Irish by *Mathgamnai*. The preservation of Goidelic *th* in *Mathonwy* stamps it as ranking with *Trwyth*, *Egel*, and *Arwyli*, as contrasted with a form etymologically more correct, of which we seem to have an echo in the Breton names *Madganoe* and *Madgone*[2].

[1] See the *Göttingische gelehrte Anzeigen* for 1890, p. 512.

[2] See De Courson's *Cartulaire de l'abbaye de Redon*, pp. 163, 186.

Another name which I am inclined to regard as brought in from Goidelic is that of Gilvaethwy, son of Dôn: it would seem to involve some such a word as the Irish *gilla*, 'a youth, an attendant or servant,' and some form of the Goidelic name *Maughteus* or *Mochta*, so that the name *Gilla-mochtai* meant the attendant of Mochta. This last vocable appears in Irish as the name of several saints, but previously it was probably that of some pagan god of the Goidels, and its meaning was most likely the same as that of the Irish participial *mochta*, which Stokes explains as 'magnified, glorified': see his *Calendar of Oengus*, p. ccxiv, and compare the name *Mael-mochta*. Adamnan, in his *Vita S. Columbæ*, writes the name *Maucteus* in the following passage, pref. ii. p. 6:—

Nam quidam proselytus Brito, homo sanctus, sancti Patricii episcopi discipulus, Maucteus nomine, ita de nostro prophetizavit Patrono, sicuti nobis ab antiquis traditum expertis compertum habetur.

This saint, who is said to have prophesied of St. Columba and died in the year 534, is described in his Life (Aug. 19) as *ortus ex Britannia*[1], which, coupled with Adamnan's *Brito*, probably refers him to Wales; but it is remarkable that nevertheless he bore the very un-Brythonic name of *Mochta* or *Mauchta*[2].

[1] See Reeves' note to the passage just cited in his edition of Adamnan's *Vita*, pp. 6, 7.

[2] Here possibly one might mention likewise *Gilmin Troetu* or *Troeddu*, 'Gilmin of the Black Foot,' the legendary ancestor (p. 444) of the Wynns of Glyn Llifon, in Carnarvonshire. So the name might be a shortening of some such a combination as *Gilla-min*, 'the attendant of *Min* or *Men*,' a name we have also in *Mocu-Min*, 'Min's Kin,' a family or sept so called more than once by Adamnan. Perhaps one would also be right in regarding as of similar origin the name of Gilberd or Gilbert, son of Cadgyffro, who is mentioned in the Kulhwch, and in the *Black Book*, fo. 14^{b}: at any rate I am not convinced that the name is to be identified with the Gillebert of the Normans, unless that was itself derived from Celtic. But there is a discrepancy between *Gilmin*, *Gilbert*, with unmutated *m* and *b*, and *Gilvaethwy* with its mutation consonant *v*. In all three, however, *Gil*, had it been Welsh, would

To return to the *Mabinogion*: I have long been inclined to identify Llwyd, son of Kilcoed, with the Irish Liath, son of Celtchar, of Cualu in the present county of Wicklow. Liath, whose name means 'grey,' is described as the comeliest youth of noble rank among the fairies of Erin; and the only time the Welsh Llwyd, whose name also means 'grey,' appears in the *Mabinogion* he is ascribed, not the comeliest figure, it is true, or the greatest personal beauty, but the most imposing disguise of a bishop attended by his suite: he was a great magician. The name of his father, Kil-coet, seems to me merely an inexact popular rendering of *Celtchar*, the name of Liath's father: at any rate one fails here to detect the touch of the skilled translator or literary redactor But the *Mabinogi* of Manawyđan, in which Llwyd figures, is also the one in which Pryderi king of Dyfed's wife is called *Kicua* or *Cigfa*, a name which has no claim to be regarded as Brythonic. It occurs early, however, in the legendary history of Ireland: the *Four Masters*, under the year A.M. 2520, mention a Ciocbha as wife of a son of Parthalon; and

probably have appeared as *Gill*, as indicated by the name *Gilla* in the Kulhwch (Oxford *Mabinogion*, p. 110), in which we seem to have the later form of the old name *Gildas*. Compare such Irish instances as *Fiachna* and *Cera*, which seem to imply stems originally ending in *-asa-s* (masculine) and *-asā* (feminine); and see the *Journal of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland*, 1899, p. 402.

[1] An article in the Rennes *Dindśenchas* is devoted to Liath: see the *Rev. Celtique*, xvi. 78–9. As to *Celtchar*, genitive *Celtchair*, the name would seem to have meant 'him who is fond of concealment.' The *Mabinogi* form of the Welsh name is *Llwyt uab kil coet*, which literally meant 'L. son of (him of) the Retreat of the Wood.' But in the Twrch Trwyth story, under a slightly different form of designation, we appear to have the same person as *Llwydeu mab kelcoet* and *Llwydeu mab kel coet*, which would seem to mean 'L. son of (him of) the Hidden Wood.' It looks as if the bilingual story-teller of the language transition had not been able to give up the *cel* of Celtchar at the same time that he rendered *celt* by *coet*, 'wood or trees,' as if identifying it with *cailt*: witness the Medieval Irish *caill*, 'a wood or forest,' dative plural *cailtib*, derivative adjective *caillteamhuil*, 'silvester'; and see Windisch's *Irische Texte*, p. 410, s.v. *caill*.

the name seems to be related to that of a man called *Cioccal*, A.M. 2530. Lastly, Manawyđan, from whom the *Mabinogi* takes its name, is called *mab Ɬyr*, 'son of Ɬyr,' in Welsh, and *Manannán mac Lir* in Irish. Similarly with his brother Brân, and his sister Branwen, except that she has not been identified in Irish story. But in Irish literature the genitive *Lir*, as in *mac Lir*, 'son of *Ler*,' is so common, and the nominative so rare, that *Lir* came to be treated in late Irish as the nominative too; but a genitive of the form *Lir* suggests a nominative-accusative *Ler*, and as a matter of fact it occurs, for instance, in the couplet:—

Fer co n-ilur gnim dar ler
Labraid Luath Lam ar Claideb[1].

A man of many feats beyond sea,
Labraid swift of Hand on Sword is he.

So it seems probable that the Welsh Ɬyr[2] is no other word than the Goidelic genitive *Lir*, retained in use with its pronunciation modified according to the habits of the Welsh language; and in that case[3] it forms comprehensive evidence, that the stories about

[1] Windisch's *Irische Texte*, p. 217, and the *Book of the Dun Cow*, fo. 47[b].

[2] There has been a good deal of confusion as to the name Ɬyr: thus for instance, the Welsh translations of Geoffrey of Monmouth make the *Leir* of his Latin into *Ɬyr*, and the personage intended is represented as the father of three daughters named Gonerilla, Regan, and Cordeilla or Cordelia. But Cordelia is probably the Creurđilad of the *Black Book*, p. 49[b], and the Creiđylat of the Kulhwch story (the Oxford *Mabinogion*, pp. 113, 134), and her father was Ɬûd Ɬawereint (= Irish Nuada Airgetlám) and not Ɬyr. Then as to the *Leir* of Geoffrey's Latin, that name looks as if given its form on the strength of the *legr-* of *Legraceaster*, the Anglo-Saxon name of the town now called Leicester, of which William of Malmesbury (*Gesta Pontificum*, § 176) says, *Legrecestra est civitas antiquâ in Mediterraneis Anglis, a Legra fluvio praterfluente sic vocata.* Mr. Stevenson regards *Legra* as an old name of the Soar, and as surviving in that of the village of Leire, spelled *Legre* in Domesday. It seems to point back to a *Legere* or *Ligere*, which recalls *Liger*, 'the Loire.'

[3] I say *in that case*, as this is not quite conclusive; for Welsh has an appellative *ŧŷr*, 'mare, æquor,' which may be a generalizing of *Ɬyr*; or else it may represent an early *lerio-s* from *lero-s* (see p. 549 below), and our *Ɬyr* may possibly be this and not the Irish genitive *Lir* retained as *Ɬyr*. That, however, seems to me improbable on the whole.

the Llyr family in Welsh legend were Goidelic before they put on a Brythonic garb.

As to the *Mabinogion* generally, one may say that they are devoted to the fortunes chiefly of three powerful houses or groups, the children of Dôn, the children of Llyr, and Pwyll's family. This last is brought into contact with the Llyr group, which takes practically the position of superiority. Pwyll's family belonged chiefly to Dyfed; but the power and influence of the sons of Llyr had a far wider range: we find them in Anglesey, at Harlech, in Gwales or the Isle of Grasholm off Pembrokeshire, at Aber Henvelen somewhere south of the Severn Sea, and in Ireland. But the expedition to Ireland under Brân, usually called *Bendigeituran*, 'Brân[1] the Blessed,' proved so disastrous that the Llyr group, as a whole, disappears, making way for the children of Dôn. These last came into collision with Pwyll's son, Pryderi, in whose country Manawyđan, son of Llyr, had ended his days. Pryderi, in consequence of Gwydion's deceit (pp. 69, 501, 525), makes war on Math and the children of Dôn: he falls in it, and his army gives hostages to Math. Thus after the disappearance of the sons of Llyr, the children of Dôn are found in power in their stead in North Wales[2], and that state of things corresponds closely enough to the relation between the Tuatha Dé Danann and the Lir family in Irish legend. There Lir and his family are reckoned in the number

[1] Here it is relevant to direct the reader's attention to Nutt's *Legend of the Holy Grail*, p. 28, where, in giving an abstract of the *Petit saint Graal*, he speaks of the Brân of that romance, in French *Bron*, nominative *Brons*, as having the keeping of the Grail and dwelling 'in these isles of Ireland.'

[2] The Dôn and Llyr groups are not brought into conflict or even placed in contact with one another; and the reason seems to be that the story-teller wanted to introduce the sons of Beli as supreme in Britain after the death of Brân. Beli and his sons are also represented in Maxen's Dream as ruling over Britain when the Roman conqueror arrives. What is to be made of Beli may be learnt from *The Welsh People*, pp. 41–3.

of the Tuatha Dé Danann, but within that community Lir was so powerful that it was considered but natural that he should resent a rival candidate being elected king in preference to him. So the Tuatha Dé took pains to conciliate Lir, as did also their king, who gave his daughter to Lir to wife, and when she died he gave him another of his daughters[1]; and with the treatment of her stepchildren by that deceased wife's sister begins one of the three Sorrowful Tales of Erin, known to English readers as the Fate of the Children of Lir. But the reader should observe the relative position: the Tuatha Dé remain in power, while the children of Lir belong to the past, which is also the sequence in the *Mabinogion*. Possibly this is not to be considered as having any significance, but it is to be borne in mind that the Lir-ILyr group is strikingly elemental in its patronymic Lir, ILyr. The nominative, as already stated, was *ler*, 'sea,' and so Cormac renders *mac Lir* by *filius maris*. How far we may venture to consider the sea to have been personified in this context, and how early, it is impossible to say. In any case it is deserving of notice that one group of Goidels to this day do not say *mac Lir*, 'son of Lir,' *filium maris*, but always 'son of the *lir*': I allude to the Gaels of the Isle of Man, in whose language *Manannán mac Lir* is always *Mannanan mac y Lir*, or as they spell it, *Lear*; that is to say 'Mannanan, son of the *ler*.' Manxmen have been used to consider Manannan their eponymous hero, and first king of their island: they call him more familiarly *Mannanan beg mac y Lear*, 'Little Mannanan, son of the *ler*.' This we may, though no Manxman of

[1] These things one learns about Lir from the story mentioned in the text as the 'Fate of the Children of Lir,' as to which it is right, however, to say that no ancient manuscript version is known: see M. d'Arbois de Jubainville's *Essai d'un Catalogue de la Littérature épique de l'Irlande*, p. 8.

the present day attaches any meaning to the word *lir* or *lear*, interpret as 'Little Mannanan, son of the Sea.' The wanderings at large of the children of Lir before being eclipsed by the Danann-Dôn group, remind one of the story of the labours of Hercules, where it relates that hero's adventures on his return from robbing Geryon of his cattle. Pomponius Mela, ii. 5 (p. 50), makes Hercules on that journey fight in the neighbourhood of Arles with two sons of Poseidon or Neptune, whom he calls (in the accusative) Albiona and Bergyon. To us, with our more adequate knowledge of geography, the locality and the men cannot appear the most congruous, but there can hardly be any mistake as to the two personal names being echoes of those of Albion and Iverion, Britain and Ireland.

The whole cycle of the *Mabinogion* must have appeared strange to the story-teller and the poet of medieval Wales, and far removed from the world in which they lived. We have possibly a trace of this feeling in the epithet *hên*, 'old, ancient,' given to Math in a poem in the *Red Book of Hergest*, where we meet with the line[1]:—

Gan uath hen gan gouannon.
With Math the ancient, with Gofannon.

Similarly in the confused list of heroes which the story-

[1] See Skene's *Four Ancient Books of Wales*, ii. 303, also 108–9, where the fragment of the poem as given in the *Book of Taliessin* is printed. The line here quoted has been rendered in vol. i. 286, 'With Matheu and Govannon,' which places the old pagan Gofannon in rather unexpected company. A few lines later in the poem mention is made of a *Kaer Gofannon*: where was that? Skene, in a note on it (ii. 452), says that 'In an old list of the churches of Linlithgow, printed by Theiner, appears *Vicaria de Gumanyn*. The place meant is probably Dalmeny, on the Firth of Forth, formerly called Dumanyn.' This is interesting only as showing that *Gumanyn* is probably to be construed *Dumanyn*, and that *Dalmeny* represents an ancient *Dún Manann* in a neighbourhood where one already has *Clach Manann*, 'the stone of Manau,' and *Sliabh Manann*, 'Mountain of Manau,' now respectively Clackmannan and Slamannan, in what Nennius calls *Manau Guotodin*.

teller of the Kulhwch (*Mabinogion*, p. 108) was able to put together, we seem to have Gofannon, Math's relative, referred to under the designation of *Gouynyon Hen*, 'Gofynion the Ancient.' To these might be added others, such as Gwrbothu Hên, mentioned above, p. 531, and from another source *Lleu Hen*[1], 'Lew the Ancient.' So strange, probably, and so obscure did some of the contents of the stories themselves seem to the story-tellers, that they may be now and then suspected of having effaced some of the features which it would have interested us to find preserved. This state of things brings back to my mind words of Matthew Arnold's, to which I had the pleasure of listening more years ago than I care to remember. He was lecturing at Oxford on Celtic literature, and observing 'how evidently the mediæval story-teller is pillaging an antiquity of which he does not fully possess the secret; he is like a peasant,' Matthew Arnold went on to say, 'building his hut on the site of Halicarnassus or Ephesus; he builds, but what he builds is full of materials of which he knows not the history, or knows by a glimmering tradition merely—stones "not of this building," but of an older architecture, greater, cunninger, more majestical. In the mediæval stories of no Latin or Teutonic people does this strike one as in those of the Welsh.' This becomes intelligible only on the theory of the stories having been in Goidelic before they put on a Welsh dress.

When saying that the *Mabinogion* and some of the

[1] This occurred unrecognized and, therefore, unaltered by the scribe of the Nennian Pedigree no. xvi in the *Cymmrodor*, ix. 176, as he found it written in an old spelling, *Louhen. map. Guid gen. map. Caratauc. map. Cinbelin*, where Caradog is made father of Gwydion; for in *Guid-gen* we seem to have the compound name which suggested *Gwydion*. This agrees with the fact that the *Mabinogi* of Math treats Gwydion as the father of Lew Lawgyffes; but the pedigree itself seems to have been strangely put together.

stories contained in the Kulhwch, such as the Hunting of Twrch Trwyth, were Goidelic before they became Brythonic, I wish to be understood to use the word Goidelic in a qualified sense. For till the Brythons came, the Goidels were, I take it, the ruling race in most of the southern half of Britain, with the natives as their subjects, except in so far as that statement has to be limited by the fact, that we do not know how far they and the natives had been amalgamating together. In any case, the hostile advent of another race, the Brythons, would probably tend to hasten the process of amalgamation. That being so, the stories which I have loosely called Goidelic may have been largely aboriginal in point of origin, and by that I mean native, pre-Celtic and non-Aryan. It comes to this, then: we cannot say for certain whose creation Brân, for instance, should be considered to have been—that of Goidels or of non-Aryan natives. He sat, as the *Mabinogi* of Branwen describes him, on the rock of Harlech, a figure too colossal for any house to contain or any ship to carry. This would seem to challenge comparison with Cernunnos, the squatting god of ancient Gaul, around whom the other gods appear as mere striplings, as proved by the monumental representations in point. In these[1] he sometimes appears antlered like a stag; sometimes he is provided either with three normal heads or with one head furnished with three faces; and sometimes he is reduced to a head provided with no body, which reminds one of Brân, who, when he had been rid of his body in consequence of a poisoned wound inflicted on him in his foot in the slaughter of the Meal-bag Pavilion, was reduced to the *Urđawl Ben*, 'Venerable or Dignified

[1] See Bertrand's *Religion des Gaulois*, pp. 314–9, 343–5, and especially the plates.

Head,' mentioned in the *Mabinogi* of Branwen[1]. The *Mabinogi* goes on to relate how Brân's companions began to enjoy, subject to certain conditions, his 'Venerable Head's' society, which involved banquets of a fabulous duration and of a nature not readily to be surpassed by those around the Holy Grail. In fact here we have beyond all doubt one of the heathen originals of which the Grail is a Christian version. But the multiplicity of faces or heads of the Gaulish divinity find their analogues in a direction hitherto unnoticed as far as I know, namely, among the Letto-Slavic peoples of the Baltic sea-board. Thus the image of Svatovit in the island of Rügen is said to have had four faces[2]; and the life of Otto of Bamberg relates[3] how that high-handed evangelist proceeded to convert the ancient Prussians to Christianity. Among other things we are told how he found at Stettin an idol called Triglaus, a word referring to the three heads for which the god was remarkable. The saint took possession of the image and hewed away the body, reserving for himself the three heads, which are represented adhering together, forming one piece. This he sent as a trophy to Rome, and in Rome it may be still. Were it perchance to be found, it might be expected to show a close resemblance to the tricephal of the Gaulish altar found at Beaune in Burgundy.

Before closing this chapter a word may be permitted as to the Goidelic element in the history of Wales: it will come again before the reader in a later chapter,

[1] The Oxford *Mabinogion*, pp. 40–3; Guest's *Mabinogion*, iii. 124–8.

[2] See Louis Leger's *Cyrille et Méthode* (Paris, 1868), p. 22.

[3] See Pertz, *Monumenta Germaniæ Historica Scriptorum*, xii. 794. The whole passage is worth quoting; it runs thus: *Erat autem simulacrum triceps, quod in uno corpore tria capita habens Triglaus vocabatur; quod solum accipiens, ipsa capitella sibi cohærentia, corpore comminuto, secum inde quasi pro tropheo asportavit, et postea Romam pro argumento conversionis illorum transmisit.*

but what has already been advanced or implied concerning it may here be recapitulated as follows:—

It has been suggested that the hereditary dislike of the Brython for the Goidel argues their having formerly lived in close proximity to one another: see p. 473 above.

The tradition that the cave treasures of the Snowdon district belong by right to the Goidels, means that they were formerly supposed to have hidden them away when hard pressed by the Brythons: see pp. 471–2 above.

The sundry instances of a pair of names for a single person or place, one Goidelic (Brythonicized) still in use, and the other Brythonic (suggested by the Goidelic one), literary mostly and obsolete, go to prove that the Goidels were not expelled, but allowed to remain to adopt Brythonic speech.

Evidence of the indebtedness of story-tellers in Wales to their brethren of the same profession in Ireland is comparatively scarce; and almost in every instance of recent research establishing a connexion between topics or incidents in the Arthurian romances and the native literature of Ireland, the direct contact may be assumed to have been with the folklore and legend of the Goidelic inhabitants of Wales, whether before or after their change of language.

Probably the folklore and mythology of the Goidels of Wales and of Ireland were in the mass much the same, though in some instances they reach us in different stages of development: thus in such a case as that of Dôn and Danu (genitive *Danann*) the Welsh allusions in point refer to Dôn at a conspicuously earlier stage of her rôle than that represented by the Irish literature touching the Tuatha Dé Danann [1].

[1] See *The Welsh People*, pp. 56–7.

The common point of view from which our ancestors liked to look at the scenery around them is well illustrated by the fondness of the Goidel, in Wales and Ireland alike, for incidents to explain his place-names. He required the topography—indeed he requires it still, and hence the activity of the local etymologist—to connote story or history: he must have something that will impart the cold light of physical nature, river and lake, moor and mountain, a warmer tint, a dash of the pathetic element, a touch of the human, borrowed from the light and shade of the world of imagination and fancy in which he lives and dreams.

CHAPTER X

Difficulties of the Folklorist

> For priests, with prayers and other godly gear,
> Have made the merry goblins disappear;
> And, where they played their merry pranks before,
> Have sprinkled holy water on the floor.—Dryden.

The attitude of the Kymry towards folklore and popular superstitions varies according to their training and religious views; and I distinguish two classes of them in this respect. First of all, there are those who appear to regret the ebb of the tide of ancient beliefs. They maintain that people must have been far more interesting when they believed in the fairies; and they rave against Sunday schools and all other schools for having undermined the ancient superstitions of the peasantry: it all comes, they say, of over-educating the working classes. Of course one may occasionally wish servant maids still believed that they might get presents from the fairies for being neat and tidy; and that, in the contrary case of their being sluts, they would be pinched black and blue during their sleep by the little people: there may have been some utility in beliefs of that kind. But, if one takes an impartial view of the surroundings in which this kind of mental condition was possible, no sane man could say that the superstitious beliefs of our ancestors conduced on the whole to their happiness. Fancy a state of mind in which this sort of thing is possible:—A member of

the family is absent, let us say, from home in the evening an hour later than usual, and the whole household is thrown into a panic because they imagine that he has strayed on fairy ground, and has been spirited away to the land of fairy twilight, whence he may never return; or at any rate only to visit his home years, or maybe ages, afterwards, and then only to fall into a heap of dust just as he has found out that nobody expects or even knows him. Or take another instance:—A man sets out in the morning on an important journey, but he happens to sneeze, or he sees an ill-omened bird, or some other dreaded creature, crossing his path: he expects nothing that day but misfortune, and the feeling of alarm possibly makes him turn back home, allowing the object of his journey to be sacrificed. That was not a satisfactory state of things or a happy one, and the unhappiness might be wholly produced by causes over which the patient had absolutely no control, so long at any rate as the birds of the air have wings, and so long as sneezing does not belong to the category of voluntary actions. Then I might point to the terrors of magic; but I take it to be unnecessary to dwell on such things, as most people have heard about them or read of them in books. On the whole it is but charitable to suppose that those who regret the passing away of the ages of belief and credulity have not seriously attempted to analyse the notions which they are pleased to cherish.

Now, as to the other class of people, namely, those who object to folklore in every shape and form, they may be roughly distinguished into different groups, such as those to whom folklore is an abomination, because they hold that it is opposed to the Bible, and those who regard it as too trivial to demand the attention of any serious person. I have no occasion for

many words with the former, since nearly everything that is harmful in popular superstition has ceased in Wales to be a living force influencing one's conduct; or if this be not already the case, it is fast becoming so. Those therefore who condemn superstitions have really no reason to set their faces against the student of folklore: it would be just as if historians were to be boycotted because they have, in writing history—frequently, the more the pity—to deal with dark intrigues, cruel murders, and sanguinary wars. Besides, those who study folklore do not thereby help to strengthen the hold of superstition on the people. I have noticed that any local peculiarity of fashion, the moment it becomes known to attract the attention of strangers, is, one may say, doomed: a Celt, like anybody else, does not like to be photographed in a light which may perchance show him at a disadvantage. It is much the same, I think, with him as the subject of the studies of the folklorist: hence the latter has to proceed with his work very quietly and very warily. If, then, I pretended to be a folklorist, which I can hardly claim to be, I should say that I had absolutely no quarrel with him who condemns superstition on principle. On the other hand, I should not consider it fair of him to regard me as opposed to the progress of the race in happiness and civilization, just because I am curious to understand its history.

With regard to him, however, who looks at the collecting and the studying of folklore as trivial work and a waste of time, I should gather that he regards it so on account, first perhaps, of his forgetting the reality their superstitions were to those who believed in them; and secondly, on account of his ignorance of their meaning. As a reality to those who believed in them, the superstitions of our ancestors form an

integral part of their history. However, I need not follow that topic further by trying to show how 'the proper study of mankind is man,' and how it is a mark of an uncultured people not to know or care to know about the history of the race. So the ancient Roman historian, Tacitus, evidently thought; for, when complaining how little was known as to the original peopling of Britain, he adds the suggestive words *ut inter barbaros*, 'as usual among barbarians.' Conversely, I take it for granted that no liberally educated man or woman of the present day requires to be instructed as to the value of the study of history in all its aspects, or to be told that folklore cannot be justly called trivial, seeing that it has to do with the history of the race—in a wider sense, I may say with the history of the human mind and the record of its development.

As history has been mentioned, it may be here pointed out that one of the greatest of the folklorist's difficulties is that of drawing the line between story and history. Nor is that the worst of it; for the question as between fact and fiction, hard as it is in itself, is apt to be further complicated by questions of ethnology. This may be illustrated by reference to a group of legends which project a vanishing distinction between the two kindred races of Brythons and Goidels in Wales; and into the story of some of them Arthur is introduced playing a principal rôle. They seem to point to a time when the Goidels had as yet wholly lost neither their own language nor their own institutions in North Wales: for the legends belong chiefly to Gwyneđ, and cluster especially around Snowdon, where the characteristics of the Goidel as the earlier Celt may well have lingered latest, thanks to the comparatively inaccessible nature of the country. One of these legends has already been summarized as repre-

senting Arthur marching up the side of Snowdon towards Bwlch y Saethau, where he falls and is buried under a cairn named from him *Carneđ Arthur*: see p. 473. We are not told who his enemies were; but with this question has usually been associated the late Triad, iii. 20, which alludes to Arthur meeting in Nanhwynain with Medrawd or Medrod (Modred) and Iđawc Corn Prydain, and to his being betrayed, for the benefit and security of the Saxons in the island. An earlier reference to the same story occurs in the Dream of Rhonabwy in the *Red Book of Hergest*[1], in which Iđawc describes himself as Iđawc son of Mynio, and as nicknamed *Iđawc Coređ Prydain*—which means 'Iđawc the Churn-staff of Prydain'—in reference presumably to his activity in creating dissension. He confesses to having falsified the friendly messages of Arthur to Medrod, and to succeeding thereby in bringing on the fatal battle of Camlan, from which Iđawc himself escaped to do penance for seven years on the *Llech Las*, 'Grey Stone[2],' in Prydain or Pictland.

Another story brings Arthur and the giant Rhita into collision, the latter of whom has already been mentioned as having, according to local tradition, his grave on the top of Snowdon: see pp. 474–9. The story is a very wild one. Two kings who were brothers, Nyniaw or Nynio and Peibiaw or Peibio, quarrelled thus: one moonlight night, as they were together in the open air, Nynio said to Peibio, 'See, what a fine extensive field I possess.' 'Where is it?' asked Peibio. 'There it is,' said Nynio, 'the whole firmament.' 'See,' said Peibio, 'what

[1] The Oxford *Mabinogion*, p. 147; Guest's *Mabinogion*, ii. 398.

[2] This may have meant the 'Blue Slate or Flagstone'; but there is no telling so long as the place is not identified. It may have been in the Pictish district of Galloway, or else somewhere beyond the Forth. Query whether it was the same place as *Llech Gelyđon* in Prydyn, mentioned in *Bonđ y Saint*: see the *Myvyrian Archaiology*, ii. 49.

innumerable herds of cattle and sheep I have grazing in thy field.' 'Where are they?' asked Nynio. 'There they are,' said Peibio, 'the whole host of stars that thou seest, each of golden brightness, with the moon shepherding them.' 'They shall not graze in my field,' said Nynio. 'But they shall,' said Peibio; and the two kings got so enraged with one another, that they began a war in which their warriors and subjects were nearly exterminated. Then comes Rhita Gawr, king of Wales, and attacks them on the dangerous ground of their being mad. He conquered them and shaved off their beards[1]; but when the other kings of Prydain, twenty-eight in number, heard of it, they collected all their armies together to avenge themselves on Rhita for the disgrace to which he had subjected the other two. But after a great struggle Rhita conquers again, and has the beards of the other kings shaved. Then the kings of neighbouring kingdoms in all directions combined to make war on Rhita to avenge the disgrace to their order; but they were also vanquished forthwith, and treated in the same ignominious fashion as the thirty kings of Prydain. With the beards he had a mantle made to cover him from head to foot, and that was a good deal, we are told, since he was as big as two ordinary men. Then Rhita turned his attention to the establishment of just and equitable laws as between king and king and one realm with another[2]. But the sequel

[1] The story of Kulhwch and Olwen has a different legend which represents Nynio and Peibio changed by the Almighty into two oxen called *Ychen Bannaôc*: see the Oxford *Mabinogion*, p. 121, also my *Arthurian Legend*, p. 304, and the remarks which are to follow in this chapter with respect to those oxen.

[2] For the story in Welsh see the *Iolo MSS.*, pp. 193-4, where a footnote tells the reader that it was copied from the book of 'Iaco ab Dewi.' From his father's manuscript, Taliesin Williams printed an abstract in English in his notes to his poem entitled the *Doom of Colyn Dolphyn* (London, 1837), pp. 119-20, from which it will be found translated into German in the notes to San-Marte's Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Historia Regum Britanniæ*, pp. 402-3.

to the shaving is related by Geoffrey of Monmouth, x. 3, where Arthur is made to tell how the giant, after destroying the other kings and using their beards in the way mentioned, asked him for his beard to fix above the other beards, as he stood above them in rank, or else to come and fight a duel with him. Arthur, as might be expected, chose the latter course, with the result that he slew Rhita, there called *Ritho*, at a place said to be *in Aravio Monte*, by which the Welsh translator understood the chief mountain of *Eryri*[1] or Snowdon. So it is but natural that his grave should also be there, as already mentioned. I may here add that it is the name Snowdon itself, probably, that underlies the *Senaudon* or *Sinadoun* of such Arthurian romances as the English version of *Libeaus Desconus*, though the place meant has been variously supposed to be situated elsewhere than in the Snowdon district: witness *Sinodun* Hill in Berkshire[2].

The story of Rhita is told also by Malory, who calls that giant *Ryons* and *Ryence*; and there the incident seems to end with Ryons being led to Arthur's court by knights who had overcome him. Ryons' challenge, as given by Malory[3], runs thus:—

'This meane whyle came a messager from kynge Ryons of Northwalys. And kynge he was of all Ireland and of many Iles. And this was his message gretynge wel kynge Arthur in this manere wyse sayenge . that kynge Ryons had discomfyte and ouercome xj kynges . and eueryche of hem did hym homage . and that was this .

[1] Oxford *Bruts*, p. 213: compare p. 146, together with Geoffrey's Latin, vii. 3, x. 3.

[2] See Kölbing's *Altenglische Bibliothek*, the fifth volume of which consists of *Libeaus Desconus*, edited by Max Kaluza (Leipsic, 1890), lines 163, 591, and Introduction, p. cxxxiv. For calling my attention to this, I have to thank my friend, Mr. Henry Bradley.

[3] Malory's *Morte Darthur*, i. 27: see also i. 17–8, 28; ii. 6, 8–9.

they gaf hym their berdys clene flayne of. as moche as ther was. wherfor the messager came for kyng Arthurs berd. For kyng Ryons had purfyled a mantel with kynges berdes. and there lacked one place of the mantel. wherfor he sente for his berd or els he wold entre in to his landes. and brenne and slee. & neuer leue tyl he haue the hede and the berd.'

Rhita is not said, it is true, to have been a *Gwyđel*, 'Goidel'; but he is represented ruling over Ireland, and his name, which is not Welsh, recalls at first sight those of such men as *Boya* the Pict or Scot figuring in the life of St. David, and such as *Llia Gvitel*, 'Llia the Goidel,' mentioned in the Stanzas of the Graves in the *Black Book of Carmarthen* as buried in the seclusion of Ardudwy[1]. Malory's *Ryons* is derived from the French Romances, where, as for example in the *Merlin*, according to the Huth MS., it occurs as *Rion-s* in the nominative, and *Rion* in régime. The latter, owing to the old French habit of eliding *đ* or *th*, derives regularly enough from such a form as the accusative *Rithon-em*[2], which is the one

[1] See Evans' Autotype Facsimile, fo. 33ª: could the spot so called (in the Welsh text *argel Arđudwy*) be somewhere in the neighbourhood of Llyn Irđyn (p. 148), a district said to be rich in the remains of a prehistoric antiquity? J. Evans, author of the North Wales volume of the *Beauties of England and Wales*, says, after hurriedly enumerating such antiquities, p. 909: 'Perhaps in no part of Britain is there still remaining such an assemblage of relicks belonging to druidical rites and customs as are found in this place, and the adjacent parts.'

[2] As to *Rion*, see Gaston Paris and Ulrich's *Merlin* (Paris, 1886), i. 202, 239–46. Other instances will readily occur to the reader, such as the Domesday *Roelend* or *Roelent* for *Rothelan*, in Modern Welsh *Rhuđlan*; but for more instances of this elision by French and Anglo-Norman scribes of vowel-flanked *đ* and *th*, see *Notes and Queries* for Oct. 28, 1899, pp. 351–2, and Nov. 18, p. 415; also Vising's *Étude sur le Dialecte anglo-normand du xij^e Siècle* (Upsala, 1882), p. 88; and F. Hildebrand's article on *Domesday*, in the *Zeitschrift für romanische Philologie*, 1884, p. 360. According to Suchier in Gröber's *Grundriss der rom. Philologie*, i. 581, this process of elision became complete in the twelfth century: see also Schwan's *Grammatik des Alt-französischen* (Leipsic, 1888), p. 65. For most of these references, I have to thank my friend and neighbour, Mr. Stevenson of Exeter College.

occurring in Geoffrey's text; and we should probably be right in concluding therefrom that the correct old Welsh form of the name was *Rithon*. But the Goidelic form was at the same time probably *Ritta*, with a genitive *Rittann*, for an earlier *Ritton*. Lastly, that the local legend should perpetuate the Goidelic *Ritta* slightly modified, has its parallel in the case of *Trwyd* and *Trwyth*, and of *Echel* and *Egel* or *Ecel*, pp. 541-2 and 536-7.

The next story[1] points to a spot between *y Dinas* or *Dinas Emrys* and *Llyn y Dinas* as containing the grave of *Owen yMhacsen*, that is to say, 'Owen son of Maxen.' Owen had been fighting with a giant—whose name local tradition takes for granted—with balls of steel; and there are depressions (*panylau*[2]) still to be seen in the ground where each of the combatants took his stand. Some, however, will have it that it was with bows and arrows they fought, and that the hollows are the places they dug to defend themselves. The result was that both died at the close of the conflict; and Owen, being asked where he wished to be buried, ordered an arrow to be shot into the air and his grave to be made where it fell. The story is similarly given in the *Iolo MSS.*, pp. 81-2, where the combatants are called *Owen Finďu ab Macsen Wledig*, 'Owen of the Dark Face, son of Prince Maxen,' and *Eurnach Hen*, 'E. the Ancient,' one of the *Gwyďyl* or 'Goidels' of North Wales, and otherwise called *Urnach Wyďel*. He is there represented as father (1) of the Serrigi defeated by *Catwaťťawn* or *Cadwaťťon Law-hir*, 'C. the Long-handed,' at *Cerrig y Gwyďyl*, 'the Stones of the Goidels,' near Maťťdraeth[3], in Anglesey, where the great and final rout of the Goidels is represented as having

[1] It comes from the same Llwyd MS. which has already been cited at pp. 233-4: see the *Cambrian Journal* for 1859, pp. 209-10.

[2] I notice in the maps a spot called *Panylau*, which is nearer to Llyn Gwynain than to Llyn y Dinas.

[3] See Morris' *Celtic Remains*, s. v. *Serigi*, and the *Iolo MSS.*, p. 81.

taken place[1]; (2) of Daronwy, an infant spared and brought up in Anglesey to its detriment, as related in the other story, p. 504; and (3) of Solor, who commands one of the three cruising fleets of the Isle of Prydain[2]. The stronghold of Eurnach or Urnach is said to have been Dinas Ffaraon, which was afterwards called *Din Emreis* and *Dinas Emrys*. The whole story about the Goidels in North Wales, however, as given in the *Iolo MSS.*, pp. 78–80, is a hopeless jumble, though it is probably based on old traditions. In fact, one detects Eurnach or Urnach as Wrnach or Gwrnach in the story of Kulhwch and Olwen[3] in the *Red Book*, where we are told that Kei or Cai, and others of Arthur's men, got into the giant's castle and cut off his head in order to secure his sword, which was one of the things required for the hunting of Twrch Trwyth. In an obscure passage, also in a poem in the *Black Book*, we read of Cai fighting in the hall of this giant, who is then called Awarnach[4]. Some such a feat appears to have been commemorated in the place-name *Gwryd Cai*, 'Cai's Feat of Arms,' which occurs in Llewelyn's grant of certain lands on the Beddgelert and Pen Gwryd side of Snowdon in 1198 to the monks of Aberconwy, or rather in an *inspeximus* of the same: see Dugdale's *Monasticon*, v. 673[a], where it stands printed *gwryt, kei*. Nor is it unreasonable to guess that *Pen Gwryd* is only a shortening of *Pen Gwryd Cai*, 'Cai's Feat Knoll or Terminus'; but compare p. 217 above. Before leaving Cai I may point out that

[1] The *Iolo MSS.*, p. 81, have Syrigi Wyddel son of Mwrchan son of Eurnach Hen.

[2] See Triads, ii. 12, and the *Mabinogion*, p. 301: in Triads, i. 72, iii. 86, instead of *Solor* we have *Doler* and *Dolor*.

[3] See the Oxford *Mabinogion*, pp. 125–8.

[4] Evans' Autotype Facsimile, fo. 48[a]; see also my preface to Dent's *Malory*, p. xxvii; likewise p. 457 above.

tradition seems to ascribe to him as his residence the place called *Caer Gai*, 'Cai's Fort,' between Bala and Llanuwchllyn. If one may treat Cai as a historical man, one may perhaps suppose him, or some member of his family, commemorated by the vocable *Burgocavi* on an old stone found at Caer Gai, and said to read: *Ic iacit Salvianus Burgocavi filius Cupitiani*[1]—'Here lies Salvianus Burgo*cavis*, son of Cupitianus.' The reader may also be referred back to such non-Brythonic and little known figures as Daronwy, Cathbalug, and Brynach, together perhaps with Mengwaed, the wolf-lord of Arllechwedd, pp. 504–5. It is worth while calling attention likewise to Goidelic indications afforded by the topography of Eryri, to wit such cases as *Bwlch Mwrchan* or *Mwlchan*, 'Mwrchan's Pass,' sometimes made into *Bwlch Mwyalchen* or even *Bwlch y Fwyalchen*, 'the Ousel's Gap,' near Llyn Gwynain; the remarkable remains called *Muriau'r Dre*, 'the Town Walls'—otherwise known as *Tre'r Gwyddelod*[2], 'the Goidels' town'—on the land of Gwastad Annas at the top of Nanhwynain; and Bwlch y Gwyddel, still higher towards Pen Gwryd, may have meant the 'Goidel's Pass.'

Probably a study of the topography on the spot would result in the identification of more names similarly significant; but I will call attention to only one of them,

[1] See my *Lectures on Welsh Philology*, pp. 377–9; and, as to the Caer Gai tradition, the *Arch. Camb.* for 1850, p. 204, and Morris' *Celtic Remains*, p. 63. I may add as to *Llanuwchllyn*, that the oldest inhabitants pronounce that name *Llanuwllyn*.

[2] I cannot discover that it has ever been investigated by the Cambrian Archæological Association or any other antiquaries. Compare the case of the neighbouring site with the traces of the copper smeltings mentioned in the note on p. 532 above. To my knowledge the Cambrians have twice failed to make their way nearer to the ruins than Llanberis, or at most Llanberis Pass, significantly called in Welsh *Pen Gorffwysfa* for the older name *Gorffwysfa Beris*, 'Peris' Resting-place': thus we loyally follow the example of resting set by the saint, and leave alone the archæology of the district.

namely *Beđgelert* or, as it is locally pronounced, *Beth-gelart*, though the older spellings of the name appear to be *Beth Kellarth* and *Beth Kelert*. Those who are acquainted with the story, as told there, of the man who rashly killed his hound might think that *Beđgelert*, 'Gelert or Kelert's Grave,' refers to the hound; but there is a complete lack of evidence to show this widely known story to have been associated with the neighbourhood by antiquity[1]; and the compiler of the notes and pedigrees known as *Boneđ y Saint* was probably right in treating Kelert as the name of an ancient saint: see the *Myvyr. Arch.*, ii. 36. In any case, *Kelert* or *Gelert* with its *rt* cannot be a genuine Welsh name: the older spellings seem to indicate two pronunciations—a Goidelic one, *Kelert*, and a Welsh one, *Kelarth* or *Keđđarth*, which has not survived. The documents, however, in which the name occurs require to be carefully examined for the readings which they supply.

Lastly, from the Goidels of Arfon must not be too violently severed those of Mona, among whom we have found, pp. 504–5, the mysterious Cathbalug, whose name, still half unexplained, reminds one of such Irish ones as *Cathbuadach*, 'battle-victorious or conquering in war'; and to the same stratum belongs *Daronwy*, p. 504, which survives as the name of a farm in the parish of Llanfachreth. The *Record of Carnarvon*, p. 59, speaks both of a *Molendinum de Darronwy et Cornewe*, 'Mill of Daronwy[2] and Cornwy,' and of *Villæ de Dorronwy et*

[1] The subject has been discussed at length by Mr. Jacobs, in a note to the legend, in his *Celtic Fairy Tales*, pp. 259-64; and quite recently by Mr. D. E. Jenkins in his *Beđ Gelert* (Portmadoc, 1899), pp. 56–74.

[2] Professor J. Morris Jones, to whom I am indebted for the particulars connected with these names, informs me that the local pronunciation is *Drónwy*; but Mrs. Rhys remembers that, years ago, at Amlwch, it was always sounded *Darónwy*. The Professor also tells me that *Dernog* is never made into *Dyrnog*: the *Kuwgh* of the *Record* is doubtless to be corrected into *Knwgh*, and probably also *Dornok* into *Dernok*, which is the reading in the

Kuwghdornok, 'Vills of Daronwy and of the Cnwch Dernog,' which has been mentioned as now pronounced *Clwch Dernog*, p. 457: it is situated in the adjoining parish of Llanfeusant. The name is given in the same *Record* as *Dernok*, and is doubtless to be identified with the Ternóc not very uncommon in Irish hagiology. With these names the *Record* further associates a holding called *Wele Conus*, and *Conus* survives in *Weun Gonnws*, the name of a field on the farm of Bron Heulog, adjoining Clwch Dernog. That is not all, for Connws turns out to be the Welsh pronunciation of the Goidelic name *Cunagussus*, of which we have the Latinized genitive on the Bodfeðan menhir, some distance north-east of the railway station of Ty Croes. It reads: CVNOGVSI HIC IACIT, 'Here lies (the body) of Cunagussus,' and involves a name which has regularly become in Irish *Conghus*, while the native Welsh equivalent would be *Cynwst*[1]. These names, and one[2] or two more which might be added to them, suggest a very Goidelic population as occupying, in the fifth or sixth century, the part of the island west of a line from Amlwch to Malldraeth.

Lastly, the chronological indications of the crushing

margin. *Cornewe* is doubtless the district name which we have still in *Llanfair y'Nghornwy*, 'St. Mary's in Cornwy': the mill is supposed to be that of Bodronyn.

[1] The *Book of Llan Dâv* has an old form *Cinust* for an earlier *Cingust* or *Congust*. The early Brythonic nominative must have been *Cunogústu-s* and the early Goidelic *Cúnagusu-s*, and from the difference of accentuation come the *o* of *Conghus*, *Connws*, and the *y* of the Welsh *Cynwst*: compare Irish *Fergus* and Welsh *Gurgúst*, later *Gyrúst* (one syllable), whence *Grwst*, finally the accented *rwst* of Llanrwst, the name of a small town on the river Conwy. Moreover the accentuation *Cúnogusi* is the reason why it was not written *Cunogussi*: compare *Bárrivendi* and *Véndubari* in one and the same inscription from Carmarthenshire.

[2] Such as that of a holding called *Wele Dauid ap Gwelsantfrait*, the latter part of which is perversely written or wrongly read so for *Gwas Sant Freit*, a rendering into Welsh of the very Goidelic name, *Mael-Brigte*, 'Servant of St. Bridget.' This *Wele*, with *Wele Conus* and *Wele More*, is contained in the Extent marginally headed *Darronwy cum Hameletta de Kuwghdernok*.

of the power of the Goidels, and the incipient merging of that people with the Brythons into a single nation of Kymry or 'Compatriots,' are worthy of a passing remark. We seem to find the process echoed in the Triads when they mention as a favourite at Arthur's Court the lord of Arllechwedd, named Menwaed, who has been guessed, p. 507 above, to have been a Goidel. Then Serrigi and Daronwy are signalized as contemporaries of Cadwallon Law-hir, who inflicted on the former, according to the later legend, the great defeat of Cerrig y Gwyddyl[1]. The name, however, of the leader of the Goidels arrayed against Cadwallon may be regarded as unknown, and Serrigi as a later name, probably of Norse origin, introduced from an account of a tenth century struggle with invaders from the Scandinavian kingdom of Dublin[2]. In this conqueror we have

[1] This comes in Triad i. 49 = ii. 40; as to which it is to be noted that the name is *Catwallawn* in i and ii, but *Caswallawn* in iii. 27, as in the Oxford *Mabinogion*.

[2] Serrigi, Serigi, or Syrigi looks like a Latin genitive torn out of its context, but derived in the last resort from the Norse name *Sigtrygg-r*, which the Four Masters give as *Sitriucc* or *Sitriug*: see their entries from 891 to 1091. The Scandinavians of Dublin and its neighbourhood were addicted to descents on the shores of North Wales; and we have possibly a trace of occupation by them in *Gauell Seirith*, 'Seirith's holding,' in the *Record of Carnarvon*, p. 63, where the place in question is represented as being in the manor of Cemmaes, in Anglesey. The name Seirith was probably that written by the Four Masters as *Sichfraith Sichraidh* (also *Serridh*, A. D. 971), that is to say the Norse *Sigræd-r* before it lost the *f* retained in its German equivalent *Siegfried*. We seem to detect *Seirith* later as *Seri* in place-names in Anglesey—as for example in the name of the farms called *Seri Fawr* and *Seri Bach* between Llandrygarn and Llannerch y Medd, also in a *Pen Seri*, 'Seri's Knoll or Hill,' at Bryn Du, near Ty Croes station, and in another *Pen Seri* on Holyhead Island, between Holyhead and Llain Goch, on the way to the South Stack. Lastly Dugdale, v. 672[b], mentions a *Claud Seri*, 'Seri's Dyke or Ditch,' as being somewhere in the neighbourhood of Llanwnda, in Carnarvonshire—not very far perhaps from the Gwyrfai and the spot where the *Iolo MSS.* (pp. 81–2) represent Serrigi repulsed by Caswallon and driven back to Anglesey, previous to his being crushed at Cerrig y Gwyddyl. The reader must, however, be warned that the modern *Seri* is sometimes pronounced *Sieri* or *Sheri*, which suggests the possibility of some of the instances involving rather a form of the English word *sheriff*.

probably all that can be historical of the Caswallon of the *Mabinogion* of Branwen and Manawyđan, that is, the Caswallon who ousts the Goidelic family of Llyr from power in this country, and makes Pryderi of Dyfed pay homage to him as supreme king of the island. His name has there undergone assimilation to that of Cassivellaunos, and he is furthermore represented as son of Beli, king of Prydain in the days of its independence, before the advent of the legions of Rome. But as a historical man we are to regard Caswallon probably as Cadwallon Law-hir, grandson of Cuneđa and father of Maelgwn of Gwyneđ. Now Cuneđa and his sons, according to Nennius (§ 62), expelled the Goidels with terrible slaughter; and one may say, with the Triads, which practically contradict Nennius' statement as to the Goidels being expelled, that Cuneđa's grandson continued the struggle with them. In any case there were Goidels still there, for the *Book of Taliessin* seems to give evidence[1] of a persistent hostility, on the part of the Goidelic bards of Gwyneđ, to Maelgwn and the more Brythonic institutions which he may be regarded as representing. This brings the Goidelic element down to the sixth century[2]. Maelgwn's death took place, according to the oldest manuscript of the *Annales Cambriæ*, in the year 547, or ten years after the Battle of Camlan—in which, as it says, Arthur and Medrod fell. Now some of this is history and some is not: where is the line to be drawn? In any case, the attempt to answer that question could not be justly met with contempt or treated as trivial.

The other cause, to which I suggested that contempt

[1] See my *Hibbert Lectures*, pp. 546–8.

[2] The case with regard to the extreme south of the Principality is somewhat similar; for inscriptions in Glamorgan seem to bring the last echoes there of Goidelic speech down to the seventh century: see the *Archæologia Cambrensis* for 1899, pp. 160–6.

for folklore was probably to be traced, together with the difficulties springing therefrom to beset the folklorist's paths, is one's ignorance of the meaning of many of the superstitions of our ancestors. I do not wish this to be regarded as a charge of wilful ignorance; for one has frankly to confess that many old superstitions and superstitious practices are exceedingly hard to understand. So much so, that those who have most carefully studied them cannot always agree with one another in their interpretation. At first sight, some of the superstitions seem so silly and absurd, that one cannot wonder that those who have not gone deeply into the study of the human mind should think them trivial, foolish, or absurd. It is, however, not improbable that they are the results of early attempts to think out the mysteries of nature; and our difficulty is that the thinking was so infantile, comparatively speaking, that one finds it hard to put one's self back into the mental condition of early man. But it should be clearly understood that our difficulty in ascertaining the meaning of such superstitions is no proof whatsoever that they had *no* meaning.

The chief initial difficulty, however, meeting any one who would collect folklore in Wales arises from the fact that various influences have conspired to laugh it out of court, so to say, so that those who are acquainted with superstitions and ancient fads become ashamed to own it: they have the fear of ridicule weighing on their minds, and that is a weight not easily removed. I can recall several instances: among others I may mention a lady who up to middle age believed implicitly in the existence of fairies, and was most anxious that her children should not wander away from home at any time when there happened to be a mist, lest the fairies should carry them away to their

home beneath a neighbouring lake. In her later years, however, it was quite useless for a stranger to question her on these things: fairy lore had been so laughed out of countenance in the meantime, that at last she would not own, even to the members of her own family, that she remembered anything about the fairies. Another instance in point is supplied by the story of Castellmarch, and by my failure for a whole fortnight to elicit from the old blacksmith of Aber Soch the legend of March ab Meirchion with horse's ears. Of course I can readily understand the old man's shyness in repeatin the story of March. Science, however, knows no such shyness, as it is her business to pry into everything and to discover, if possible, the why and wherefore of all things. In this context let me for a moment revert to the story of March, silly as it looks:—March was lord of Castell-march in Lleyn, and he had horse's ears; so lest the secret should be known, every one who shaved him was killed forthwith; and in the spot where the bodies were buried there grew reeds, which a bard cut in order to provide himself with a pipe. The pipe when made would give no music but words meaning *March has horse's ears!* There are other forms of the story, but all substantially the same as that preserved for us by Llwyd (pp. 233-4), except that one of them resembles more closely the Irish version about to be summarized. It occurs in a manuscript in the Peniarth collection, and runs thus:—March had horse's ears, a fact known to nobody but his barber, who durst not make it known for fear of losing his head. But the barber fell ill, so that he had to call in a physician, who said that the patient was being killed by a secret; and he ordered him to tell it to the ground. The barber having done so became well again, and fine reeds grew

on the spot. One day, as the time of a great feast was drawing nigh, certain of the pipers of Maelgwn Gwyned coming that way saw the reeds, some of which they cut and used for their pipes. By-and-by they had to perform before King March, when they could elicit from their pipes no strain but 'Horse's ears for March ab Meirchion' (*klvstiav march i varch ab Meirchion*). Hence arose the saying—'That is gone on horns and pipes' (*vaeth hynny ar gyrn a ffibav*), which was as much as to say that the secret is become more than public[1].

The story, it is almost needless to say, can be traced also in Cornwall and in Brittany[2]; and not only among the Brythonic peoples of those countries, but among the Goidels of Ireland likewise. The Irish story runs thus[3]:—Once on a time there was a king over Ireland whose name was Labraid Lorc, and this is the manner of man he was—he had two horse's ears on him. And every one who shaved the king used to be slain forthwith. Now the time of shaving him drew nigh one day, when the son of a widow in the neighbourhood was enjoined to do it. The widow went and besought the king that her son should not be slain, and he promised her that he would be spared if he would only keep his secret. So it came to pass; but the secret so disagreed with the widow's son that he fell ill, and nobody could divine the cause until a druid came by. He at once discovered that the youth was ill of an uncommunicated secret, and ordered him to go to the meeting of four roads. 'Let him,' said he, 'turn sunwise, and the first tree he meets on the right side let him tell the secret to it, and he will be well.' This you

[1] See Evans' *Report on MSS. in the Welsh Language*, p. 837, where the Welsh is quoted from p. 131 of the Peniarth MS. 134.

[2] See my *Arthurian Legend*, p. 70.

[3] See the *Revue Celtique*, ii. 197-9, where Dr. Stokes has published the original with a translation and notes; also p. 435 above.

might think was quite safe, as it was a tree and not his mother, his sister, or his sweetheart; but you would be quite mistaken in thinking so. The tree to which the secret was told was a willow; and a famous Irish harper of that day, finding he wanted a new harp, came and cut the makings of a harp from that very tree; but when the harp was got ready and the harper proceeded to play on it, not a note could he elicit but 'Labraid Lorc has horse's ears!' As to the barber's complaint, that was by no means unnatural: it has often been noticed how a secret disagrees with some natures, and how uneasy and restless it makes them until they can out with it. The same thing also, in an aggravated form, occurs now and then to a public man who has prepared a speech in the dark recesses of his heart, but has to leave the meeting where he intended to have it out, without finding his opportunity. Our neighbours on the other side of the Channel have a technical term for that sort of sufferer: they say of him that he is *malade d'un discours rentré*, or ill of a speech which has gone into the patient's constitution, like the measles or the small-pox when it fails to come out. But to come back to the domain of folklore, I need only mention the love-lorn knights in Malory's *Morte Darthur*, who details their griefs in doleful strains to solitary fountains in the forests: it seems to have relieved them greatly, and it sometimes reached other ears than those of the wells. Now with regard to him of the equine ears, some one might thoughtlessly suggest, that, if it ever became a question of improving this kind of story, one should make the ears into those of an ass. As a matter of fact there was a Greek story of this kind, and in that story the man with the abnormal head was called Midas, and his ears were said to be those of an ass. The reader will find him figuring in most collections

of Greek stories; so I need not pursue the matter further, except to remark that the exact kind of brute ears was possibly a question which different nations decided differently. At any rate Stokes mentions a Serbian version in which the ears were those of a goat.

What will, however, occur to everybody to ask, is—What was the origin of such a story? what did it mean, if it had a meaning? Various attempts have been made to interpret this kind of story, but nobody, so far as I know, has found a sure key to its meaning. The best guess I can make has been suggested in a previous chapter, from which it will be seen that the horse fits the Welsh context, so to say, best, the goat less well, and the ass probably least of all: see pp. 433–9 above. Supposing, then, the interpretation of the story established for certain, the question of its origin would still remain. Did it originate among the Celts and the Greeks and other nations who relate it? or has it simply originated among one of those peoples and spread itself to the others? or else have they all inherited it from a common source? If we take the supposition that it originated independently among a variety of people in the distant past, then comes an interesting question as to the conditions under which it arose, and the psychological state of the human race in the distant past. On the other supposition one is forced to ask: Did the Celts get the story from the Greeks, or the Greeks from the Celts, or neither from either, but from a common source? Also when and how did the variations arise? In any case, one cannot help seeing that a story like the one I have instanced raises a variety of profoundly difficult and interesting questions.

Hard as the folklorist may find it to extract tales and legends from the people of Wales at the present day, there is one thing which he finds far more irritating

than the taciturnity of the peasant, and that is the hopeless fashion in which some of those who have written about Welsh folklore have deigned to record the stories which were known to them. Take as an instance the following, which occurs in Howells' *Cambrian Superstitions*, pp. 103-4:—

'In Cardiganshire there is a lake, beneath which it is reported that a town lies buried; and in an arid summer, when the water is low, a wall, on which people may walk, extending across the lake is seen, and supposed to appertain to the inundated city or town; on one side is a gigantic rock, which appears to have been split, as there is a very extensive opening in it, which nearly divides it in twain, and which tradition relates was thus occasioned:—Once upon a time there was a person of the name of Pannog, who had two oxen, so large that their like was never known in any part of the world, and of whom it might be said,

They ne'er will look upon their like again.

It chanced one day that one of them (and it appears that they were not endued with a quantum of sense proportionate to their bulk) was grazing near a precipice opposite the rock, and whether it was his desire to commit suicide, or to cool his body by laving in the lake below, one knows not, but certain it is that down he plunged, and was never seen more: his partner searching for him a short time after, and not perceiving any signs of his approach, bellowed almost as loud as the Father of the Gods, who when he spake "Earth to his centre shook"; however, the sound of his bleating [*sic*] split the opposite rock, which from the circumstance is called *Uchain Pannog* (Pannog's Oxen). These oxen were said to be two persons, called in Wales, Nyniaf and Phebiaf, whom God turned into beasts for their sins.'

Here it is clear that Mr. Howells found a portion, if not the whole, of his story in Welsh, taken partly from the Kulhwch story, and apparently in the old spelling; for his own acquaintance with the language did not enable him to translate *Nynnyaδ a pheibaδ* into 'Nynio and Peibio.' The slenderness of his knowledge of Welsh is otherwise proved throughout his book, especially by the way in which he spells Welsh words: in fact one need not go beyond this very story with its *Uchain Pannog*. But when he had ascertained that the lake was in Cardiganshire he might have gone a little further and have told his readers which lake it was. It is not one of the lakes which I happen to know in the north of the county—Llyn Llygad y Rheidol on Plinlimmon, or the lake on Moel y Llyn to the north of Cwm Ceulan, or either of the Iwan Lakes which drain into the Merin (or Meri), a tributary of the Mynach, which flows under *Pont ar Fynach*, called in English the Devil's Bridge. From inquiry I cannot find either that it is any one of the pools in the east of the county, such as those of the Teifi, or Llyn Ferwyn, not far from the gorge known as Cwm Berwyn, mentioned in Edward Richards' well known lines, p. 43:—

Mae'n bwrw' 'Nghwm Berwyn a'r cysgod yn estyn,
Gwna heno fy mwthyn yn derfyn dy daith.

It rains in Cwm Berwyn, the shadows are growing,
To-night make my cabin the end of thy journey.

There is, it is true, a pool at a place called Maes y Llyn in the neighbourhood of Tregaron, as to which there is a tradition that a village once occupied the place of its waters: otherwise it shows no similarity to the lake of Howells' story. Then there is a group of lakes in which the river Aeron takes its rise: they are called Llyn Eiđwen, Llyn Fanod, and Llyn Farch. As to Llyn Eiđwen, I had it years ago that at one time

there was a story current concerning 'wild cattle,' which used to come out of its waters and rush back into them when disturbed. In the middle of this piece of water, which has a rock on one side of it, is a small island with a modern building on it; and one would like to know whether it shows any traces of early occupation. Then as to Llyn Farch, there is a story going that there came out of it once on a time a wonderful animal, which was shot by a neighbouring farmer. Lastly, at Llyn Fanod there are boundary walls which go right out into the lake; and my informant thinks the same is the case with Llyn Eiđwen[1]. One of these walls is probably what in Howells' youthful hands developed itself into a causeway. The other part of his story, referring to the lowing of the *Bannog Oxen*, comes from a well known doggerel which runs thus:—

Llan Đewi Frefi fraith[2],	Lanđewi of Brefi the spotted,
Lle brefođ yr ych naw gwaith,	Where bellowed the ox nine times,
Nes holltì craig y Foelallt.	Till the Foelallt rock split in two.

Brefi is the name of the river from which this Lanđewi takes its distinctive name; and it is pronounced there much the same as *brefu*, 'the act of lowing, bellowing, or bleating.' Now the Brefi runs down through the Foelallt Farm, which lies between two very big rocks popularly fancied to have been once united, and treated by Howells, somewhat inconsistently, as the permanent forms taken by the two oxen. The story which Howells seems to have jumbled up with that of

[1] The gentlemen to whom I am chiefly indebted for the information embodied in the foregoing notes are the following four: the Rev. John Jones of Ystad Meurig, Professor Robert Williams of St. David's College, the Vicar of Lanđewi Brefi, Mr. J. H. Davies of Cwrt Mawr and Lincoln's Inn (p. 354); and as to the 'wild cattle' story of Llyn Eiđwen, Mr. J. E. Rogers of Aber Meurig is my authority.

[2] So I had it many years ago from an old woman from Langeitho, and so Mr. J. G. Evans remembers his mother repeating it; but now it is made into *Llan Đewi Brefi braith*, with the mutations disregarded.

one or more lake legends, is to be found given in Samuel Rush Meyrick's *County of Cardigan*: see pp. 265–6, where one reads of a wild tradition that when the church was building there were two oxen to draw the stone required; and one of the two died in the effort to drag the load, while the other bellowed nine times and thereby split the hill, which before presented itself as an obstacle. The single ox was then able to bring the load unassisted to the site of the church. It is to this story that the doggerel already given refers; and, curiously enough, most of the district between Llanđewi and *Ystrad Fflur*, or Strata Florida, is more or less associated with the *Ychen Bannog*. Thus a ridge running east and west at a distance of some three miles from Tregaron, and separating Upper and Lower Caron from one another, bears the name of *Cwys yr Ychen Bannog*, or the Furrow of the *Ychen Bannog*. It somewhat resembles in appearance an ancient dyke, but it is said to be nothing but 'a long bank of glacial till[1].' Moreover there used to be preserved within the church of Llanđewi a remarkable fragment of a horn commonly called *Madcorn yr Ych Bannog*, 'the *mabcorn* or core of the Bannog Ox's Horn.' It is now in the possession of Mr. Parry of Llidiardau, near Aberystwyth; and it has been pronounced by Prof. Boyd Dawkins to have belonged to 'the great urus (*Bos Primigenius*), that Charlemagne hunted in the forests of Aachen, and the monks of St. Galle ate on their feast days.' He adds that the condition of the horn proves it to have been derived from a peat bog or alluvium[2]. On the whole, it seems to me probable that the wild legends about the

[1] See the *Archæologia Cambrensis* for 1868, p. 88.

[2] See ib. p. 87. I have ascertained on the best authority the identity of the present owner of the horn, though I have not succeeded in eliciting from him any reply to my inquiries. I conclude that there is something wrong with the postal service in my native county.

Ychen Bannog[1] in Cardiganshire have underlying them a substratum of tradition going back to a time when the urus was not as yet extinct in Wales. How far the urus was once treated in this country as an emblem of divinity, it is impossible to say; but from ancient Gaul we have such a name as *Urogeno-nertus*[2], meaning a

[1] Several passages bearing on the word *bannog* have been brought together in Silvan Evans' *Geiriadur*. He gives the meaning as 'high, lofty, prominent, conspicuous.' The word is derived from *ban*, 'a summit or peak,' plural *bannau*, so common in the names of hills and mountains in South Wales—as in *y Fan* in Carmarthenshire, *Bannwchdeni* (p. 22) in Breconshire, *Pen y Bannau* near Pont Rhyd Fendigaid in Cardiganshire, *Bannau Brycheiniog* and *Bannau Sir Gaer*, the mountains called in English the Beacons of Breconshire and Carmarthenshire respectively. In North Wales we have it possibly in the compound *Tryfan*, which the mapsters will have us call *Tryfaen*; and the corresponding word in Scotch Gaelic appears in such names as *Ben Nevis* and the like, while in Irish the word *benn* meant a horn or peak. I am, nevertheless, not at all sure that *Ychen Bannog* meant horned oxen or even tall and conspicuous oxen; for there is a Welsh word *man*, meaning a spot or mark (Latin *menda*), and the adjective was *mannawc*, *mannog*, 'spotted, marked, particoloured.' Now in the soft mutation all four words—*ban*, *bannog*, and *man*, *mannog*—would begin with *f* = *v*, which might help to confusion between them. This may be illustrated in a way from Williams' *Seint Greal* (pp. 88–92), where Gwalchmai has a dream in which he sees 150 bulls with spots or patches of colour on them, except three only which were 'without any spot in the world' (neb ryw *vann* or byt), or as it is also put 'without spot' (heb *vann*). This word *vann*, applied to the colour of the bulls, comes from the radical form *mann*; and the adjective was *mannawc* or *mannog*, which would mean spotted, particoloured, or having patches of colour. Now the oxen of Welsh legends are also sometimes called *Ychen Mannog* (pp. 131–2), and it is possible, that, whichever way the term is written, it should be interpreted to mean spotted, marked, or particoloured oxen. I take it also that *Llan Ðewi Frefi fraith* was meant as synonymous with *Llan Ðewi Frefi fannog*, which did not fit the rhyme. Lastly, the Dyfed use of the saying *Fel dau ych bannog*, 'Like two *Bannog* oxen,' in the sense of 'equal and inseparable companions' (as instanced in the *Geiriadur*), sounds like the antithesis of the passage in the Kulhwch (*Mabinogion*, p. 121). For there we have words to the following effect: 'Though thou shouldst get that, there is something which thou wilt not get, namely the two oxen of Bannog, the one on the other side of the *Bannog* mountain and the other on this side, and to bring them together to draw the same plough. They are, to wit, Nynio and Peibio, whom God fashioned into oxen for their sins.' Here the difficulty contemplated was not to separate the two, but to bring them together to work under the same yoke. This is more in harmony with the story of the mad quarrel between the two brother kings bearing those names as mentioned above.

[2] See the *Revue Celtique*, iii. 310, after Gruter, 570, 6.

man of the strength of an *Urogen*, that is, of the offspring of a urus; not to mention the Gaulish *Tarvos Trigaranus*, or the bull with three cranes on his back. With this divine animal M. d'Arbois de Jubainville would identify the *Donnos* underlying such Gallo-Roman names as *Donnotaurus*, and that of the wonderful bull called *Donn* in the principal epic story of Ireland[1], where we seem to trace the same element in the river-name given by Ptolemy as *Mo-donnos*, one of the streams of Wicklow, or else the Slaney. This would be the earliest instance known of the prefixing of the pronoun *mo*, 'my,' in its reverential application, which was confined in later ages to the names of Goidelic saints.

To return, however, to the folklorist's difficulties, the first thing to be done is to get as ample a supply of folklore materials as possible; and here I come to a point at which some of the readers of these pages could probably help; for we want all our folklore and superstitions duly recorded and rescued from the yawning gulf of oblivion, into which they are rapidly and irretrievably dropping year by year, as the oldest inhabitant passes away.

Some years ago I attempted to collect the stories still remembered in Wales about fairies and lake dwellers; and I seem to have thrown some amount of enthusiasm into that pursuit. At any rate, one editor of a Welsh newspaper congratulated me on being a thorough believer in the fairies. Unfortunately, I was not nearly so successful in recommending myself as a believer to the old people who could have related to me the kind of stories I wanted. Nevertheless, the best

[1] An important paper on the *Tarvos Trigaranus*, from the pen of M. Salomon Reinach, will be found in the *Revue Celtique*, xviii. 253–66; and M. d'A. de Jubainville's remarkable equations are to be read in the same periodical, xix. 245–50: see also xx. 374–5.

plan I found was to begin by relating a story about the fairies myself: if that method did not result in eliciting anything from the listener, then it was time to move on to try the experiment on another subject. Among the things which I then found was the fact, that most of the well known lakes and tarns of Wales were once believed to have had inhabitants of a fairy kind, who owned cattle that sometimes came ashore and mixed with the ordinary breeds, while an occasional lake lady became the wife of a shepherd or farmer in the neighbourhood. There must, however, be many more of these legends lurking in out of the way parts of Wales in connexion with the more remote mountain tarns; and it would be well if they were collected systematically.

One of the most complete and best known of these lake stories is that of Llyn y Fan Fach in the Beacons of Carmarthenshire, called in Welsh *Bannau Sir Gaer*. The story is so much more circumstantial than all the others, that it has been placed at the beginning of this volume. Next to it may be ranked that of the Ystrad Dyfodwg pool, now known as Llyn y Forwyn, the details of which have only recently been unearthed for me by a friend: see pp. 27–30 above. Well, in the Fan Fach legend the lake lady marries a young farmer from Myđfai, on the Carmarthenshire side of the range; and she is to remain his wife so long as he lives without striking her three times without cause. When that happens, she leaves him and calls away with her all her live stock, down to the little black calf in the process of being flayed; for he suddenly dons his hide and hurries away after the rest of the stock into the lake. The three blows without cause seem to belong to a category of very ancient determinants which have been recently discussed, with his usual acumen and command of

instances from other lands, by Mr. Hartland, in the chapters on the Swan Maidens in his *Science of Fairy Tales*. But our South Welsh story allows the three blows only a minimum of force; and in North Wales the determinant is of a different kind, though probably equally ancient: for there the husband must not strike or touch the fairy wife with anything made of iron, a condition which probably points back to the Stone Age. For archæologists are agreed, that before metal, whether iron or bronze, was used in the manufacturing of tools, stone was the universal material for all cutting tools and weapons. But as savages are profoundly conservative in their habits, it is argued that on ceremonial and religious occasions knives of stone continued to be the only ones admissible long after bronze ones had been in common use for ordinary purposes. Take for example the text of Exodus iv. 25, where Zipporah is mentioned circumcising her son with a flint. From instances of the kind one may comprehend the sort of way in which iron came to be regarded as an abomination and a horror to the fairies. The question will be found discussed by Mr. Hartland at length in his book mentioned above: see more especially pp. 305–9.

Such, to my mind, are some of the questions to which the fairies give rise: I now wish to add another turning on the reluctance of the fairies to disclose their names. There is one story in particular which would serve to illustrate this admirably; but it is one which, I am sorry to say, I have never been able to discover complete or coherent in Wales. The substance of it should be, roughly speaking, as follows:—A woman finds herself in great distress and is delivered out of it by a fairy, who claims as reward the woman's baby. On a certain day the baby will inevitably be taken by the fairy unless the fairy's true name is discovered by the mother. The

fairy is foiled by being in the meantime accidentally overheard exulting, that the mother does not know that his or her name is Rumpelstiltzchen, or whatever it may be in the version which happens to be in question. The best known version is the German one, where the fairy is called Rumpelstiltzchen; and it will be found in the ordinary editions of Grimm's *Märchen*. The most complete English version is the East Anglian one published by Mr. Edward Clodd, in his recent volume entitled *Tom Tit Tot*, pp. 8–16; and previously in an article full of research headed 'The Philosophy of Rumpelstiltskin,' in *Folk-Lore* for 1889, pp. 138–43. It is first to be noted that in this version the fairy's name is Tom Tit Tot, and that the German and the East Anglian stories run parallel. They agree in making the fairy a male, in which they differ from our Welsh Silly Frit and Silly go Dwt: in what other respect the story of our Silly differed from that of Rumpelstiltzchen and Tom Tit Tot it is, in the present incomplete state of the Welsh one, impossible to say. Here it may be found useful to recall the fragments of the Welsh story: (1) A fairy woman used to come out of Corwrion Pool to spin on fine summer days, and whilst spinning she sang or hummed to herself *sìli ffrit, sìli ffrit*—it does not rise even to a doggerel couplet: see p. 64 above. (2) A farmer's wife in Lleyn used to have visits from a fairy woman who came to borrow things from her; and one day when the goodwife had lent her a *troell bach*, or wheel for spinning flax, she asked the fairy to give her name, which she declined to do. She was, however, overheard to sing to the whir of the wheel as follows (p. 229):—

Bychan a wyda' hi	Little did she know
Mai Sìli go Dwt	That Silly go Dwt
Yw f'enw i.	Is my name.

This throws some light on Silly Frit, and we know

where we are; but the story is inconsequent, and far from representing the original. We cannot, however, reconstruct it quite on the lines of Grimm's or Clodd's version. But I happened to mention my difficulty one day to Dr. J. A. H. Murray, when he assured me of the existence of a Scottish version in which the fairy is a female. He learnt it when he was a child, he said, at Denholm, in Roxburghshire; and he was afterwards charmed to read it in Robert Chambers' *Popular Rhymes of Scotland* (Edinburgh, 1858), pp. 221–5, whence Mr. Clodd has given an abstract of it in his 'Philosophy of Rumpelstiltskin.' Among those popular rhymes the reader will find it as related at length by Nurse Jenny in her inimitable fashion; but the Scotch is so broad, that I think it advisable, at the risk of some havoc to the local colouring, to southronize it somewhat as follows:—

'I see that you are fond of talks about fairies, children; and a story about a fairy and the goodwife of Kittlerumpit has just come into my mind; but I can't very well tell you now whereabouts Kittlerumpit lies. I think it is somewhere in the Debatable Ground; anyway I shall not pretend to know more than I do, like everybody nowadays. I wish they would remember the ballad we used to sing long ago:—

> Mony ane sings the gerss, the gerss,
> And mony ane sings the corn;
> And mony ane clatters o' bold Robin Hood,
> Ne'er kent where he was born.

But howsoever about Kittlerumpit: the goodman was a rambling sort of body; and he went to a fair one day, and not only never came home again, but nevermore was heard of. Some said he 'listed, and others that the tiresome pressgang snatched him up, though he was furnished with a wife and a child to boot. Alas! that

wretched pressgang! They went about the country like roaring lions, seeking whom they might devour. Well do I remember how my eldest brother Sandy was all but smothered in the meal-chest, hiding from those rascals. After they were gone, we pulled him out from among the meal, puffing and crying, and as white as any corpse. My mother had to pick the meal out of his mouth with the shank of a horn spoon.

'Ah well, when the goodman of Kittlerumpit was gone, the goodwife was left with small means. Little resources had she, and a baby boy at her breast. All said they were sorry for her; but nobody helped her—which is a common case, sirs. Howsoever the goodwife had a sow, and that was her only consolation; for the sow was soon to farrow, and she hoped for a good litter.

'But we all know hope is fallacious. One day the woman goes to the sty to fill the sow's trough; and what does she find but the sow lying on her back, grunting and groaning, and ready to give up the ghost.

'I trow this was a new pang to the goodwife's heart; so she sat down on the knocking-stone [1], with her bairn on her knee, and cried sorer than ever she did for the loss of her own goodman.

'Now I premise that the cottage of Kittlerumpit was built on a brae, with a large fir-wood behind it, of which you may hear more ere we go far on. So the goodwife, when she was wiping her eyes, chances to look down the brae; and what does she see but an old woman, almost like a lady, coming slowly up the road. She was dressed in green, all but a short white apron and a black velvet hood, and a steeple-crowned beaver

[1] This, we are told, was a stone with a hollow in it for pounding corn, so as to separate the husks from the grain; and such a stone stood formerly somewhere near the door of every farm house in Scotland.

hat on her head. She had a long walking-staff, as long as herself, in her hand—the sort of staff that old men and old women helped themselves with long ago; I see no such staffs now, sirs.

'Ah well, when the goodwife saw the green gentlewoman near her, she rose and made a curtsy; and "Madam," quoth she, weeping, "I am one of the most misfortunate women alive."

'"I don't wish to hear pipers' news and fiddlers' tales, goodwife," quoth the green woman. "I know you have lost your goodman—we had worse losses at the Sheriff Muir[1]; and I know that your sow is unco sick. Now what will you give me if I cure her?"

"'Anything your ladyship's madam likes," quoth the witless goodwife, never guessing whom she had to deal with.

"'Let us wet thumbs on that bargain," quoth the green woman; so thumbs were wetted, I warrant you; and into the sty madam marches.

'She looks at the sow with a long stare, and then began to mutter to herself what the goodwife couldn't well understand; but she said it sounded like—

Pitter patter,
Holy Water.

'Then she took out of her pocket a wee bottle, with something like oil in it; and she rubs the sow with it above the snout, behind the ears, and on the tip of the tail. "Get up, beast," quoth the green woman. No sooner said than done—up jumps the sow with a grunt, and away to her trough for her breakfast.

'The goodwife of Kittlerumpit was a joyful goodwife now, and would have kissed the very hem of the green woman's gowntail; but she wouldn't let her. "I am not

[1] The editor here explains in a note that 'this was a common saying formerly, when people were heard to regret trifles.'

so fond of ceremonies," quoth she; "but now that I have righted your sick beast, let us end our settled bargain. You will not find me an unreasonable, greedy body—I like ever to do a good turn for a small reward: all I ask, and *will* have, is that baby boy in your bosom."

'The goodwife of Kittlerumpit, who now knew her customer, gave a shrill cry like a stuck swine. The green woman was a fairy, no doubt; so she prays, and cries, and begs, and scolds; but all wouldn't do. "You may spare your din," quoth the fairy, "screaming as if I was as deaf as a door-nail; but this I'll let you know —I cannot, by *the law* we live under, take your bairn till the third day; and not then, if you can tell me my right name." So madam goes away round the pig-sty end; and the goodwife falls down in a swoon behind the knocking-stone.

'Ah well, the goodwife of Kittlerumpit could not sleep any that night for crying, and all the next day the same, cuddling her bairn till she nearly squeezed its breath out; but the second day she thinks of taking a walk in the wood I told you of; and so with the bairn in her arms, she sets out, and goes far in among the trees, where was an old quarry-hole, grown over with grass, and a bonny spring well in the middle of it. Before she came very near, she hears the whirring of a flax wheel, and a voice singing a song; so the woman creeps quietly among the bushes, and peeps over the brow of the quarry; and what does she see but the green fairy tearing away at her wheel, and singing like any precentor:—

> Little kens our guid dame at hame,
> That Whuppity Stoorie is my name.

'"Ha, ha!" thinks the woman, "I've got the mason's word at last; the devil give them joy that told it!" So she went home far lighter than she came out, as you may

well guess—laughing like a madcap with the thought of cheating the old green fairy.

'Ah well, you must know that this goodwife was a jocose woman, and ever merry when her heart was not very sorely overladen. So she thinks to have some sport with the fairy; and at the appointed time she puts the bairn behind the knocking-stone, and sits on the stone herself. Then she pulls her cap over her left ear and twists her mouth on the other side, as if she were weeping; and an ugly face she made, you may be sure. She hadn't long to wait, for up the brae climbs the green fairy, neither lame nor lazy; and long ere she got near the knocking-stone she screams out—"Goodwife of Kittlerumpit, you know well what I come for—stand and deliver!"

'The woman pretends to cry harder than before, and wrings her hands, and falls on her knees, with "Och, sweet madam mistress, spare my only bairn, and take the wretched sow!"

'"The devil take the sow, for my part," quoth the fairy; "I come not here for swine's flesh. Don't be contramawcious, huzzy, but give me the child instantly!"

'"Ochone, dear lady mine," quoth the crying goodwife; "forgo my poor bairn, and take me myself!"

'"The devil is in the daft jade," quoth the fairy, looking like the far end of a fiddle; "I'll bet she is clean demented. Who in all the earthly world, with half an eye in his head, would ever meddle with the likes of thee?"

'I trow this set up the woman of Kittlerumpit's bristle: for though she had two blear eyes and a long red nose besides, she thought herself as bonny as the best of them. So she springs off her knees, sets the top of her cap straight, and with her two hands folded before her, she makes a curtsy down to the ground,

and, "In troth, fair madam," quoth she, "I might have had the wit to know that the likes of me is not fit to tie the worst shoe-strings of the high and mighty princess, *Whuppity Stoorie*."

'If a flash of gunpowder had come out of the ground it couldn't have made the fairy leap higher than she did; then down she came again plump on her shoe-heels; and whirling round, she ran down the brae, screeching for rage, like an owl chased by the witches.

'The goodwife of Kittlerumpit laughed till she was like to split; then she takes up her bairn, and goes into her house, singing to it all the way:—

A goo and a gitty, my bonny wee tyke,
Ye'se noo ha'e your four-oories;
Sin' we've gien Nick a bane to pyke,
Wi' his wheels and his Whuppity Stoories.'

That is practically Chambers' version of this Scottish story; and as to the name of the fairy *Whuppity Stoorie*, the first syllable should be the equivalent of English *whip*, while *stoor* is a Scotch word for dust in motion: so the editor asks in a note whether the name may not have originated in the notion 'that fairies were always present in the whirls of dust occasioned by the wind on roads and in streets[1].' But he adds that another version of the story calls the green woman *Fittletetot*, which ends with the same element as the name Tom Tit Tot and Silly go Dwt. Perhaps, however, the Welsh versions of the story approached nearest to one from Mochdrum in Wigtownshire, published in the British Association's *Papers of the Liverpool Meeting*, 1896, p. 613. This story was contributed by the Rev. Walter Gregor, and the name of the fairy in it is Marget Totts: in this we have a wife, who is in great distress, because her husband used to give her so much flax to spin by such and

[1] I have heard of this belief in Wales late in the sixties; but the presence was assumed to be that of a witch, not of a fairy.

such a day, that the work was beyond human power. A fairy comes to the rescue and takes the flax away, promising to bring it back spun by the day fixed, provided the woman can tell the fairy's name. The woman's distress thereupon becomes as great as before, but the fairy was overheard saying as she span, 'Little does the guidwife ken it, my name is Marget Totts.' So the woman got her flax returned spun by the day; and the fairy, Marget Totts, went up the chimney in a blaze of fire as the result of rage and disappointment. Here one cannot help seeing that the original, of which this is a clumsy version, must have been somewhat as follows

> Little does the guidwife wot
> That my name is Marget Tot.

To come back to Wales, we have there the names Silly Frit and Silly go Dwt, which are those of females. The former name is purely English—*Silly Frit*, which has been already guessed (p. 66) to mean a silly sprite, or silly apparition, with the idea of its being a fright of a creature to behold: compare the application elsewhere to a fairy changeling of the terms *crimbil* (p. 263) and *cyrfaglach* or *cryfaglach* (p. 450), which is explained as implying a haggard urchin that has been half starved and stunted in its growth. Leaving out of the reckoning this connotation, one might compare the term with the Scottish habit of calling the fairies silly wights, 'the Happy Wights.' See J. Jamieson's *Scottish Dictionary*, where s. v. *seily*, *seely*, 'happy,' he purports to quote the following lines from 'the Legend of the Bishop of St. Androis' in a collection of *Scottish Poems of the Sixteenth Century* (Edinburgh, 1801), pp. 320-1:—

> For oght the kirk culd him forbid,
> He sped him sone, and gat the thrid;
> Ane Carling of the Quene of Phareis,
> That ewill win gair to elphyne careis,

Through all Braid Albane scho hes bene,
On horsbak on Hallow ewin;
And ay in seiking certayne nyghtis,
As scho sayis, with sur [*read* our] *sillie wychtis.*

Similarly, he gives the fairies the name of *Seely Court*, and cites as illustrating it the following lines from R. Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, (i. 236, and) ii. 189:—

But as it fell out on last Hallowe'en,
When the *Seely Court* was ridin' by,
The queen lighted down on a gowan bank,
Nae far frae the tree where I wont to lye.

Into Welsh, however, the designation Silly Frit must have come, not from Scotland, but from the Marches; and the history of *Sili go Dwt* must be much the same. For, though construed as Welsh, the name would mean the Silly who is *go Dwt*[1], 'somewhat tidy or natty'; but the *dwt* (mutated from *twt*) was suggested doubtless by the *tot* of such fairy names as Tom Tit Tot. That brings me to another group, where the syllable is *trot* or *trut*, and this we have in the Welsh doggerel, mentioned at p. 229, as follows:—

Bychan a wyda' hi	Little did she know
Mai Trwtyn-Tratyn	That Trwtyn Tratyn
Yw f'enw i.	Is my name.

But this name Trwtyn-Tratyn sounds masculine, and not that of a she-fairy such as Silly Frit. The feminine would have been Trwtan-Tratan in the Carnarvonshire pronunciation, and in fact *trwtan* is to be heard there; but more frequently a kind of derivative *trwdlan*, mean-

[1] The word *twt*, 'tidy,' is another vocable which has found its way into Wales from the western counties of England; and though its meaning is more universally that of 'tidy or natty,' the term *gwas twt*, which in North Cardiganshire means a youth who is ready to run on all kinds of errands, would seem to bring us to its earlier meaning of the French *tout*—as if *gwas twt* might be rendered a '*garçon à tout*'—which survives as *tote* in the counties of Gloucester and Hereford, as I am informed by Professor Wright. Possibly, however, one may prefer to connect *twt* with the nautical English word *taut*; but we want more light. In any case one may venture to say that colloquial Welsh swarms with words whose origin is to be sought outside the Principality.

ing an ungainly sort of woman, a drudge, a short-legged or deformed maid of all work. Some Teutonic varieties of this group of stories will be found mentioned briefly in Mr. Clodd's article on the 'Philosophy of Rumpelstiltskin[1].' Thus from the Debatable Ground on the borders of England and Scotland there comes a story in which the fairy woman's name was Habetrot; and he alludes to an Icelandic version in which the name is Gillitrut; but for us still more interest attaches to the name in the following rhyme[2]:—

Little does my lady wot
That my name is Trit-a-Trot.

This has been supposed to belong to a story coming from Ireland; but whether that may prove true or not, it is hardly to be doubted that our Trwtyn Tratyn is practically to be identified with Trit-a-Trot, who is also a he-fairy.

That is not all; for since the foregoing notes were penned, a tale has reached me from Mr. Craigfryn Hughes about a fairy who began by conducting himself like the brownies mentioned at pp. 287, 324-5 above. The passages here in point come from the story of which a part was given at pp. 462-4; and they are to the following effect:—Long ago there was in service at a Monmouthshire farm a young woman who was merry and strong. Who she was or whence she came nobody knew; but many believed that she belonged to the old breed of *Bendith y Mamau*. Some time after she had come to the farm, the rumour spread that the house was sorely troubled by a spirit. But the girl and the elf understood one another well, and they

[1] See *Folk-Lore* for 1889, pp. 144-52.

[2] Ibid. for 1891, p. 246, where one will find this rhyme the subject of a note—rendered useless by a false reference—by Köhler; see also the same volume, p. 132, where Mr. Kirby gives more lines of the rhyme.

became the best of friends. So the elf proved very useful to the maid, for he did everything for her—washing, ironing, spinning and twisting wool; in fact they say that he was remarkably handy at the spinning-wheel. Moreover, he expected only a bowlful of sweet milk and wheat bread, or some flummery, for his work. So she took care to place the bowl with his food at the bottom of the stairs every night as she went to bed. It ought to have been mentioned that she was never allowed to catch a sight of him; for he always did his work in the dark. Nor did anybody know when he ate his food: she used to leave the bowl there at night, and it would be empty by the time when she got up in the morning, the *bwca* having cleared it. But one night, by way of cursedness, what did she do but fill the bowl with some of the stale urine which they used in dyeing wool and other things about the house. But heavens! it would have been better for her not to have done it; for when she got up next morning what should he do but suddenly spring from some corner and seize her by the neck! He began to beat her and kick her from one end of the house to the other, while he shouted at the top of his voice at every kick:—

Y faidan din dwmp—	The idea that the thick-buttocked lass
Yn rhoi bara haidd a thrwnc	Should give barley bread and p—
I'r bwca!	To the bogie!

Meanwhile she screamed for help, but none came for some time; when, however, he heard the servant men getting up, he took to his heels as hard as he could; and nothing was heard of him for some time. But at the end of two years he was found to be at another farm in the neighbourhood, called Hafod yr Ynys, where he at once became great friends with the servant girl: for she fed him like a young chicken, by giving him a little bread and milk all the time. So he worked willingly

and well for her in return for his favourite food. More especially, he used to spin and wind the yarn for her; but she wished him in time to show his face, or to tell her his name: he would by no means do either. One evening, however, when all the men were out, and when he was spinning hard at the wheel, she deceived him by telling him that she was also going out. He believed her; and when he heard the door shutting, he began to sing as he plied the wheel:—

Hi warda'n iawn pe gwypa hi, How she would laugh, did she know
Taw Gwarwyn-a-throt yw'm enw i. That Gwarwyn-a-throt is my name!

'Ha! ha!' said the maid at the bottom of the stairs; 'I know thy name now.' 'What is it, then?' he asked. She replied, 'Gwarwyn-a-throt'; and as soon as she uttered the words he left the wheel where it was, and off he went. He was next heard of at a farmhouse not far off, where there happened to be a servant man named Moses, with whom he became great friends at once. He did all his work for Moses with great ease. He once, however, gave him a good beating for doubting his word; but the two remained together afterwards for some years on the best possible terms: the end of it was that Moses became a soldier. He went away to fight against Richard Crookback, and fell on the field of Bosworth. The bogie, after losing his friend, began to be troublesome and difficult to live with. He would harass the oxen when they ploughed, and draw them after him everywhere, plough and all; nor could any one prevent them. Then, when the sun set in the evening he would play his pranks again, and do all sorts of mischief about the house, upstairs, and in the cowhouses. So the farmer was advised to visit a wise man (*dyn cynnil*), and to see if he could devise some means of getting rid of the bogie. He called on the wise man, who happened to be living near Caerleon

on the Usk; and the wise man, having waited till the moon should be full, came to the farmer's house. In due time the wise man, by force of manœuvring, secured the bogie by the very long nose which formed the principal ornament of his face, and earned for him the name of *Bwca'r Trwyn*, 'the Bogie of the Nose.' Whilst secured by the nose, the bogie had something read to him out of the wise man's big book; and he was condemned by the wise man to be transported to the banks of the Red Sea for fourteen generations, and to be conveyed thither by 'the upper wind' (*yr uwchwynt*). No sooner had this been pronounced by the cunning man than there came a whirlwind which made the whole house shake. Then came a still mightier wind, and as it began to blow the owner of the big book drew the awl out of the bogie's nose; and it is supposed that the bogie was carried away by that wind, for he never troubled the place any more.

Another version of the story seems to have been current, which represented the bogie as in no wise to blame[1]: but I attach some importance to the foregoing tale as forming a link of connexion between the Rumpelstiltzchen group of fairies, always trying to get hold of children; the brownie kind, ever willing to serve in return for their simple keep; and the troublesome bogie, that used to haunt Welsh farm houses and delight in breaking crockery and frightening the inmates out of their wits. In fact, the brownie and the bogie reduce themselves here into different humours of the same uncanny being. Their appearance may be said to have differed also: the bogie had a very long nose, while the brownie of Blednoch had only 'a hole where a nose should hae been.' But one of the most remarkable points about the brownie species is that the Lincoln-

[1] See *Choice Notes from 'Notes and Queries,'* p. 35.

shire specimen was a small creature, 'a weeny bit of a fellow'—which suggests a possible community of origin with the banshee of the Irish, and also of the Welsh: witness the wee little woman in the story of the Curse of Pantannas (pp. 188–9), who seems to come up out of the river. All alike may perhaps be said to suggest various aspects of the dead ancestor or ancestress; but Bwca'r Trwyn is not to be severed from the fairy woman in the Pennant Valley, who undertakes some of the duties, not of a dairymaid, as in other cases mentioned, but those of a nurse. Her conduct on being offered a gown is exactly that of the brownie similarly placed: see p. 109 above. But she and Bwca'r Trwyn are unmistakably fairies who take to domestic service, and work for a time willingly and well in return for their food, which, as in the case of other fairies, appears to have been mostly milk.

After this digression I wish only to point out that the Welsh bogie's name, Gwarwyn-a-throt, treated as Welsh, could only mean *white-necked and* (or *with*) *a trot*; for *a throt* could only mean 'and (*or* with) a trot.' So it is clear that *a throt* is simply the equivalent of a-Trot, borrowed from such an English combination as Trit-a-Trot, and that it is idle to translate Gwarwyn-a-throt. Now *trot* and *twt* are not native Welsh words; and the same remark applies to *Trwtyn Tratyn*, and of course to *Sili ffrit* and *Sili go Dwt*. Hence it is natural to infer that either these names have in the Welsh stories merely superseded older ones of Welsh origin, or else that there was no question of name in the Welsh stories till they had come under English influence. The former conjecture seems the more probable of the two, unless one should rather suppose the whole story borrowed from English sources. But it is of no consequence here as regards the reluctance

of fairies to disclose their names; for we have other instances to which the reader may turn, on pp. 45, 87–8, 97 above. One of them, in particular, is in point here: see pp. 54, 61. It attaches itself to the Pool of Corwrion in the neighbourhood of Bangor; and it relates how a man married a fairy on the express condition that he was neither to know her name nor to touch her with iron, on pain of her instantly leaving him. Of course in the lapse of years the conditions are accidentally violated by the luckless husband, and the wife flies instantly away into the waters of the pool: her name turned out to be Belene.

Thus far of the unwillingness of the fairies to tell their names: I must now come to the question, why that was so. Here the anthropologist or the student of comparative folklore comes to our aid; for it is an important part of his business to compare the superstitions of one people with those of another; and in the case of superstitions which have lost their meaning among us, for instance, he searches for a parallel among other nations, where that parallel forms part of living institutions. In this way he hopes to discover the key to his difficulties. In the present case he finds savages who habitually look at the name as part and parcel of the person [1]. These savages further believe that any part of the person, such as a hair off one's head or the parings of one's nails, if they chanced to be found by an enemy, would give that enemy magical power over their lives, and enable him to injure them. Hence the savage tendency to conceal one's name. I have here, as the reader will perceive, crowded together several important steps in the savage logic; so I must

[1] A number of instructive instances will be found mentioned, and discussed in his wonted and lucid fashion, by Mr. Clodd in his *Tom Tit Tot*, pp. 80–105.

try to illustrate them, somewhat more in detail, by reference to some of the survivals of them after the savage has long been civilized. To return to Wales, and to illustrate the belief that possession of a part of one's person, or of anything closely identified with one's person, gives the possessor of it power over that person, I need only recall the Welsh notion, that if one wished to sell one's self to the devil one had merely to give him a hair of one's head or the tiniest drop of one's blood, then one would be for ever his for a temporary consideration. Again, if you only had your hair cut, it must be carefully gathered and hidden away: by no means must it be burnt, as that might prove prejudicial to your health. Similarly, you should never throw feathers into the fire; for that was once held, as I infer, to bring about death among one's poultry: and an old relative of mine, *Modryb Mari*, 'Aunt Mary,' set her face against my taste for toasted cheese. She used to tell me that if I toasted my cheese, my sheep would waste away and die: strictly speaking, I fancy this originally meant only the sheep from whose milk the cheese had been made. But I was not well versed enough in the doctrines of sympathetic magic to reply, that it did not apply to our cheese, which was not made from sheep's milk. So her warning used to frighten me and check my fondness for toasted cheese, a fondness which I had doubtless quite innocently inherited, as anybody will see who will glance at one of the *Hundred Mery Talys*, printed by John Rastell in the sixteenth century, as follows:—

'I fynde wrytten amonge olde gestes, howe God mayde Saynt Peter porter of heuen, and that God of hys goodnes, sone after his passyon, suffered many men to come to the kyngdome of Heuen with small deseruynge; at whyche tyme there was in heuen a great companye of Welchemen, whyche with their crakynge and babel-

ynge troubled all the other. Wherfore God sayde to Saynte Peter that he was wery of them, and that he wolde fayne haue them out of heuen. To whome Saynte Peter sayd: Good Lorde, I warrente you, that shall be done. Wherfore Saynt Peter wente out of heuen gates and cryed wyth a loud voyce *Cause bobe*[1], that is as moche to saye as rosted chese, whiche thynge the Welchemen herynge, ranne out of Heuen a great pace. And when Saynt Peter sawe them all out, he sodenly wente into Heuen, and locked the dore, and so sparred all the Welchemen out. By this ye may se, that it is no wysdome for a man to loue or to set his mynde to moche upon any delycate or worldely pleasure, wherby he shall lose the celestyall and eternall ioye.'

To leave the *Mery Talys* and come back to the instances mentioned, all of them may be said to illustrate the way in which a part, or an adjunct, answered for the whole of a person or thing. In fact, having due regard to magic as an exact science, an exceedingly exact science, one may say that according to the wisdom of

[1] The Welsh spelling is *caws pob*, 'baked (or roasted) cheese,' so called in parts of South Wales, such as Carmarthenshire, whereas in North Wales it is *caws pobi*. It is best known to Englishmen as 'Welsh rabbit,' which superior persons 'ruling the roast' in our kitchens choose to make into *rarebit*: how they would deal with 'Scotch woodcock' and 'Oxford hare,' I do not know. I should have mentioned that copies of the *Hundred Mery Talys* are exceedingly scarce, and that the above, which is the seventy-sixth in the collection, has here been copied from the *Cymmrodor*, iii. 115-6, where we have the following sapient note:—'*Cause bobe*, it will be observed, is St. Peter's rendering of the phrase *Caws wedi ei bobi*. The chief of the Apostles apparently had only a rather imperfect knowledge of Welsh, which is not to be wondered at, as we know that even his Hebrew was far from giving satisfaction to the priests of the capital.' From these words one can only say that St. Peter would seem to have known Welsh far better than the author of that note, and that he had acquired it from natives of South Wales, perhaps from the neighbourhood of Kidwelly. I have to thank my friend Mr. James Cotton for a version of the cheese story in the Bodleian Library, namely in Malone MS. 19 (p. 144), where a certain master at Winchester School has put it into elegiacs which make St. Peter cry out with the desired effect: *Tostus io Walli, tostus modo caseus.*

our ancestors the leading axiom of that science practically amounted to this: the part is quite equal to the whole. Now the name, as a part of the man, was once probably identified with the breath of life or with the soul, as we shall see later; and the latter must have been regarded as a kind of matter; for I well remember that when a person was dying in a house, it was the custom about Ponterwyd, in North Cardiganshire, to open the windows. And a farmer near Ystrad Meurig, more towards the south of the county, told me some years ago that he remembered his mother dying when he was a boy: a neighbour's wife who had been acting as nurse tried to open the window of the room, and as it would not open she deliberately smashed a pane of it. This was doubtless originally meant to facilitate the escape of the soul; and the same idea has been attested for Gloucestershire, Devon, and other parts of the country[1]. This way of looking at the soul reminds one of Professor Tylor's words when he wrote in his work on *Primitive Culture*, i. 440: 'and he who says that his spirit goes forth to meet a friend, can still realize in the phrase a meaning deeper than metaphor.'

Then if the soul was material, you may ask what its shape was; and even this I have a story which will answer: it comes from the same Modryb Mari who set her face against *caws pobi*, and cherished a good many superstitions. Therein she differed greatly from her sister, my mother, who had a far more logical mind and a clearer conception of things. Well, my aunt's story was to the following effect:—A party of reapers on a farm not far from Ponterwyd—I have forgotten the name—sat down in the field to their midday meal. Afterwards they rested awhile, when one of their number fell fast asleep. The others got up and began

[1] See *Choice Notes from 'Notes and Queries,'* pp. 117–8.

reaping again, glancing every now and then at the sleeping man, who had his mouth wide open and breathed very loudly. Presently they saw a little black man, or something like a monkey, coming out of his mouth and starting on a walk round the field: they watched this little fellow walking on and on till he came to a spot near a stream. There he stopped and turned back: then he disappeared into the open mouth of the sleeper, who at once woke up. He told his comrades that he had just been dreaming of his walking round the field as far as the very spot where they had seen the little black fellow stop. I am sorry to say that Modryb Mari had wholly forgotten this story when, years afterwards, I asked her to repeat it to me; but the other day I found a Welshman who still remembers it. I happened to complain, at a meeting of kindred spirits, how I had neglected making careful notes of bits of folklore which I had heard years ago from informants whom I had since been unable to cross-examine: I instanced the story of the sleeping reaper, when my friend Professor Sayce at once said that he had heard it. He spent part of his childhood near Llanover in Monmouthshire; and in those days he spoke Welsh, which he learned from his nurse. He added that he well remembered the late Lady Llanover rebuking his father for having his child, a Welsh boy, dressed like a little Highlander; and he remembered also hearing the story here in question told him by his nurse. So far as he could recall it, the version was the same as my aunt's, except that he does not recollect hearing anything about the stream of water.

Several points in the story call for notice: among others, one naturally asks at the outset why the other reapers did not wake the sleeping man. The answer is that the Welsh seem to have agreed with other

peoples, such as the Irish[1], in thinking it dangerous to wake a man when dreaming, that is, when his soul might be wandering outside his body; for it might result in the soul failing to find the way back into the body which it had temporarily left. To illustrate this from Wales I produce the following story, which has been written out for me by Mr. J. G. Evans. The scene of it was a field on the farm of Cadabowen, near Llan y Byđair, in the Vale of the Teifi:—'The chief point of the *madfaŧ* incident, which happened in the early sixties, was this. During one mid-morning *hoe hogi*, that is to say, the usual rest for sharpening the reaping-hooks, I was playing among the thirty or forty reapers sitting together: my movements were probably a disturbing element to the reapers, as well as a source of danger to my own limbs. In order, therefore, to quiet me, as seems probable, one of the men directed my attention to our old farm labourer, who was asleep on his back close to the uncut corn, a little apart from the others. I was told that his soul (*ened*) had gone out of his mouth in the form of a black lizard (*madfaŧ đu*), and was at that moment wandering among the standing corn. If I woke the sleeper, the soul would be unable to return; and old Thomas would die, or go crazy; or something serious would happen. I will not trust my memory to fill in details, especially as this incident once formed the basis of what proved an exciting story told to my children in their childhood. A generation hence *they* may be able to give an astonishing instance of "genuine" Welsh folklore. In the meanwhile, I can

[1] For instance, when Cúchulainn had fallen asleep under the effect of fairy music, Fergus warned his friends that he was not to be disturbed, as he seemed to be dreaming and seeing a vision: see Windisch's *Irische Texte*, p. 208; also the *Revue Celtique*, v. 231. For parallels to the two stories in this paragraph, see Tylor's first chapter on Animism in his *Primitive Culture*, and especially the legend of King Gunthram, i. 442.

bear testimony to that "black lizard" being about the most living impression in my "memory." I see it, even now, wriggling at the edge of the uncut corn. But as to its return, and the waking of the sleeper, my memory is a blank. Such are the tricks of "memory"; and we should be charitable when, with bated breath, the educated no less than the uneducated tell us about the uncanny things they have "seen with their own eyes." They believe what they say, because they trust their memory: I do not. I feel practically certain I never saw a lizard in my life, in that particular field in which the reapers were.' Mr. Evans' story differs, as it has been seen, from my aunt's version in giving the soul the shape of a lizard; but the little black fellow in the one and the black lizard in the other agree not only in representing the soul as material, but also as forming a complete organism within a larger one. In a word, both pictures must be regarded as the outcome of attempts to depict the sleeper's inner man.

If names and souls could be regarded as material substances, so could diseases; and I wish to say a word or two now on that subject, which a short story of my wife's will serve to introduce. She is a native of the Llanberis side of Snowdon; and she remembers going one morning, when a small child, across to the neighbourhood of Rhyd-ddu with a servant girl called Cadi, whose parents lived there. Now Cadi was a very good servant, but she had little regard for the more civilized manners of the Llanberis folk; and when she returned with the child in the evening from her mother's cottage, she admitted that the little girl was amazed at the language of Cadi's brothers and sisters; for she confessed that, as she said, they swore like colliers, whereas the little girl had never before heard any swearing worth speaking of. Well, among other things which the

little girl saw there was one of Cadi's sisters having a bad leg dressed: when the rag which had been on the wound was removed, the mother made one of her other children take it out and fix it on the thorn growing near the door. The little girl being inquisitive asked why that was done, and she was told that it was in order that the wound might heal all the faster. She was not very satisfied with the answer, but she afterwards noticed the same sort of thing done in her own neighbourhood. Now the original idea was doubtless that the disease, or at any rate a part of it—and in such matters it will be remembered that a part is quite equal to the whole—was attached to the rag; so that putting the rag out, with a part of the disease attached to it, to rot on the bush, would bring with it the disappearance of the whole disease.

Another and a wider aspect of this practice was the subject of notice in the chapter on the Folklore of the Wells, pp. 359–60, where Mr. Hartland's hypothesis was mentioned. This was to the effect that if any clothing, or anything else which had been identified with your person, were to be placed in contact with a sacred tree, sacred well, or sacred edifice, it would be involved in the effluence of the divinity that imparts its sacred character to the tree, well, or temple; and that your person, identified with the clothing or other article, would also be involved or soaked in the same divine effluence, and made to benefit thereby. We have since had this kind of reasoning illustrated, pp. 405–7 above, by the modern legend of Crymlyn, and the old one of Llyn Lliwan; but the difficulty which it involves is a very considerable one: it is the difficulty of taking seriously the infantile order of reasoning which underlies so much of the philosophy of folklore. I cannot readily forget one of the first occasions of my coming,

so to say, into living contact with it. It was at Tuam in Connaught, whither I had gone to learn modern Irish from the late Canon Ulick J. Bourke. There one day in 1871 he presented me with a copy of *The Bull 'Ineffabilis' in Four Languages* (Dublin, 1868), containing the Irish version which he had himself contributed. On the blue cover was a gilt picture of the Virgin, inscribed *Sine Labe Concepta.* No sooner had I brought it to my lodgings than the woman who looked after the house caught sight of it. She was at once struck with awe and admiration; so I tried to explain to her the nature of the contents of the volume. 'So the Father has given you that holy book!' she exclaimed; 'and you are now a holy man!' I was astonished at the simple and easy way in which she believed holiness could be transferred from one person or thing to another; and it has always helped me to realize the fact that folklorists have no occasion to invent their people, or to exaggerate the childish features of their minds. They are still with us as real men and real women, and at one time the whole world belonged to them; not to mention that those who may, by a straining of courtesy, be called their leaders of thought, hope speedily to reannex the daring few who are trying to tear asunder the bonds forged for mankind in the obscurity of a distant past. I shall never forget the impression made on my mind by a sermon I heard preached some years later in the cathedral of St. Stephen in Vienna. That magnificent edifice in a great centre of German culture was crowded with listeners, who seemed thoroughly to enjoy what they heard, though the chief idea which they were asked to entertain could not possibly be said to rise above the level of the philosophy of the Stone Age.

CHAPTER XI

Folklore Philosophy

To look for consistency in barbaric philosophy is to disqualify ourselves for understanding it, and the theories of it which aim at symmetry are their own condemnation. Yet that philosophy, within its own irregular confines, works not illogically.—Edward Clodd.

It will be remembered that in the last chapter a story was given, p. 602, which represented the soul as a little fellow somewhat resembling a monkey; and it will probably have struck the reader how near this approaches the idea prevalent in medieval theology and Christian art, which pictured the soul as a pigmy or diminutive human being. I revert to this in order to point out that the Christian fancy may possibly have given rise to the form of the soul as represented in the Welsh story which I heard in Cardiganshire and Professor Sayce in Monmouthshire; but this could hardly be regarded as touching the other Cardiganshire story, in which the soul is likened to a *madfall* or lizard. Moreover I would point out that a belief incompatible with both kinds of story is suggested by one of the uses of the Welsh word for soul, namely, *enaid*. I heard my father, a native of the neighbourhood of Eglwys Fach, near the estuary of the Dyfi, use the word of some portion of the inside of a goose, but I have forgotten what part it was exactly. Professor Anwyl of Aberystwyth, however, has sent me the following communication on the subject:—'I am quite familiar with the expression *yr enaid*, "the soul," as applied to the soft flesh sticking to the ribs inside a goose. The

flesh in question has somewhat the same appearance and structure as the liver. I have no recollection of ever hearing the term *yr enaid* used in the case of any bird other than a goose; but this may be a mere accident, inasmuch as no one ever uses the term now except to mention it as an interesting curiosity.' This application of the word *enaid* recalls the use of the English word 'soul' in the same way, and points to a very crude idea of the soul as material and only forming an internal portion of the body: it is on the low level of the notion of an English pagan of the seventeenth century who thought his soul was 'a great bone in his body[1].' It is, however, not quite so foolish, perhaps, as it looks at first sight; and it reminds one of the Mohammedan belief that the *os coccygis* is the first formed in the human body, and that it will remain uncorrupted till the last day as a seed from which the whole is to be renewed in the resurrection[2].

On either savage theory, that the soul is a material organism inside a bulkier organism, or the still lower one that it is an internal portion of the larger organism itself, the idea of death would be naturally much the same, namely, that it was what occurred when the body and the soul became permanently severed. I call attention to this because we have traces in Welsh literature of a very different notion of death, which must now be briefly explained. The *Mabinogi* of Math ab Mathonwy relates how Math and Gwydion made out of various flowers a most beautiful woman whom they named Blodeuwedd[3], that is to say *ἀνθώδης*, or flowerlike,

[1] See Mr. Gomme's presidential address to the Folk-Lore Society, printed in *Folk-Lore* for 1892, pp. 6–7.

[2] See Sale's preliminary discourse to his translation of the *Koran*, § iv.

[3] Perhaps we may regard this as the more Goidelic account of Blodeuwedd's origin: at any rate, traces of a different one have been noticed in a note at p. 439 above.

and gave to wife to Llew Llawgyffes; how she, as it were to prove what consummate artists they had been, behaved forthwith like a woman of the ordinary origin, in that she fell in love with another man named Gronw Pebyr of Penllyn; and how she plotted with Gronw as to the easiest way to put her husband to death. Pretending to be greatly concerned about the welfare of Llew and very anxious to take measures against his death (*angheu*), she succeeded in finding from him in what manner one could kill (*ttad*) him. His reply was, 'Unless God kill me . . . it is not easy to kill me'; and he went on to describe the strange attitude in which he might be killed, namely, in a certain position when dressing after a bath: then, he said, if one cast a spear at him it would effect his death (*angheu*), but that spear must have been a whole year in the making, during the hour only when the sacrifice was proceeding on Sunday. Blodeuwedd thanked heaven, she said, to find that all this was easy to avoid. But still her curiosity was not satisfied; so one day she induced Llew to go into the bath and show exactly what he meant. Of course she had Gronw with his enchanted spear in readiness, and at the proper moment, when Llew was dressing after the bath, the paramour cast his spear at him. He hit him in the side, so that the head of the spear remained in Llew, whilst the shaft fell off: Llew flew away in the form of an eagle, uttering an unearthly cry. He was no more seen until Gwydion, searching for him far and wide in Powys and Gwynedd, came to Arfon, where one day he followed the lead of a mysterious sow, until the beast stopped under an oak at Nantlle. There Gwydion found the sow devouring rotten flesh and maggots, which fell from an eagle whenever the bird shook himself at the top of the tree. He suspected this was Llew, and on singing three englyns

to him the eagle came lower and lower, till at last he descended on Gwydion's lap. Then Gwydion struck him with his wand, so that he assumed his own shape of Llew Llaw̓gyffes, and nobody ever saw a more wretched looking man, we are told: he was nothing but skin and bones. But the best medical aid that could be found in Gwyneđ was procured, and before the end of the year he was quite well again.

Here it will be noticed, that though the fatal wounding of Llew, at any rate visibly, means his being changed into the form of an eagle, it is treated as his death. When the *Mabinogion* were edited in their present form in a later atmosphere, this sort of phraseology was not natural to the editor, and he shows it when he comes to relate how Gwydion punished Blodeuweđ, as follows:—Gwydion, having overtaken her in her flight, is made to say, 'I shall not kill thee (*Ny lađaf i di*): I shall do what is worse for thee, and that is to let thee go in the form of a bird.' He let her go in fact in the form of an owl. According to the analogy of the other part of the story this meant his having killed her: it was her death, and the words 'I shall not kill thee' are presumably not to be regarded as belonging to the original story. To come back to the eagle, later Welsh literature, re-echoing probably an ancient notion, speaks of a nephew of Arthur, called Eliwlod, appearing to Arthur as an eagle seated likewise among the branches of an oak. He claims acquaintance and kinship with Arthur, but he has to explain to him that he has died: they have a dialogue[1] in the course of which the eagle gives Arthur some serious Christian advice. But we

[1] One version of it is given in the *Myvyrian Archaiology*, i. 176–8; and two other versions are to be found in the *Cymmrodor*, viii. 177–89, where it is suggested that the author was Iolo Goch, who flourished in the fourteenth century. See also my *Arthurian Legend*, pp. 57–8.

have in this sort of idea doubtless the kind of origin to which one might expect to trace the prophesying eagle, such as Geoffrey mentions more than once: see his *Historia*, ii. 9 and xii. 18[1]. Add to these instances of transformation the belief prevalent in Cornwall almost to our own day, that Arthur himself, instead of dying, was merely changed by magic into a raven, a form in which he still goes about; so that a Cornishman will not wittingly fire at a raven[2]. This sort of transformation is not to be severed from instances supplied by Irish literature, such as the story of Tuan mac Cairill, related in the *Book of the Dun Cow*, fo. 15[a]–16[b]. Tuan relates to St. Finnen of Magbile, in the sixth century, the early history of Ireland from the time of Partholan down, which he was enabled to do because he had lived through it all, passing from one form to another without losing his memory. First of all he was a man, and when old age had come upon him he was transformed into a stag of the forest. For a while he was youthful and vigorous; but again old age overtook him, and he next became a wild boar. When old age and decrepitude overcame him next he was renewed in the form of a powerful bird, called in the original *seig*. The next renewal was in the form of a salmon: here the manuscript fails us. The form of a salmon was also the one taken by the woman Líban when she was overwhelmed by the flood, which became the body of water known as Lough Neagh: her handmaid at the same time became an otter (fo. 40[b]). There was an ancient belief that the soul leaves the body like a bird flying out of the mouth of the man or woman dying, and this may be said to approach the

[1] See also the notes on these passages, given in San-Marte's edition of Geoffrey, pp. 219, 463–5, and his *Beiträge zur bretonischen und celtisch-germanischen Heldensage* (Quedlinburg and Leipsic, 1847), p. 81.

[2] See *Choice Notes*, pp. 69-70.

favourite Celtic notion illustrated by the transformations here instanced, to which may be added the case of the Children of Lir, pp. 93, 549, changed by the stroke of their wicked stepmother's wand into swans, on Lough Erne. The story has, in the course of ages, modified itself into a belief that the swans haunting that beautiful water at all seasons of the year, are the souls of holy women who fell victims to the repeated visitations of the pagan Norsemen, when Ireland was at their cruel mercy[1]. The Christian form which the Irish peasant has given the legend does not touch its relevancy here. Perhaps one might venture to generalize, that in these islands great men and women were believed to continue their existence in the form of eagles, hawks or ravens, swans or owls. But what became of the souls of the obscurer majority of the people? For an answer to this perhaps we can only fall back on the Psyche butterfly, which may here be illustrated by the fact that Cornish tradition applies the term 'pisky' both to the fairies and to moths, believed in Cornwall by many to be departed souls[2]. So in Ireland: a certain reverend gentleman named Joseph Ferguson, writing in 1810 a statistical account of the parish of Ballymoyer, in the county of Armagh, states that one day a girl chasing a butterfly was chid by her companions, who said to her: 'That may be the soul of your grandmother[3].' This idea, to survive, has modified itself into a belief less objectionably pagan, that a butterfly hovering near a corpse is a sign of its everlasting happiness.

The shape-shifting is sometimes complicated by taking place on the lines of rebirth: as cases in point

[1] See Wood-Martin's *Pagan Ireland* (London, 1895), p. 140.

[2] See *Choice Notes*, p. 61, where it is also stated that the country people in Yorkshire used to give the name of *souls* to certain night-flying white moths. See also the *Athenæum*, No. 1041, Oct. 9, 1847.

[3] For this also I am indebted to Wood-Martin's book, p. 140.

may be mentioned Lug, reborn as Cúchulainn[1], and the repeated births of Étáin. This was rendered possible in the case of Cúchulainn, for instance, by Lug taking the form of an insect which was unwittingly swallowed by Dechtere, who thereby became Cúchulainn's mother; and so in the case of Étáin[2] and her last recorded mother, the queen of Etar king of Eochraidhe. On Welsh ground we have a combination of transformations and rebirth in the history of Gwion Bach in the story of Taliessin. Gwion was in the service of the witch Ceridwen; but having learned too much of her arts, he became the object of her lasting hatred; and the incident is translated as follows in Lady Charlotte Guest's *Mabinogion*, iii. 358-9:—'And she went forth after him, running. And he saw her, and changed himself into a hare and fled. But she changed herself into a greyhound and turned him. And he ran towards a river, and became a fish. And she in the form of an otter-bitch chased him under the water, until he was fain to turn himself into a bird of the air. Then she, as a hawk, followed him and gave him no rest in the sky. And just as she was about to swoop upon him, and he was in fear of death, he espied a heap of winnowed wheat on the floor of a barn, and he dropped amongst the wheat, and turned himself into one of the grains. Then she transformed herself into a high-crested black hen, and went to the wheat and scratched it with her feet, and found him out and swallowed him. And, as the story says, she bore him nine months, and when she was delivered of him, she could not find it in her heart

[1] See the *Book of the Dun Cow*, fo. 128, and Windisch's *Irische Texte*, pp. 136-45. An abstract of the story will be found in the *Hibbert Lectures on Celtic Heathendom*, p. 502.

[2] See the *Book of the Dun Cow*, fo. 129[a]-132[a]; Windisch's *Irische Texte*, pp. 117-33, more especially pp. 127-31; also my *Arthurian Legend*, pp. 29-33.

to kill him, by reason of his beauty. So she wrapped him in a leathern bag, and cast him into the sea to the mercy of God on the twenty-ninth day of April. And at that time the weir of Gwyđno was on the strand between Dyvi and Aberystwyth, near to his own castle, and the value of an hundred pounds was taken in that weir every May eve.' The story goes on to relate how Gwyđno's son, Elphin, found in the weir the leathern bag containing the baby, who grew up to be the bard Taliessin. But the fourteenth century manuscript called after the name of Taliessin teems with such transformations as the above, except that they are by no means confined to the range of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. I heard an amusing suggestion of metempsychosis the other day: it is related of a learned German, who was sitting at table, let us say, in an Oxford hotel, with most of his dinner in front of him. Being, however, a man of immediate foresight, and anxious to accustom himself to fine English, he was not to be restrained by scruples as to any possible discrepancy between words like *bekommen* and *become*. So to the astonishment of everybody he gravely called out to the waiter, 'Hereafter I vish to become a Velsh rabbit.' This would have done admirably for the author of certain poems in the *Book of Taliessin*, where the bard's changes are dwelt upon. From them it appears that the transformation might be into anything that the mind of man could in any way individualize. Thus Taliessin claims to have been, some time or other, not only a stag or a salmon, but also an axe, a sword, and even a book in a priest's hand, or a word in writing. On the whole, however, his history as a grain of corn has most interest here, as it differs from that which has just been given: the passage[1] is sadly obscure, but

[1] See the *Book of Taliessin*, poem vii, in Skene's *Four Ancient Books of Wales*, ii. 136–7; also poem viii, p. 137 et seq.

I understand it to say that the grain was duly sown on a hill, that it was reaped and finally brought on the hearth, where the ears of corn were emptied of their grains by the ancient method of dexterously applying a flame to them[1]. But while the light was being applied the grain which was Taliessin, falling from the operator's hand, was quickly received and swallowed by a hostile hen, in whose interior it remained nine nights; but though this seemingly makes Taliessin's mother a bird, he speaks of himself, without mentioning any intervening transformation, as a *gwas* or young man. Such an origin was perhaps never meant to be other than incomprehensible. Lastly as to rebirth, I may say that it has often struck me that the Welsh habit, especially common in Carnarvonshire and Anglesey, of one child in a family being named, partially or wholly, after a grandparent, is to be regarded as a trace of the survival from early times of a belief in such atavism as has been suggested above[2].

The belief in transformations or transmigrations, such as have been mentioned, must have lent itself to various developments, and two at least of them are deserving of some notice here. First may be mentioned one which connects itself intimately with the druid or magician: he is master of his own transformations, as in the case of Ceridwen and Gwion, for he had acquired his magic by tasting of the contents of Ceridwen's Cauldron of Sciences, and he retained his memory continuously through his shape-shiftings, as is best illustrated, perhaps, by the case of Tuan mac Cairill. The next step was for him to realize his changes, not as matters of the

[1] Some account of this process will be found in Elton's *Origins of English History* (London, 1882), p. 33, where he has drawn on Martin's *Description of the Western Islands of Scotland*, published in 1703: see pp. 204–5.

[2] For one or two instances of the nomenclature in question, see pp. 76–7 above.

past but as present and possible; in fact, to lay claim to being anybody or anything he likes at any moment. Of this we have a remarkable instance in the case of Amairgen, seer and judge of the Milesians or Sons of Míl, in the story of their conquest of Ireland, as told in the *Book of Leinster*, fo. 12^{b}. As he first sets his right foot on the land of Erin he sings a lay in which he says, that he is a boar, a bull, and a salmon, together with other things also, such as the sea-breeze, the rolling wave, the roar of the billows, and a lake on the plain. Nor does he forget to pretend to wisdom and science beyond other men, and to hint that he is the divinity that gives them knowledge and sense. The similarity between this passage and others in the *Book of Taliessin* has attracted the attention of scholars: see M. d'Arbois de Jubainville's *Cycle mythologique irlandais*, pp. 242 et seq. On the whole, Taliessin revels most in the side of the picture devoted to his knowledge and science: he has passed through so many scenes and changes that he has been an eye-witness to all kinds of events in Celtic story. Thus he was with Brân on his expedition to Ireland, and saw when Mordwyt Tyllion was slain in the great slaughter of the Meal-bag Pavilion. This, however, was not all; he represents himself as also a *sywedyd*[1], '*vates* or prophet, astrologer

[1] *Sywedyd* is probably a word of Goidelic origin: compare Irish *súi*, 'a sage,' genitive *súad*, and derivative *súithe*, 'wisdom.' Stokes suggests the derivation *su-vet*, in which case *súi* = *su-vi*, for *su-viss* = *su-vet-s*, and *súithe* = *suvetia*, while the Welsh *sywedyd* is formally *su-vetiǫs* or *su-vetiǫs*. Welsh has also *syw*, from *súi*, like *dryw*, 'a druid,' from Goidelic *drúi*. *Syw*, it is true, now only means elegant, tidy; but Dr. Davies of Mallwyd believed its original signification to have been '*sapiens, doctus, peritus*.' The root *vet* is most probably to be identified with the *wet* of Med. Welsh *gwet-id*, 'a saying,' *dy-wawt*, '*dixit*,' whence it appears that the bases were *vēt* and *vāt*, with the latter of which Irish *fáith*, 'a poet or prophet,' Latin *vātes*, agrees, as also the Welsh *gwawd*, 'poetry, sarcasm,' and in Mod. Welsh, 'any kind of derision.' In the *Book of Taliessin* *syw* has, besides the plurals *sywyon* and *sywydon* (Skene, ii. 142, 152), possibly an older plural, *sywet* (p. 155) = *su-*

and astronomer,' a sage who boasts his knowledge of the physical world and propounds questions which he challenges his rivals to answer concerning earth and sea, day and night, sun and moon. He is not only Taliessin, but also Gwion, and hence one infers his magical powers to have been derived. If he regards anybody as his equal or superior, that seems to have been Talhaiarn, to whom he ascribes the greatest science. Talhaiarn is usually thought of only as a great bard by Welsh writers, but it is his science and wisdom that Taliessin admires[1], whereby one is to understand, doubtless, that Talhaiarn, like Taliessin, was a great magician. To this day Welsh bards and bardism have not been quite dissociated from magic, in so far as the witch Ceridwen is regarded as their patroness.

The boasts of Amairgen are characterized by M. d'Arbois de Jubainville as a sort of pantheism, and he detects traces of the same doctrine, among other places, in the teaching of the Irishman, known as Scotus Erigena, at the court of Charles the Bald in the ninth century: see the *Cycle mythologique*, p. 248. In any case, one is prepared by such utterances as those of Amairgen to understand the charge recorded in the *Senchus Mór*, i. 23, as made against the Irish druids or magicians of his time by a certain Connla Cainbhrethach, one of the remarkable judges of Erin, conjectured by O'Curry—on what grounds I do not know—to have lived in the first century of our era. The statement there made is to the following effect:—'After her came Connla Cainbhrethach, chief doctor of Connaught; he excelled the men of Erin in wisdom, for he was filled

vet-es, while for *súiłhe* = *su-vetja* we seem to have *sywyd* or *sewyd* (pp. 142, 152, 193); but all the passages in point are more or less obscure, I must confess.

[1] See the *Book of Taliessin*, in Skene's *Four Ancient Books of Wales*, ii. 130-1, 134, 142, 151-2, 155.

with the grace of the Holy Ghost; he used to contend with the druids, who said that it was they that made heaven and earth, and the sea, &c., and the sun and moon, &c.' This view of the pretensions of the druids is corroborated by the fact that magic, especially the power of shape-shifting at will, was regarded as power *par excellence*[1], and by the old formula of wishing one well, which ran thus: *Bendacht dee ocus andee fort*, 'the blessing of gods and not-gods upon thee!' The term 'gods' in this context is explained to have meant persons of power[2], and the term 'not-gods' farmers or those connected with the land, probably all those whose lives were directly dependent on farming and the cultivation of the soil, as distinguished from professional men such as druids and smiths. This may be further illustrated by a passage from the account of the second battle of Moytura, published by Stokes with a translation, in the *Revue Celtique*, xii. 52–130. See more especially pp. 74–6, where we find Lug offering his services to the king, Nuada of the Silver Hand. Among other qualifications which Lug possessed, he named that of being a sorcerer, to which the porter at once replied: 'We need thee not; we have sorcerers already. Many are our wizards and our folk of might'—that is, those of our

[1] As, for instance, in the account given of Uath mac Imomain in *Fled Bricrenn*: see the *Book of the Dun Cow*, fo. 110[b], and Windisch's *Irische Texte*, p. 293.

[2] The *Book of the Dun Cow*, fo. 77[a], and the *Book of Leinster*, fo. 75[b]: compare also the story of Tuan mac Cairill in the *Book of the Dun Cow*, fo. 16[b], where the Tuatha Dé Danann are represented as *Tuatha Dee ocus Ande*, 'the tribes of gods and not-gods,' to whom one of the manuscripts adds a people of legendary Ireland called the *Galiúin*. See the story as recently edited by Professor Kuno Meyer in Nutt's *Voyage of Bran*, ii. 291–300, where, however, the sense of § 12 with its allusion to the fall of Lucifer is missed in the translation. It should read, I think, somewhat as follows:—'Of these are the *Tuatha Dee* and *Ande*, whose origin is unknown to the learned, except that they think it probable, judging from the intelligence of the *Tuatha* and their superiority in knowledge, that they belong to the exiles who came from heaven.'

people who possess power—*ar lucht cumachtai*. Wizards (*druith*) and *lucht cumachtai* came, it is observed, alike under the more general designation of sorcerers (*corrguinigh*).

One seems to come upon traces of the same classification of a community into professionals and non-professionals, for that is what it comes to, in an obscure Welsh term, *Teulu Oeth ac Anoeth*, which may be conjectured to have meant 'the Household of *Oeth* and *An-oeth*' in the sense of Power and Not-power[1]. However

[1] See Evans' *Black Book of Carmarthen*, fo. 33^b; also the *Mabinogion*, pp. 104, 306. The Irish *lucht cumachtai* would be in Welsh literally rendered *llwyth cyfoeth*, 'the *cyfoeth* tribe or host,' as it were. For *cyfoeth*, in Med. Welsh, meant power or dominion, whence *cyfoethog*, 'powerful,' and *holl-gyfoethog*, 'almighty'; but in Mod. Welsh *cyfoeth* and *cyfoethog* have been degraded to mean 'riches' and 'rich' respectively. Now if we dropped the prefix *cum* from the Irish *cumachtai*, and its equivalent *cyf* from the Welsh *cyfoeth*, we should have *lucht cumachtai* reduced to an approximate analogy to *llwyth Oeth*, 'the Oeth tribe,' for which we have the attested equivalent *Teulu Oeth*, 'the *Oeth* household or family.' *Oeth*, however, seems to have meant powerful rather than power, and this seems to have been its force in Gwalchmai's poetry of the twelfth century, where I find it twice: see the *Myvyrian Arch.*, i. 196^b, 203^a. In the former passage we have *oeth dybydaf o dybwyf ryd*, 'I shall be powerful if I be free,' and in the latter *oeth ym uthrwyd*, 'mightily was I astonished or dismayed.' *An-oeth* was the negative of *oeth*, and meant weak, feeble, frivolous: so we find its plural, *anoetheu*, applied in the story of Kulhwch to the strange quests on which Kulhwch had to engage himself and his friends, before he could hope to obtain Olwen to be his wife. This has its parallel in the use of the adjective *gwan*, 'weak,' in the following instance among them:—Arthur and his men were ready to set out in search of Mabon son of Modron, who was said to have been kidnapped, when only three nights old, from between his mother Modron and the wall; and though this had happened a fabulously long time before Arthur was born, nothing had ever been since heard of Mabon's fate. Now Arthur's men said that they would set out in search of him, but they considered that Arthur should not accompany them on feeble quests of the kind: their words were (p. 128), *ny elti di uynet ath lu y geissa6 peth mor* uan *ar rei hynn*, 'thou canst not go with thy army to seek a thing so *weak* as these are.' Here we have *uan* as the synonym of *an-oeth*; but *Oeth ac Anoeth* probably became a phrase which was seldom analysed or understood; so we have besides *Teulu Oeth ac Anoeth*, a *Caer Oeth ac Anoeth*, or fortress of O. and A., and a *Carchar Caer Oeth ac Anoeth*, or the Prison of Caer O. and A., which is more shortly designated also *Carchar Oeth ac Anoeth*, or the Prison of O. and A. A late account of the building of that strange prison and fortress by Manawyđan is given in the *Iolo MSS.*, pp. 185-6, 263, and it is needless to

that may be, the professional class of men who were treated as persons of power and gods seem to have attained to their position by virtue of the magic of which they claimed to be masters, and especially of their supposed faculty of shape-shifting at will. In other words, the druidic pantheism [1] which Erigena was able to dress in the garb of a fairly respectable philosophy proves to have been, in point of genesis, but a few removes from a primitive kind of savage folklore.

None of these stories of shape-shifting, and of being born again, make any allusion to a soul. To revert, for instance, to Llew Llawgyffes, it is evident that the eagle cannot be regarded as his soul. The decayed state of the eagle's body seems to imply that it was somehow the same body as that of Llew at the time when he was wounded by Gronw's poisoned spear: the festering of the eagle's flesh looks as if considered a continuation of the wound. It is above all things, however, to be noted that none of the stories in point, whether Irish or Welsh, contain any suggestion of the hero's life coming to an end, or in any way perishing; Llew lives on to be transformed, under the stroke of Gwydion's wand, from being an eagle to be a man again; and Tuan mac

point out that Manawyđan, son of Llyr, was no other than the Manannán mac Lir of Irish literature, the greatest wizard among the Tuatha Dé or Tuatha Dé Danann; for the practical equivalence of those names is proved by the *Book of the Dun Cow*, fo. 16b. For further details about *Oeth* and *Anoeth*, Silvan Evans' *Geiriadur* may be consulted, s. v. *Anoeth*, where instances are cited of the application of those terms to tilled land and wild or uncultivated land. Here the words seem to have the secondary meanings of profitable and unprofitable lands, respectively: compare a somewhat analogous use of *grym*, 'strength, force,' in a passage relating to the mutilated horses of Matholwch—*hyt nad oed* rym *a ellit ar meirch*, 'so that no use was possible in the case of the horses,' meaning that they were of no use whatever, or that they had been done for: see the Oxford *Mabinogion*, p. 29, and Lady Charlotte Guest's, iii. 107, where the translation 'and rendered them useless' is barely strong enough.

[1] It is right, however, to state that M. d'A. de Jubainville's account of the views of Erigena is challenged by Mr. Nutt, ii. 105.

Cairill persists in various forms till he meets St. Finnen in the sixth century. Then in the case of Étáin, we are told in the *Book of the Dun Cow*, fo. 129[a], that her first-mentioned birth and the next one were separated by more than a thousand years. So practically we may say that these stories implied that men and women were imperishable, that they had no end necessarily to their existence. This sort of notion may be detected in ILew's words when he says, 'Unless God kill me . . . it is not easy to kill me.' The reference to the Almighty may probably be regarded as a comparatively late interpolation due to Christian teaching. A similar instance seems to occur in a poem in the *Black Book of Carmarthen*, fos. 47[b]–8[b], where Arthur loudly sings the praises of his friend Cai. The couplet in point runs thus :—

Nỳ bei duv ae digonhei.
Oet diheit aghev kei.

Unless it were God that wrought it,
Hard to effect were the death of Cai.

I am not sure, however, of the meaning; for, among other things, *diheit*, which I am inclined to interpret as 'hard to reach' or 'not easy to effect,' has been rendered otherwise by others[1]. In any case, the other instance seems to imply that at one time the heroes of ILew's world were not necessarily expected to die at all; and when they happened to do so, it was probably regarded, as among savages at the present day, as a result brought about by magic. Any reader who may feel astonished at such a crudeness of belief, will find something to contrast and compare in the familiar doctrine, that but for the fall of Adam and Eve we should have never heard of death, whether of man or of beast. But if he proceeds to ask questions about the economy of our world in case nobody died, he must be satisfied to be

[1] For instance, by Silvan Evans in his *Geiriadur*, where, s. v. *diheat*, he suggests 'unmerited' or 'undeserved' as conveying the sense meant.

told that to ask any such question is here not only useless but also irrelevant.

Now, suppose that in a society permeated by the crude kind of notions of which one finds traces in the *Mabinogion* and other old Welsh literature, a man arose who had a turn for philosophizing and trying to think things out: how would he reason? It seems probable that he would argue, that underneath all the change there must be some substratum which is permanent. If Tuan, he would say, changed from one form to another and remembered all that he had gone through, there must have been something which lasted, otherwise Tuan would have come to an end early in the story, and the later individual would not be Tuan at all. Probably one thing which, according to our folklore philosopher's way of thinking, lasted through the transformations, was the material of Tuan's body, just as one is induced to suppose that Lew's body, and that of the eagle into which he was transformed, were considered to be one and the same body labouring under the mortifying influence of the wound inflicted on Lew by Gronw's enchanted spear. Further, we have already found reasons to regard the existence of the soul as forming a part of the creed of some at any rate of the early inhabitants of this country, though we have no means of gathering what precise attributes our philosopher might ascribe to it besides the single one, perhaps, of continuing to exist. In that case he might otherwise describe Tuan's shape-shifting as the entrance of Tuan's soul into a series of different bodies. Now the philosopher here sketched agrees pretty closely with the little that is known of the Gaulish druid, such as he is described by ancient authors[1]. The latter seem to have been

[1] The reader will find them quoted under the word *Druida* in Holder's *Alt-celtischer Sprachschatz*: see also M. Alexandre Bertrand's *Religion des*

agreed in regarding him as believing in the immortality of the soul, and several of them appear to have thought his views similar to those of Pythagoras and his school. So we may perhaps venture to suppose that the druids, like Pythagoras, believed in the transmigration of souls, including that from the human to an animal form and the reverse. If, in the absence of an explicit statement, one may ascribe this latter form of that belief to the druids, the identity of their creed becomes almost complete with that of our conjectured folklore philosopher. At one time I was inclined to fancy that the druids of Gaul had received no unimportant part of their teaching from Greek philosophy by way of Massilia, but I am now more disposed to believe their doctrines to have been gradually developed, in the way above suggested, from the unfailing resources of that folklore which revelled in scenes of shape-shifting and rebirth. Possibly the doctrines of Pythagoras may have themselves had a like origin and a somewhat parallel development, or let us say rather that the Orphic notions had, which preceded Pythagoreanism.

But as to Gaul generally, it is not to be assumed that the Gaulish druids and all the other Gauls held the same opinion on these questions: we have some evidence that they did *not*. Thus the Gauls in the neighbourhood of Massilia [1], who would accept a creditor's promise to pay up in the next world, can hardly have contemplated the possibility of any such creditor being then a bird or a moth. Should it be objected that the transformations, instanced above as Brythonic and Goidelic, were assumed only in the case of magicians and other professional or privileged persons, and that

Gaulois, especially the chapter entitled *Les Druides*, pp. 252–76, and Nutt's *Voyage of Bran*, ii. 107–12.

[1] See *Valerius Maximus*, ii. 6. 10.

we are not told what was held to happen in the case of the rank and file of humanity, it is enough to answer that neither do we know what the druids of Gaul held to be the fate of the common people of their communities. No lever can be applied in that direction to disturb the lines of the parallel.

In previous chapters, pp. 45, 54, 61, 88, 97, 229, instances from Welsh sources have been given of the fairies concealing their names. But Wales is not the only Celtic land where we find traces of this treatment of one's name: it is to be detected also on Irish ground. Thus, when a herald from an enemy's camp comes to parley with Cúchulainn and his charioteer, the latter, being first approached, describes himself as the 'man of the man down there,' meaning Cúchulainn, to whom he pointed; and when the herald comes to Cúchulainn himself, he asks him whose man he is: Cúchulainn describes himself as the 'man of Conchobar mac Nessa.' The herald then inquires if he has no more definite designation, and Cúchulainn replies that what he has given will suffice[1]: neither of the men gives his name. Thus Celts of both groups, Brythons and Goidels, are at one in yielding evidence to the same sort of cryptic treatment of personal names, at some stage or other in their past history.

The student of man tells us, as already pointed out, that the reason for the reluctance to disclose one's name was of the same nature as that which makes savages, and some men belonging to nations above the savage state feel anxious that an enemy should not get possession of anything identified with their persons, such as a lock of one's hair, a drop of one's blood, or anything closely connected with one's person, lest it should give the enemy power over one's person as a whole, especially if such enemy is suspected of possessing any skill

[1] See the *Book of the Dun Cow*, fo. 68ᵃ.

in handling the terrors of magic. In other words, the anthropologist would say that the name was regarded as identified with the person; and, having said this, he has mostly felt satisfied that he has definitively disposed of the matter. Therein, however, he is possibly wrong; for when he says that the name was probably treated as a part of the man, that only leads one to ask the question, What part of the man? At any rate, I can see nothing very unreasonable in such a question, though I am quite willing to word it differently, and to ask: Is there any evidence to show with what part of a man his name was associated?

As regards the Aryan nations, we seem to have a clue to an answer in the interesting group of Aryan words in point, from which I select the following:—Irish *ainm*, 'a name,' plural *anmann*; Old Welsh *anu*, now *enw*, also 'a name'; Old Bulgarian *imę* (for **jęnmen*, **anman*); Old Prussian *emnes*, *emmens*, accusative *emnan*; and Armenian *anwan* (for a stem **anman*)—all meaning a name. To these some scholars[1] would add, and it may be rightly, the English word *name* itself, the Latin *nomen*, the Sanskrit *nāman*, and the Greek ὄνομα; but, as some others find a difficulty in thus grouping these words, I abstain from laying any stress on them. In fact, I have every reason to be satisfied with the wide extent of the Aryan world covered by the other instances enumerated as Celtic, Prussian, Bulgarian, and Armenian.

Now, such is the similarity between Welsh *enw*, 'name,' and *enaid*, 'soul,' that I cannot help referring the two words to one and the same origin, especially when I see the same or rather greater similarity illus-

[1] Notably Johannes Schmidt in Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, xxiii. 267, where he gives the following gradations of the stem in question:—1. *anman*; 2. *anaman*; 3. *naman*; 4. *nāman*.

trated by the Irish words, *ainm*, 'name,' and *anim*, 'soul.' This similarity between the Irish words so pervades the declension of them, that a beginner frequently falls into the error of confounding them in medieval texts. Take, for instance, the genitive singular, *anma*, which may mean either *animæ* or *nominis*; the nominative plural, *anmand*, which may be either *animæ* or *nomina*; and the gen. *anmand*, either *animarum* or *nominum*, as the dative *anmannaib* may likewise be either *animabus* or *nominibus*. In fact, one is at first sight almost tempted to suppose that the partial differentiation of the Irish forms was only brought about under the influence of Latin, with its distinct forms of *anima* and *nomen*. That would be pressing the point too far; but the direct teaching of the Celtic vocables is that they are all to be referred to the same origin in the Aryan word for 'breath or breathing,' which is represented by such words as Latin *anima*, Welsh *anadl*, 'breath,' and a Gothic *anan*, 'blow or breathe,' whence the compound preterite *uz-on*, twice used by Ulfilas in the fifteenth chapter of St. Mark's Gospel to render ἐξέπνευσε, 'gave up the ghost.'

Now the lessons which the words here grouped together contain for the student of man is, that the Celts, and certain other widely separated Aryans, unless we should rather say the whole of the Aryan family, were once in the habit of closely associating both the soul and one's name with the breath of life. The evidence is satisfactory so far as it goes; but let us go a little more into detail, and see as exactly as we can to what it commits us. Commencing at the beginning, we may set out with the axiom that breathing is a physical action, and that in the temperate zone one's breath is not unfrequently visible. Then one may say that the men who made the words—Welsh, *enaid* (for an earlier *anatio-s*), 'soul'; Irish, *anim* (from an earlier stem, *animon*);

Latin, *anima*, also *animus*, 'feeling, mind, soul'; and Greek, ἄνεμος, 'air, wind'—must have in some way likened the soul to one's breath, which perhaps first suggested the idea. At all events they showed not only that they did not contemplate the soul as a bone, or any solid portion of a man's frame, or even as a manikin residing inside it: in fact they had made a great advance in the direction of the abstract notion of a spirit, in which some of them may have been helped by another association of ideas, namely, that indicated by speaking of the dead as shades or shadows, *umbræ*, σκιαί. Similarly, the words in point for 'name' seem to prove that some of the ancient Aryans must have, in some way, associated one's name with the breath of life. On the other hand, we find nothing to show that the name and the soul were directly compared or associated with one another, while the association of the name with the breath represents, probably, a process as much earlier as it is cruder, than likening the soul to the breath and naming it accordingly. This is countenanced to some extent by the general physiognomy, so to say, of words like *enaid*, *anima*, as contrasted with *enw*, *ainm*, *nomen*, *name*. Speaking relatively, the former might be of almost any date in point of comparative lateness, while the latter could not, belonging as they do to a small declension which was not wont to receive accessions to its numbers.

In what way, then, or in what respect did early folklore identify the name with the breath? Before one could expect to answer this question in anything like a convincing fashion, one would have to examine the collector of the folklore of savages, or rather to induce him to cross-examine them on the point. For instance, among the Singhalese[1], when in the ceremony of name-giving the father utters the baby's name in a low

[1] See Clodd's *Tom Tit Tot*, p. 97.

whisper in the baby's ear, is that called breathing the name? and is the name so whispered called a breath or a breathing? In the case of the savages who name their children at their birth, is the reason ever advanced that a name must be given to the child in order to make it breathe, or, at least, in order to facilitate its breathing? Some such a notion of reinforcing the child's vitality and safety would harmonize well enough with the fact that, as Mr. Clodd[1] puts it, 'Barbaric, Pagan, and Christian folklore is full of examples of the importance of naming and other birth-ceremonies, in the belief that the child's life is at the mercy of evil spirits watching the chance of casting spells upon it, of demons covetous to possess it, and of fairies eager to steal it and leave a "changeling" in its place.' Provisionally, one must perhaps rest content to suppose the association of the name to have taken place with the breath regarded as an accompaniment of life. Looked at in that sense, the name becomes associated with one's life, and, speaking roughly, with one's person; and it is interesting to notice that one seems to detect traces in Welsh literature of some confusion of the kind. Thus, when the hero of the story of Kulhwch and Olwen was christened he was named Kulhwch, which is expressed in Welsh as 'forcing or driving Kulhwch on him' (*gyrru kulh6ch arna6*[2]); *Kulh6ch*, be it noticed, not the name Kulhwch. Similarly when Brân, on the eve of his expedition to Ireland, left seven princes, or knights as they are also called, to take charge of his dominions, we have an instance of the kind. The stead or town was named after the seven knights, and it is a place which is now known as *Bryn y Saith Marchog*, 'the Hill of the Seven Knights,' near Gwyđelwern, in Merionethshire. But the wording of the *Mabinogi* of Branwen is *o acha6s*

[1] *Tom Tit Tot*, p. 89. [2] The Oxford *Mabinogion*, p. 100.

hynny y dodet seith marchaбc ar y dref[1], meaning 'for that reason the stead was called Seven Knights,' literally 'for that reason one put Seven Knights on the stead.' In Guest's *Mabinogion*, iii. 116, this will be found rendered wrongly, though not wholly without excuse—'for this reason were the seven knights placed in the town.' It is probable that the redactor of the stories from which the two foregoing instances come—and more might be cited—was not so much courting ambiguities as adhering to an old form of expression which neglected from the first to distinguish, in any formal way, between names and the persons or things which they would, in modern phraseology, be said to represent[2].

An instance has been already mentioned of a man's name being put or set on him, or rather forced on him: at any rate, his name is *on* him both in Welsh and Irish, and the latter language also speaks of it as

[1] The Oxford *Mabinogion*, p. 35.

[2] As to Irish, I would not lay much stress on the question 'What is your name?' being put, in a fourteenth or fifteenth century version of the French story of Fierabras, as *ca hainm tú*?—literally, 'what name art thou?' see the *Revue Celtique*, xix. 28. It may be mentioned here that the Irish writers of glossaries had a remarkable way of appearing to identify words and things. Thus, for instance, Cormac has *Cruimther .i. Gædelg indi as presbyter*, which O'Donovan (edited by Stokes) has translated, p. 30, as '*Cruimther*, i. e. the Gaelic of *presbyter*': literally it would be rather 'of the thing which is presbyter.' Similarly, Cormac's explanation of the Irish *aiminn*, now *aoibhinn*, 'delightful,' runs thus in Latin, *Aimind ab eo quod est amoenum*, 'from the word *amoenus*,' literally, 'from that which is *amoenus*.' But this construction is a favourite one of Latin grammarians, and instances will be found in Professor Lindsay's *Latin Language* (Oxford, 1894), pp. 26, 28, 42, 53. On calling his attention to it, he kindly informed me that it can be traced as far back as Varro, from whose *Lingua Latina*, vi. 4, he cites *Meridies ab eo quod medius dies*. So in this matter, Irish writers have merely imitated their Latin models; and one detects a trace of the same imitation in some of the Old Welsh glosses, for instance in the *Juvencus Codex*, where we have $\overline{\text{XPS}}$ explained as *irhinn issid crist*, 'that which is Christ,' evidently meaning, 'the word Χριστός or *Christus*.' So with *regia*, rendered by *gulat*, 'a state or country,' in *celsi thronus est cui regia caeli*; which is glossed *issit padiu itau gulat*, 'that is the word *gulat* for him' = 'he means his country': see Kuhn's *Beiträge*, iv. 396, 411.

cleaving or adhering to him. Neither language contemplates the name, however closely identified with him, as having become an inseparable part of him, or else as something he has secured for himself. In the neo-Celtic tongues, both Welsh and Irish, all things which a man owns, and all things for which he takes credit, are *with* him or *by* him; but all things which he cannot help having, whether creditable or discreditable, if they are regarded as coming from without are *on* him, not *with* him. Thus, if he is wealthy there is money with him; but if he is in debt and owes money, the money is on him. Similarly, if he rejoices there is joy with him; whereas if he is ashamed or afraid, shame or fear is on him. This is a far-reaching distinction, of capital importance in Celtic phraseology, and judged by this criterion the name is something from without the man, something which he cannot take credit to himself for having acquired by his own direct willing or doing. This is to be borne in mind when one speaks of the name as identified or closely bound up with one's life and personality. But this qualified identification of the name with the man is also what one may infer from savage folklore; for many, perhaps most, of the nations who name their children at their birth, have those names changed when the children grow up. That is done when a boy has to be initiated into the mysteries of his tribe or of a guild, or it may be when he has achieved some distinction in war. In most instances, it involves a serious ceremony and the intervention of the wise man, whether the medicine-man of a savage system, or the priest of a higher religion[1]. In the ancient Wales of the *Mabinogion*, and in pagan Ireland,

[1] Some instances in point, accompanied with comments on certain eminently instructive practices and theories of the Church, will be found in Clodd's *Tom Tit Tot*, pp. 100-5.

the name-giving was done, subject to certain conditions, at the will and on the initiative of the druid, who was at the same time tutor and teacher of the youth to be renamed [1]. Here I may be allowed to direct attention to the two following facts: the druid, recalling as he does the magician of the Egypt of the Pentateuch and the shaman of the Mongolian world of our own time, represented a profession probably not of Celtic origin. In the next place, his method of selecting names from incidents was palpably incompatible with what is known to have been the Aryan system of nomenclature, by means of compounds, as evinced by the annals of most nations of the Aryan family of speech: such compounds, I mean, as Welsh *Pen-wyn*, 'white-headed,' Gaulish Πεννο-ουινδος, or Greek Ἵππαρχος, Ἀρχιππος, and the like. Briefly, one may say that the association of the name with the breath of life was probably Aryan, but without, perhaps, being unfamiliar to the aborigines of the British Isles before their conquest by the Celts. On the other hand, in the druid and his method of naming we seem to touch the non-Aryan substratum, and to detect something which was not Celtic, not Aryan [2].

Perhaps the reader will not regard it as wholly irrelevant if here I change the subject for a while from one's name to other words and locutions in so far as they may be regarded as illustrative of the mental surroundings in which the last paragraph leaves the name. I allude especially to the exaggerated influence associated with a form of words, more particularly among the Irish Celts. O'Curry gives a tragic

[1] For some instances of name-giving by the druid, the reader may consult *The Welsh People*, pp. 66–70; and druidic baptism will be found alluded to in Stokes' edition of *Coir Anmann*, and in Stokes and Windisch's *Irische Texte*, iii. 392, 423. See also the *Revue Celtique*, xix. 90.

[2] See *The Welsh People*, more especially pp. 71–4, where it has been attempted to discuss this question more at length.

instance: the poet Néde mac Adnai, in order to obtain possession of the throne of Connaught, asked an impossible request of the king, who was his own father's brother and named Caier. When the king declared his inability to accede to his demand the poet made the refusal his excuse for composing on the king what was called in Irish an *áir* or *áer*, written later *aor*, 'satire,' which ran approximately thus:—

> Evil, death, short life to Caier!
> May spears of battle wound Caier!
> Caier quenched, Caier forced, Caier underground!
> Under ramparts, under stones with Caier!

O'Curry goes on to relate how Caier, washing his face at the fountain next morning, discovered that it had three blisters on it, which the satire had raised, to wit, disgrace, blemish, and defect, in colours of crimson, green, and white. So Caier fleeing, that his plight might not be seen of his friends, came to Dun Cearmna (now the Old Head of Kinsale, in county Cork), the residence of Caichear, chief of that district. There Caier was well received as a stranger of unknown quality, while Néde assumed the sovereignty of Connaught. In time, Néde came to know of Caier being there, and rode there in Caier's chariot. But as Néde approached Caier escaped through his host's house and hid himself in the cleft of a rock, whither Néde followed Caier's greyhound; and when Caier saw Néde, the former dropped dead of shame [1]. This abstract of the story as told by O'Curry, will serve to show how the words of the satirist were dreaded by high and low among the ancient Irish, and how their demands had to be at once obeyed. It is a commonplace of Irish literature that the satirist's words unfailingly raised blisters on the

[1] See Stokes' Cormac's *Glossary*, translated by O'Donovan, p. 87, and O'Curry's *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish*, ii. 218–9.

face of him at whom they were aimed. A portion at least of the potency of the poet's words seems to have been regarded as due to their being given a certain metrical form. That, however, does not show how the poet had acquired his influence, and one cannot shut one's eyes to the fact that the means he might adopt to make his influence felt and his wishes instantly attended to, implied that the race with which he had to deal was a highly sensitive one: I may perhaps apply to it the adjective thin-skinned, in the literal sense of that word. For the blisters on the face are only an exaggeration of a natural phenomenon. On this point my attention has been called by a friend to the following passages in a review of a work on the pathology of the emotions [1]:—

'To both the hurtful and curative effects of the emotions M. Féré devotes much attention, and on these points makes some interesting remarks. That the emotions act on the body, more by their effects on the circulation than by anything else, is no new thesis, but M. Féré is developing some new branches of it. That the heart may be stopped for a few seconds, and that there may be localised flush and pallor of the skin, owing to almost any strong emotion, whether it be joy, anger, fear, or pain, is a matter of common observation; and that there may be many changes of nutrition due to vaso-motor disturbance is a point easy to establish. The skin is particularly easily affected; passion and pain may produce a sweat that is truly hemorrhagic (Parrot); and the scientific world is obliged to admit that in the stigmata of Louise Lateau the blood vessels were really broken, and not broken by anything else

[1] See *Mind* for 1893, p. 390: the review is by Mr. A. T. Myers, and the title of the book noticed is *La Pathologie des Émotions, Études physiologiques et cliniques, par Charles Féré, médecin de Bicêtre* (Paris, 1892).

than an emotional state as cause. In a shipwreck Follain tells us that the pilot was covered in an hour with pustules from his fear; and the doctor sees many *dermato-neuroses*, such as nettle-rash, herpes, pemphigus, vitiligo, &c., from the *choc moral*.'

I can illustrate this from my own observation: when I was an undergraduate there was with me at college a Welsh undergraduate, who, when teased or annoyed by his friends, was well known to be subject to a sort of rash or minute pustules on his face: it would come on in the course of an hour or so. There is a well-known Welsh line on this subject of the face which is to the point:—

Ni chel grudd gystudd càlon.
The cheek hides not the heart's affliction.

So a man who was insulted, or whose honour was assailed, might be said to be thereby put to the blush or to be otherwise injured in his face; and the Irish word *enech*, 'face,' is found commonly used as a synonym for one's honour or good name. The same appears to have been the case with the Welsh equivalent, *wyneb*, 'face,' and *dyn di-wyneb*, literally 'a faceless man,' appears to be now used in Carnarvonshire and Glamorgan in the sense of one who is without a sense of honour, an unprincipled fellow. So when Welsh law dealt with insults and attacks on one's honour the payment to be made to the injured person was called *gwynebwerth*, 'the price of one's face,' or *gwynebwarth*, 'the payment for disgracing one's face.' Irish law arranged for similar damages, and called them by analogous names, such as *enech-gris*, 'a fine for injuring or raising a blush on the face,' and *enech-lóg* or *enech-lann*, 'honour price'; compare also *enech-ruice*, 'a face-reddening or blushing caused by some act or scandal which brought shame on a family.' Possibly one has to do with traces of somewhat the

same type of 'face,' though it has faded away to the verge of vanishing, when one speaks in English of keeping another in countenance.

It has been suggested that if a magician got a man's name he could injure him by means of his arts: now the converse seems to have been the case with the Irish *áer* or satire, for to be effective it had, as in the instance of Caier, to mention the victim's name; and a curious instance occurs in the *Book of Leinster*, fo. 117, where the poet Atherne failed to curse a person whose name he could not manipulate according to the rules of his satire. This man Atherne is described as inhospitable, stingy, and greedy to the last degree. So it is related how he sallied forth one day, taking with him a cooked pig and a pot of mead, to a place where he intended to gorge himself without being observed. But no sooner had he settled down to his meal than he saw a man approaching, who remarked to him on his operating on the food all alone, and unceremoniously picked up the porker and the pot of mead. As he was coolly walking away with them, Atherne cried out after him, 'What is thy name?' The stranger replied that it was nothing very grand, and gave it as follows:—

Sethor. ethor. othor. sele. dele. dreng gerce
Mec gerlusce. ger ger. dír dír issed moainmse.

Sethor-Ethor-Othor-Sele-Dele-Dreng gerce
Son of Gerlusce ger-ger-dír-dír, that is my name.

The story goes on to say that Atherne neither saw his meal any more nor succeeded in making a satire on the name of the stranger, who accordingly got away unscathed. It was surmised, we are told, that he was an angel come from God to teach the poet better manners. This comic story brings us back to the importance of the name, as it implies that the cursing poet, had he been able to seize it and duly work it

into his satire, could not have failed to bring about the intruder's discomfiture. The magician and folklore philosopher, far from asking with Juliet, 'What's in a name?' would have rather put it the other way, 'What's not in a name?' At any rate the ancients believed that there was a great deal in a name, and traces of the importance which they gave it are to be found in modern speech: witness the article on *name* or its equivalent in a big dictionary of any language possessed of a great literature.

It has been seen that it is from the point of view of magic that the full importance of one's name was most keenly realized by our ancient Celts; that is, of magic more especially in that stage of its history when it claimed as its own a certain degree of skill in the art of verse-making. Perhaps, indeed, it would be more accurate to suppose that verse-making appertained from the outset to magic, and that it was magicians, medicine-men, or seers, who, for their own use, first invented the aids of rhythm and metre. The subject, however, of magic and its accessories is far too vast to be treated here: it has been touched upon here and there in some of the previous chapters, and I may add that wizardry and magic form the machinery, so to say, of the stories called in Welsh the 'Four Branches of the *Mabinogi*,' namely those of Pwyll, Branwen, Manawyđan, and Math. Now these four, together with the adventure of Lûđ and Llevelys, and, in a somewhat qualified sense, the story of Kulhwch and Olwen, represent in a Brythonicized form the otherwise lost legends of the Welsh Goidels; and, like those of the Irish Goidels, they are remarkable for their wizardry. Nor is that all, for in the former the kings are mostly the greatest magicians of their time: or shall I rather put it the other way, and say that in them the greatest magicians function as kings? Witness Math son

of Mathonwy king of Gwyneđ, and his sister's son, Gwydion ab Dôn, to whom as his successor he duly taught his magic; then come the arch-enchanter Arawn, king of Annwn, and Caswallon ab Beli, represented as winning his kingdom by the sheer force of magic. To these might be added other members of the kingly families whose story shows them playing the rôle of magicians, such as Rhiannon, who by her magic arts foiled her powerful suitor, Gwawl ab Clûd, and secured as her consort the man of her choice, Pwyll prince of Dyfed. Here also, perhaps, one might mention Manawyđan ab Llyr, who, as Manannán mac Lir, figures in the stories of the Goidels of Erin and Man as a consummate wizard and first king of the Manx people: see p. 314 above. In the *Mabinogi*, however, no act of magic is ascribed to Manawyđan, though he is represented successfully checkmating the most formidable wizard arrayed against him and his friends, to wit, Llwyd ab Kilcoed. Not only does one get the impression that the ruling class in these stories of the Welsh Goidels had their magic handed down from generation to generation according to a fixed rule of maternal succession (pp. 326, 503, 505), but it supplies the complete answer to and full explanation of questions as to the meaning of the terms already mentioned, *Tuatha Dé ocus Andé*, and *Lucht Cumachtai*, together with its antithesis. Within the magic-wielding class exercising dominion over the shepherds and tillers of the soil of the country, it is but natural to suppose that the first king was the first magician or greatest medicine-man, as in the case of Manannán in the Isle of Man. This must of course be understood to apply to the early history of the Goidelic race, or, perhaps more correctly speaking, to one of the races which had contributed to its composition: to the aborigines, let us say, by whatsoever name or names

you may choose to call them, whether Picts or Ivernians. It is significant, among other things, that our traditions should connect the potency of ancient wizardry with descent in the female line of succession, and, in any case, one cannot be wrong in assuming magic to have begun very low down in the scale of social progress, probably lower than religion, with which it is essentially in antagonism. As the crude and infantile pack of notions, collectively termed sympathetic magic—beginning with the belief that any effect may be produced by imitating the action of the cause of it, or even doing anything that would recall it[1]—grew into the panoply of the magician, he came to regard himself, and to be regarded by others, as able for his own benefit and that of his friends to coerce all possible opponents, whether men or demons, heroes or gods. This left no room for the attitude of prayer and worship: religion in that sense could only come later.

[1] See Frazer's *Golden Bough*, i. 9, where a few most instructive instances are given.

CHAPTER XII

Race in Folklore and Myth

The method of philological mythology is thus discredited by the disputes of its adherents. The system may be called orthodox, but it is an orthodoxy which alters with every new scholar who enters the sacred enclosure.—Andrew Lang.

It has been well said, that while it is not science to know the contents of myths, it is science to know why the human race has produced them. It is not my intention to trace minutely the history of that science, but I may hazard the remark, that she could not be said to have reached years of discretion till she began to compare one thing with another; and even when mythology had become comparative mythology, her horizon remained till within recent years comparatively narrow. In other words, the comparisons were wont to be very circumscribed: you might, one was told, compare the myths of Greeks and Teutons and Hindus, because those nations were considered to be of the same stock; but even within that range comparisons were scarcely contemplated, except in the case of myths enshrined in the most classical literatures of those nations. This kind of mythology was eclectic rather than comparative, and it was apt to regard myths as a mere disease of language. By-and-by, however, the student showed a preference for a larger field and a wider range; and in so doing he was, whether

consciously or unconsciously, beginning to keep step with a larger movement extending to the march of all the kindred sciences, and especially that of language.

At one time the student of language was satisfied with mummified speech, wrapped up, as it were, in the musty coils of the records of the past: in fact, he often became a mere researcher of the dead letter of language, instead of a careful observer of the breath of life animating her frame. So long as that remained the case, glottology deserved the whole irony of Voltaire's well-known account of etymology as being in fact, 'une science où les voyelles ne font rien, et les consonnes fort peu de chose.' In the course, however, of recent years a great change has come over the scene: not only have the laws of the Aryan consonants gained greatly in precision, but those of the Aryan vowels have at last been discovered to a considerable extent. The result for me and others who learnt that the Aryan peasant of idyllic habits harped eternally on the three notes of *a*, *i*, *u*, is that we have to unlearn this and a great deal more: in fact, the vowels prove to be far more troublesome than the consonants. But difficult as these lessons are, the glottologist must learn them, unless he is content to remain with the stragglers who happen to be unable to move on. Now the change to which I allude, in connexion with the study of language, has been inseparably accompanied with the paying of increased attention to actual speech, with a more careful scrutiny of dialects, even obscure dialects such as the literary man is wont to regard with scorn.

Similarly the student of mythology now seeks the wherewithal of his comparisons from the mouth of the traveller and the missionary, wherever they may roam; not from the *Rig-Veda* or the *Iliad* alone, but from the rude stories of the peasant, and the wild fancies of

the savage from Tierra del Fuego to Greenland's icy mountains. The parallel may be drawn still closer. Just as the glottologist, fearing lest the written letter may have slurred over or hidden away important peculiarities of ancient speech, resorts for a corrective to the actuality of modern Aryan, so the mythologist, apt to suspect the testimony of the highly respectable bards of the *Rig-Veda*, may on occasion give ear to the fresh evidence of a savage, however inconsequent it may sound. The movements to which I allude in glottology and mythology began so recently that their history has not yet been written. Suffice it to say that in glottology, or the science of language, the names most intimately connected with the new departure are those of Ascoli, J. Schmidt, and Fick, those of Leskien, Brugmann, Osthoff, and De Saussure; while of the names of the teachers of the anthropological method of studying myths, several are by this time household words in this country. But, so far as I know, the first to give a systematic exposition of the subject was Professor Tylor, in his work on *Primitive Culture*, published first in 1871.

Such has been the intimate connexion between mythology and glottology that I may be pardoned for going back again to the latter. It is applicable in its method to all languages, but, as a matter of fact, it came into being in the domain of Aryan philology, so that it has been all along principally the science of comparing the Aryan languages with one another. It began with Sir William Jones' discovery of the kinship of Sanskrit with Greek and Latin, and for a long time it took the lead of the more closely related sciences: this proved partly beneficial and partly the reverse. In the case of ethnology, for instance, the influence of glottology has probably done more harm than good, since it has opened up a wide field for confounding race with

language. In the case of mythology the same influence has been partly helpful, and it has partly fallen short of being such. Where names could be analysed with certainty, and where they could be equated, leaving little room for doubt, as in the case of that of the Greek Ζεύς, the Norse *Týr*, and the Sanskrit *Dyaus*, the science of language rendered a veritable help to mythology; but where the students of language, all pointing in different directions, claimed each to hold in his hand the one safety-lamp, beyond the range of which the mythologist durst not take a single step except at the imminent risk of breaking his neck, the help may be pronounced, to say the least of it, as somewhat doubtful. The anthropological method of studying myths put an end to the unequal relation between the students of the two sciences, and it is now pretty well agreed that the proper relationship between them is that of mutual aid. This will doubtless prove the solution of the whole matter, but it would be premature to say that the period of strained relations is quite over, since the mythologist has so recently made good his escape from the embarrassing attentions of the students of language, that he has not yet quite got out of his ears the bewildering notes of the chorus of discordant cries of 'Dawn,' 'Sun,' and 'Storm-cloud.'

Now that I have touched on the friendly relations which ought to exist between the science of language and the science of myth, I may perhaps be allowed to notice a point or two where it is possible or desirable for the one to render service to the other. The student of language naturally wants the help of the student of myth, ritual, and religion on matters which most immediately concern his own department of study; and I may perhaps be excused for taking my stand on Celtic ground, and calling attention to some of my own

difficulties. Here is one of them: when one would say in English 'It rains' or 'It freezes,' I should have to say in my own language, *Y mae hi'n bwrw glaw* and *Y mae hi'n rhewi*, which literally means 'She is casting rain' and 'She is freezing.' Nor is this sort of locution confined to weather topics, for when you would say 'He is badly off' or 'He is hard up,' a Welshman might say, *Y mae hi'n ďrwg arno* or *Y mae hi'n galed arno*, that is literally, 'She is evil on him' or 'She is hard on him.' And the same feminine pronoun fixes itself in other locutions in the language. Now I wish to invoke the student of myth, ritual, and religion to help in the identification of this ubiquitous 'she' of the Welsh. Whenever it is mentioned to Englishmen, it merely calls to their minds the Highland 'she' of English and Scotch caricature, as for instance when Sir Walter Scott makes Donald appeal in the following strain to Lord Menteith's man, Anderson, who had learnt manners in France: 'What the deil, man, can she no drink after her ain master without washing the cup and spilling the ale, and be tamned to her!' The Highlander denies the charge which our caricature tries to fasten on him; but even granting that it was once to some extent justified, it is easy to explain it by a reference to Gaelic, where the pronouns *se* and *sibh*, for 'he' and 'you' respectively, approach in pronunciation the sound of the English pronoun 'she.' This may have led to confusion in the mouths of Highlanders who had but very imperfectly mastered English. In any case, it is far too superficial to be quoted as a parallel to the *hi*, 'she,' in question in Welsh. A cautious Celtist, if such there be, might warn us, before proceeding further with the search, to make sure that the whole phenomenon is not a mere accident of Welsh phonetics, and that it is not a case of two

pronouns, one meaning 'she' and the other 'it,' being confounded as the result merely of phonetic decay. The answer to that is, that the language knows nothing of any neuter pronoun which could assume the form of the *hi* which occupies us; and further, that in locutions where the legitimate representative of the neuter might be expected, the pronoun used is a different one, *ef*, *e*, meaning both 'he' and 'it,' as in *i-e* for *i-ef*, 'it is he, she, it *or* they,' *nag-e*, 'not he, she, it *or* they,' *ef a allai* or *fe allai*, 'perhaps, peradventure, *peut-être, il est possible.*' The French sentence suggests the analogous question, what was the original force of denotation of the 'il' in such sentences as 'il fait beau,' 'il pleut,' and 'il neige'? In such cases it now denotes nobody in particular, but has it always been one of his names? French historical grammar may be able, unaided, to dispose of the attenuated fortunes of M. *Il*, but we have to look for help to the student of myth and allied subjects to enable us to identify the great 'she' persistently eluding our search in the syntax of the Welsh language. Only two feminine names suggest themselves to me as in any way appropriate: one is *tynghed*, 'fate or fortune,' and the other is *Dôn*, mother of some of the most nebulous personages in Celtic literature.

There is, however, no evidence to show that either of them is really the 'she' of whom we are in quest; but I have something to say about both as illustrating the other side of the theme, how the study of language may help mythology. This I have so far only illustrated by a reference to the equation of Ζεύς with *Dyaus* and their congeners. Within the range of Celtic legend the case is similar with Dôn, who figures on Welsh ground, as I have hinted, as mother of certain heroes of the oldest chapters of the *Mabinogion*. For it is from her that Gwydion, the bard and arch-magician, and

Gofannon the smith his brother, are called sons of Dôn; and so in the case of Arianrhod, daughter of Dôn, mother of Llew, and owner of the sea-laved castle of Caer Arianrhod, not far distant from the prehistoric mound of Dinas Dinlle, near the western mouth of the Menai Straits, as already mentioned in another chapter, p. 208 above. In Irish legend, we detect Dôn under the Irish form of her name, *Danu* or *Donu*, genitive *Danann* or *Donann*, and she is almost singular there in always being styled a divinity. From her the great mythical personages of Irish legend are called *Tuatha Dé Danann*, or 'the Goddess Danu's Tribes,' and sometimes *Fir Déa*, or 'the Men of the Divinity.' The last stage in the Welsh history of Dôn consists of her translation to the skies, where the constellation of Cassiopeia is supposed to constitute *Llys Dôn* or Dôn's Court, as the Corona Borealis is identified with *Caer Arianrhod* or 'the Castle of Dôn's Daughter'; but, as was perhaps fitting, the dimensions of both are reduced to comparative littleness by *Caer Gwydion*, 'the Magician Gwydion's Battlements,' spread over the radiant expanse of the whole Milky Way[1]. Now the identification of this ancient goddess Danu or Dôn as that in whom the oldest legends of the Irish Goidels and the Welsh Goidels converge, has been the work not so much of mythology as of the science of language; for it was the latter that showed how to call back a little colouring into the vanishing lineaments of this faded ancestral divinity[2].

[1] See Guest's *Mabinogion*, iii. 255, where, however, Dôn is wrongly treated as a male.

[2] One has, however, to admit that the same agency may also mar the picture. Since the above was written I have read in Stokes' *Festschrift*, pp. 7–19, a very interesting article by L. Chr. Stern, in which he discusses some of the difficulties attaching to the term *Tuatha Dé Danann*. Among other things he suggests that there was a certain amount of confusion between *Danann* and *dána*, genitive of *dán*, 'art or profession'—the word

For my next illustration, namely *tynghed*, 'fate,' I would cite a passage from the opening of one of the most Celtic of Welsh stories, that of Kulhwch and Olwen. Kulhwch's father, after being for some time a widower, marries again, and conceals from his second wife the fact that he has a son. She finds it out and lets her husband know it; so he sends for his son Kulhwch, and the following is the account of the son's interview with his stepmother, as given in Lady Charlotte Guest's translation, ii. 252:—'His stepmother said unto him, "It were well for thee to have a wife, and I have a daughter who is sought of every man of renown in the world." "I am not of an age to wed," answered the youth. Then said she unto him, "I declare to thee, that it is thy destiny not to be suited with a wife until thou obtain Olwen, the daughter of Yspaðaden Penkawr." And the youth blushed, and the love of the maiden diffused itself through all his frame, although he had never seen her. And his father inquired of him, "What has come over thee, my son, and what aileth thee?" "My stepmother has declared to me, that I shall never have a wife until I obtain Olwen, the daughter of Yspaðaden Penkawr." "That will be

meant also 'lot or destiny,' being probably of the same origin as the Latin *donum*, in Welsh *dawn*, which means a gift, and especially 'the gift of the gab.' But it would invert the natural sequence to suppose any such a formula as *Tuatha Dé Dána* to have preceded *Tuatha Dé Danann*; for why should anybody substitute an obscure vocable *Danann* for *dána* of well-known meaning? Dr. Stern has some doubts as to the Welsh Dôn being a female; but it would have been more satisfactory if he had proved his surmise, or at any rate shown that *Dôn* has nothing to do with *Danann* or *Donann*. I am satisfied with such a passage in the *Mabinogi* of Math as that where Gwydion, addressing Math, describes Arianrhod, daughter of Dôn, in the words, *dy nith uerch dy chôaer*, 'thy niece daughter of thy sister': see the *Mabinogion*, p. 68, and, for similar references to other children of Dôn, consult pp. 59 and 65. Arianrhod is in the older Triads, i. 40, ii. 15, called daughter of Beli, whom one can only have regarded as her father. So for the present I continue to accept Stokes' rendering of *Tuatha Dé Danann* as 'the Folks of the Goddess Danu.'

easy for thee," answered his father. "Arthur is thy cousin. Go, therefore, unto Arthur to cut thy hair, and ask this of him as a boon."'

The physical theory of love for an unknown lady at the first mention of her name, and the allusion to the Celtic tonsure, will have doubtless caught the reader's attention, but I only wish to speak of the words which the translator has rendered, 'I declare to thee, that it is thy destiny not to be suited with a wife until thou obtain Olwen.' More closely rendered, the original might be translated thus: 'I swear thee a destiny that thy side touch not a wife till thou obtain Olwen.' The word in the Welsh for destiny is *tynghet* (for an earlier *tuncet*), and the corresponding Irish word is attested as *tocad*. Both these words have a tendency, like 'fate,' to be used mostly *in peiorem partem*. Formerly, however, they might be freely used in an auspicious sense likewise, as for instance in the woman's name *Tunccetace*, on an early inscribed stone in Pembrokeshire. If her name had been rendered into Latin she would have probably been called *Fortunata*, as a namesake of good fortune. I render the Welsh *mi a tynghaf dynghet itt*[1] into English, 'I swear thee a destiny'; but, more literally still, one might possibly render it 'I swear thee a swearing,' that is, 'I swear thee an oath,' meaning 'I swear for thee an oath which will bind thee.' The stepmother, it is true, is not represented going through the form of words, for what she said appears to have been a regular formula, just like that of putting a person in Medieval Irish story under *gessa* or bonds of magic; but an oath or form of imprecation was once doubtless a dark reality behind this

[1] See the Oxford *Mabinogion*, p. 102; Guest's trans., ii. 252. The combination occurs also in the *Book of Aneurin*: see Stephens' *Gododin* (London, 1888), p. 322.

formula. In the southern part of my native county of Cardigan, the phrase in question has been in use within the last thirty years, and the practice which it denotes is still so well known as to be the subject of local stories. A friend of mine, who is not yet fifty, vividly remembers listening to an uncle of his relating how narrowly he once escaped having the oath forced on him. He was in the hilly portion of the parish of Llanwenog, coming home across country in the dead of a midsummer's night, when leaping over a fence he unexpectedly came down close to a man actively engaged in sheep-stealing. The uncle instantly took to his heels, while the thief pursued him with a knife. If the thief had caught him, it is understood that he would have held his knife at his throat and forced on him an oath of secrecy. I have not been able to ascertain the wording of the oath, but all I can learn goes to show that it was dreaded only less than death itself. In fact, there are stories current of men who failed to recover from the effects of the oath, but lingered and died in a comparatively short time. Since I got the foregoing story I have made inquiries of others in South Cardiganshire, and especially of a medical friend of mine, who speaks chiefly as to his native parish of Llangynllo. I found that the idea is perfectly familiar to him and my other informants; but, strange to say, from nobody could I gather that the illness is considered to result necessarily from the violent administration of the *tynghed* to the victim, or from the latter's disregarding the secrecy of it by disclosing to his friends the name of the criminal. In fact, I cannot discover that any such secrecy is emphasized so long as the criminal is not publicly brought before a court of justice. Rather is it that the *tynghed* effects blindly the ruin of the sworn man's health, regardless of his conduct. At any rate, that is

the interpretation which I am forced to put on what I have been told.

The phrase *tyngu tynghed*[1], intelligible still in Wales, recalls another instance of the importance of the spoken word, to wit, the Latin *fatum*. Nay, it seems to suggest that the latter might have perhaps originally been part of some such a formula as *alicui fatum fari*, 'to say one a saying,' in the pregnant sense of applying to him words of power. This is all the more to the point, as it is well known how closely Latin and Celtic are related to one another, and how every advance in the study of those languages goes to add emphasis to their kinship. From the kinship of the languages one may expect, to a certain extent, a similarity of rites and customs, and one has not to go further for this than the very story which I have cited. When Kulhwch's father first married, he is said to have sought a *gwreic kynmwyt ac ef*[2], which means 'a wife of the same food with him.' Thus the wedded wife was she, probably, who ate with her husband, and we are reminded of the food ceremony which constituted the aristocratic marriage in ancient Rome: it was called *confarreatio*, and in the course of it an offering of cake, called *farreum libum*, used to be made to Jupiter. A great French student of antiquity, M. Fustel de Coulanges, describes the ceremony thus[3]:—'Les deux époux, comme en Grèce, font

[1] It will be noticed that there is a discrepancy between the gutturals of these two words: *tyngu*, 'to swear' (O. Ir. *tongu*, 'I swear'), has *ng*—the Kulhwch spelling, *tynghaf*, should probably be *tyngaf*—while *tynghed* and its Irish equivalent imply an *nc*. I do not know how to explain this, though I cannot doubt the fact of the words being treated as cognate. A somewhat similar difference, however, occurs in Welsh *dwyn*, 'to bear, carry, steal,' and *dwg*, 'carries, bears': see the *Revue Celtique*, vi. 18–9.

[2] See the Oxford *Mabinogion*, p. 100, and Guest's trans., ii. 249, where it is rendered 'a wife as a helpmate,' which is more commonplace than suggestive.

[3] *La Cité antique* (Paris, 1864), p. 50; see also Joachim Marquardt's *Privatleben der Römer* (Leipsic, 1886), pp. 49–51, and among the references there given may be mentioned Dionysius of Halicarnassus, ii. 25.

un sacrifice, versent la libation, prononcent quelques prières, et mangent ensemble un gâteau de fleur de farine (*panis farreus*).' Lastly, my attention has been directed to the place given to bread in the stories of Llyn y Fan Fach and Llyn Elfarch. For on turning back to pp. 3–6, 17–8, 28, the reader will find too much made of the bread to allow us to suppose that it had no meaning in the courtship. The young farmer having fallen in love at first sight with the lake maiden, it looks as if he wished, by inducing her to share the bread he was eating, to go forthwith through a form of marriage by a kind of confarreation that committed her to a contract to be his wife without any tedious delay.

To return to the Latin *fatum*, I would point out that the Romans had a plurality of *fata*; but how far they were suggested by the Greek μοῖραι is not quite clear: nor is it known that the ancient Welsh had more than one *tynghed*. In the case, however, of old Norse literature, we come across the Fate there as one bearing a name which is perhaps cognate with the Welsh *tynghed*. I allude to a female figure, called Þokk, who appears in the touching myth of Balder's death. When Balder had fallen at the hands of Loki and Höðr, his mother Frigg asked who would like to earn her good will by going as her messenger to treat with Hell for the release of Balder. Hermóðr the Swift, another of the sons of Woden, undertook to set out on that journey on his father's charger Sleipnir. For nine dreary nights he pursued his perilous course without interruption, through glens dark and deep, till he came to the river called Yell, when he was questioned as to his errand by the maid in charge of the Yell bridge. On and on he rode afterwards till he came to the fence of Hell's abode, which his horse cleared at full speed. Hermóðr entered the hall, and

there found his brother Balder seated in the place of honour. He abode with him that night, and in the morning he asked Hell to let Balder ride home with him to the Anses. He urged Hell to consider the grief which everybody and everything felt for Balder. She replied that she would put that to the test by letting Balder go if everything animate and inanimate would weep for him; but he would be detained if anybody or anything declined to do so. Hermóðr made his way back alone to the Anses, and announced to Frigg the answer which Hell had given to her request. Messengers were sent forth without delay to bid all the world beweep Woden's son out of the power of Hell. This was done accordingly by all, by men and animals, by earth and stones, by trees and all metals, 'as you have doubtless seen these things weep,' says the writer of the Prose Edda, 'when they pass from frost to warmth.' When the messengers, however, were on their way home, after discharging their duty, they chanced on a cave where dwelt a giantess called Þokk, whom they ordered to join in the weeping for Balder; but she only answered:—

> Þokk will weep dry tears
> At Balder's bale-fire.
> What is the son of man, quick or dead, to me!
> Let Hell keep what she holds[1].

In this ogress Þokk, deaf to the appeals of the tenderer feelings, we seem to have the counterpart of our Celtic *tocad* and *tynghed*; and the latter's name as a part of the formula in the Welsh story, while giving us the key of the myth, shows how the early Aryan knew of nothing

[1] See Vigfusson and Powell's *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, i. 126, 181–3, 197; the Prose Edda in *Edda Snorronis Sturlæi* (Copenhagen, 1848), i. 90–2, 102, 104, 172–86; and Simrock's *Edda* (Stuttgart, 1855), pp. 292–3, 295–6, 299, 316–20.

more binding than the magic force of an oath. On the one hand, this conception of destiny carries with it the marks of its humble origin, and one readily agrees with Cicero's words, *De Divinatione*, ii. 7, when he says, ***anile sane et plenum superstitionis fati nomen ipsum.*** On the other hand, it rises to the grim dignity of a name for the dark, inexorable power which the whole universe is conceived to obey, a power before which the great and resplendent Ζεύς of the Aryan race is a mere puppet.

Perhaps I have dwelt only too long on the policy of 'give and take' which ought to obtain between mythology and glottology. Unfortunately, one can add without fear of contradiction, that, even when that policy is carried out to the utmost, both sciences will still have difficulties more than enough. In the case of mythology these difficulties spring chiefly from two distinct sources, from the blending of history with myth, and from the mixing of one race with another. Let us now consider the latter: the difficulties from this source are many and great, but every fresh acquisition of knowledge tending to make our ideas of ethnology more accurate, gives us a better leverage for placing the myths of mixed peoples in their proper places as regards the races composing those peoples. Still, we have far fewer propositions to lay down than questions to ask: thus to go no further afield than the well-known stories attaching to the name of Heracles, how many of them are Aryan, how many Semitic, and how many Aryan and Semitic at one and the same time? That is the sort of question which besets the student of Celtic mythology at every step; for the Celtic nations of the present day are the mixed descendants of Aryan invaders and the native populations which those Aryan invaders found in possession. So the question thrusts

itself on the student, to which of these races a particular myth, rite, or custom is to be regarded as originally belonging. Take, for instance, Brân's colossal figure, to which attention has already been called, pp. 552–3 above. Brân was too large to enter a house or go on board a ship: is he to be regarded as the outcome of Celtic imagination, or of that of a people that preceded the Celts in Celtic lands? The comparison with the Gaulish *Tricephal* would seem to point in the direction of the southern seaboard of the Baltic (p. 553): what then?

The same kind of question arises in reference to the Irish hero Cúchulainn: take, for instance, the stock description of Cúchulainn in a rage. Thus when angered he underwent strange distortions: the calves of his legs came round to where his shins should have been; his mouth enlarged itself so that it showed his liver and lungs swinging in his throat; one of his eyes became as small as a needle's, or else it sank back into his head further than a crane could have reached, while the other protruded itself to a corresponding length; every hair on his body became as sharp as a thorn, and held on its point a drop of blood or a spark of fire. It would be dangerous then to stop him from fighting, and even when he had fought enough, he required for his cooling to be plunged into three baths of cold water; the first into which he went would instantly boil over, the second would be too hot for anybody else to bear, and the third only would be of congenial warmth. I do not ask whether that strange picture betrays a touch of the solar brush, but I should be very glad to know whether it can be regarded as an Aryan creation or not.

It is much the same with matters other than mythological: take, for instance, the bedlamite custom of the

couvade [1], which is presented to us in Irish literature in the singular form of a *cess*, 'suffering or indisposition,' simultaneously attacking the braves of ancient Ulster. We are briefly informed in the *Book of the Dun Cow*, fo. 60ª, that the women and boys of Ulster were free from it. So was any Ultonian, we are told, who happened to be outside the boundaries of his country, and so were Cúchulainn and his father, even when in Ulster. Any one who was rash enough to attack an Ultonian warrior during this his period of helplessness could not, it is further stated, expect to live afterwards either prosperously or long. The question for us, however, is this: was the couvade introduced by the Aryan invaders of Ireland, or are we rather to trace it to an earlier race? I should be, I must confess, inclined to the latter view, especially as the couvade was known among the Iberians of old, and among the ancient Corsicans [2]. It may, of course, have been both Aryan and Iberian, but it will all the same serve as a specimen of the sort of question which one has to try to answer.

[1] Two versions of a story to account for the Ultonian couvade have been published with a translation into German, by Prof. Windisch, in the *Berichte der k. sächs. Gesellschaft der Wissenschaften* (*phil.-hist. Classe*) for 1884, pp. 338 et seq. Sundry references to the couvade will also be found in my *Hibbert Lectures*, where certain mythological suggestions made with reference to it require to be reconsidered. But when touching on this point it occurred to me that the wholesale couvade of the Ultonian braves, at one and the same time of the year, implied that the birth of Ultonian children, or at any rate those of them that were to be reared, took place (in some period or other of the history of their race) at a particular season of the year, namely, about the beginning of the winter, that is when food would be most abundant. I have since been confirmed in this view by perusing Westermarck's work on the *History of Human Marriage*, and by reading especially his second chapter entitled 'A Human Pairing Season in Primitive Times.' For there I find a considerable body of instances in point, together with a summary treatment of the whole question. But in the case of promiscuity, such as originally prevailed doubtless at the Ultonian Court, the question what men were to go into couvade could only be settled by the confinement of them all, wherein we have an alternative if not an additional reason for a simultaneous couvade.

[2] See Strabo, iii. 165, and Diodorus, v. 14.

Another instance, the race origin of which one would like to ascertain, offers itself in the curious belief, that, when a child is born, it is one of the ancestors of the family come back to live again. Traces of this occur in Irish literature, namely, in one of the stories about Cúchulainn. There we read to the following effect:—The Ultonians took counsel on account of Cúchulainn, because their wives and girls loved him greatly; for Cúchulainn had no consort at that time. This was their counsel, namely, that they should seek for Cúchulainn a consort pleasing to him to woo. For it was evident to them that a man who has the consort of his companionship with him would be so much the less likely to attempt the ruin of their girls and to receive the affection of their wives. Then, moreover, they were anxious and afraid lest the death of Cúchulainn should take place early, so they were desirous for that reason to give him a wife in order that he might leave an heir; for they knew that it was from himself that his rebirth (*athgein*) would be. That is what one reads in the eleventh-century copy of the ancient manuscript of the *Book of the Dun Cow*, fo. 121^{b}; and this atavistic belief, which was touched upon in connexion with the transformations discussed in the last chapter, I need scarcely say, is well known elsewhere to the anthropologist, as one will find on consulting the opening pages of Dr. Tylor's second volume on *Primitive Culture*. He there mentions the idea as familiar to American Indians, to various African peoples, to the Maoris and the aborigines of Australia, to Cheremiss Tartars and Lapps. Among such nations the words of Don Diègue to his victorious son, the Cid, could hardly fail to be construed in a sort of literal sense when he exclaims:—

. . . . . ton illustre audace
Fait bien revivre en toi les héros de ma race.

Let us return to Cúchulainn, and note the statement, that he and his father, Sualdaim, were exempt from the couvade, which marks them out as not of the same race as the Ultonians, that is to say, as the *Fir Ulaid*, or 'True Ultonians'—presumably ancient inhabitants of Ulster. Furthermore, we have an indication whence his family had come, for Cúchulainn's first name was *Setanta Beg*, 'the Little Setantian,' which points to the coast of what is now Lancashire, as already indicated at p. 385 above. Another thing which marks Cúchulainn as of a different racial origin from the other Ultonians is the belief of the latter, that his rebirth must be from himself. The meaning of this remarkable statement is that there were two social systems face to face in Ulster at the time represented by the Cúchulainn story, and that one of them recognized fatherhood, while the other did not. Thus for Cúchulainn's rebirth to be from himself, he must be the father of a child from whom should descend a man who would be a rebirth or avatar of Cúchulainn. The other system implied was one which reckoned descent by birth alone[1]; and the Cúchulainn story gives one the impression that it contemplated this system as the predominant one, while the Cúchulainn family, with its reckoning of fatherhood, comes in as an exception. At all events, that is how I now understand a passage, the full significance of which had till recently escaped me.

Allusion has already been made to the story of Cúchulainn being himself a rebirth, namely, of Lug, and the story deserves still further consideration in its bearing on the question of race, to which the reader's attention has been called. It is needless, however, to say that there are extant fragments of more stories than

[1] For some more detailed remarks on the reckoning of descent by birth, see *The Welsh People*, pp. 36 et seq.

one as to Cúchulainn's origin. Sometimes, as in the *Book of Leinster*, fo. 119ᵃ, he is called *gein Loga*, or Lug's offspring, and in the epic tale of the Táin Bó Cuailnge, Lug as his father comes from the *Síd* or Faery to take Cúchulainn's place in the field, when the latter was worn out with sleeplessness and toil. Lug sings over him *éli Loga*, or 'Lug's enchantment,' and Cúchulainn gets the requisite rest and sleep[1]: this we read in the *Book of the Dun Cow*, fo. 78ᵃ. In another version of the story, Cúchulainn is an incarnation of Lug: the narrative relates how a foster-son was accepted by Dechtere, sister to Conchobar MacNessa, king of Ulster. But her foster-son died youug, to the great grief of Dechtere; and her lamentations for him on the day of his funeral having made her thirsty, she inadvertently swallowed with her drink a diminutive creature which sprang into her mouth. That night she had a dream, in which a man informed her that she was pregnant, that it was he who was in her womb, that he had been her foster-son, and that he was Lug; also that when his birth should take place, the name was to be Setanta. After an incident which I can only regard as a clumsy attempt to combine the more primitive legend with the story which makes him son of Sualdaim, she gives birth to the boy, and he is duly called Setanta[2]: that was Cúchulainn's first name. Now compare this with what Dr. Tylor mentions in

[1] In Welsh *eli* means 'ointment,' probably so called from spells pronounced over it when used as a remedy. In the Twrch Trwyth story (Oxford *Mabinogion*, p. 138) one of Arthur's men bears the curious designation of *Reidôn uab Eli Atuer*, which might be Englished 'R. son of the Restoring Ointment,' unless one should rather say 'of the Restoring Enchantment.'

[2] See the *Book of the Dun Cow*, fo. 128ᵇ, and Windisch's *Irische Texte*, pp. 138–9. The rebirth of Lug as Cúchulainn has been touched upon in my *Hibbert Lectures*, p. 431; but since then the whole question of rebirth has been discussed at length in Nutt and Meyer's volumes entitled *The Voyage of Bran* (London, 1895).

the case of the Lapps, namely, that 'the future mother was told in a dream what name to give her child, this message being usually given her by the very spirit of the deceased ancestor, who was about to be incarnate in her[1].' If the mother got no such intimation in a dream, the relatives of the child had to have recourse to magic and the aid of the wise man, to discover the name to be given to the child.

Here let it suffice to say, that the similarity is so close between the Irish and the Lapp idea, and so unlike anything known to have been Aryan, that it is well worth bearing in mind. The belief in rebirth generally seems to fit as a part of the larger belief in the transmigration of souls which is associated with the teachings of the ancient druids, a class of shamans or medicine-men who were probably, as already hinted, not of Celtic or Aryan origin; and probably the beliefs here in question were those of some non-Aryan people of these islands, rather than of any Aryans who settled in them. This view need hardly be regarded as incompatible with the fact, that Lug's name, genitive *Loga*,

[1] Tylor's *Primitive Culture*, ii. 4, where he gives a reference to Gustav Klemm's *Culturgeschichte*, iii. 77, and Klemm's authority proves to be Jessen, whose notes are given in a 'tractatus' bound with Knud Leem *De Lapponibus Finmarchiæ* (Copenhagen, 1767): Jessen's words in point read as follows, p. 33:—*Et baptismum quidem, quem ipsi* Laugo, *i. e. lavacrum appellabant, quod attinet, observandum occurrit, fœminam Lapponicam, jam partui vicinam, atque in eo statu Sarakkæ impensius commendatam, de nomine, nascituro infanti imponendo, per insomnia plerumque a Jabmekio quodam admonitam fuisse et simul de Jabmekio illo, qui, ut ipsi quidem loqui amarunt, in hoc puero resuscitandus foret, edoctam. Hujusmodi per insomnia factas admonitiones* niēgost *nuncuparunt Lappones. Si gravida mulier a Jabmekio hac ratione edocta non fuerit, recens nati infantis vel parenti vel cognatis incubuit, per τὸ Myran, in tympano, securi vel balteo susceptum, vel etiam Noaaidum consulendo, explorare, quo potissimum nomine infans appellandus esset.* In the body of Leem's work, p. 497, one reads, that if the child sickens or cries after baptism, this is taken to prove that the right ancestor has not been found; but as he must be discovered and his name imposed on the child, resort is had to a fresh baptism to correct the effects of the previous one.

would seem to have meant light, and that Lug was a sun-god, very possibly a Celtic sun-god: or more correctly speaking, that there was a series of Lugs, so to say, or sun-gods, called in ancient Spain, Switzerland, and on the banks of the Rhine, *Lugoves*[1]. For one is sorely tempted to treat this much as a rescue from the wreckage of the solar myth theory, as against those who, having regard mainly to Lug's professional skill and craft as described in Irish story, make of him a kind of Hermes or Mercury. In other words, we have either to regard a Celtic Lug as having become the centre of certain non-Celtic legends, or else to suppose neither Lug nor his name to be of Aryan origin at all. It is hard to say which is the sounder view to take.

The next question which I wish to suggest is as to the ethnology of the fairies; but before coming to that, one has to ask how the fairies have been evolved. The idea of fairies, such as Welshmen have been familiar with from their childhood, clearly involves elements of two distinct origins. Some of those elements come undoubtedly from the workshop of the imagination, as, for example, the stock notion that their food and drink are brought to the fairies by the mere force of wishing, and without the ministration of servants; or the notion, especially prevalent in Arfon, that the fairies dwell in a country beneath the lakes of Snowdon; not to mention the more general connexion of a certain class of fairies with the world of waters, as indicated in chapter vii. Add to this that the dead ancestor has also probably contributed to our bundle of notions about them; but that contains also an element of fact or something which may at any rate be conceived as historical. Under this head I should place

[1] See Holder's *Alt-celtischer Sprachschatz*, s. v. Lugus; also the index to my *Hibbert Lectures*, s. v. Leu, Lug, Lugoves.

the following articles of faith concerning them: the sallowness of their skins and the smallness of their stature, their dwelling underground, their dislike of iron, and the comparative poverty of their homes in the matter of useful articles of furniture, their deep-rooted objection to the green sward being broken up by the plough, the success of the fairy wife in attending to the domestic animals and to the dairy, the limited range generally of the fairies' ability to count; and lastly, one may perhaps mention their using a language of their own (p. 279), which would imply a time when the little people understood no other, and explain why they should be represented doing their marketing without uttering a syllable to anybody (p. 161).

The attribution of these and similar characteristics to the fairies can scarcely be all mere feats of fancy and imagination: rather do they seem to be the result of our ancestors projecting on an imaginary world a primitive civilization through which tradition represented their own race as having passed, or, more probably, a civilization in which they saw, or thought they saw, another race actually living. Let us recur for examples also to the two lake legends which have just been mentioned (p. 650): in both of them a distinction is drawn between the lake fairy's notion of bread and that of the men and women of the country. To the fairy the latter's bread appeared crimped or overbaked: possibly the backward civilization, to which she was supposed to belong, was content to support itself on some kind of unleavened bread, if not rather on a fare which included nothing deserving to be called bread at all. Witness Giraldus Cambrensis' story of Eliodorus, in which bread is conspicuous by its absence, the nearest approach to it being something of the consistency of porridge: see p. 270 above. Then take another order of ideas: the

young man in both lake legends lives with his mother (pp. 3, 27): there is no father to advise or protect him: he is in this respect on a level with Undine, who is the protégée of her tiresome uncle, Kühleborn. Seemingly, he belongs to a primitive society where matriarchal ideas rule, and where paternity is not reckoned[1]. This we are at liberty at all events to suppose to have been the original, before the narrator had painted the mother a widow, and given the picture other touches of his later brush.

To speak, however, of paternity as merely not reckoned is by no means to go far enough; so here we have to return to take another look at the imaginary aspect of the fairies, to which a cursory allusion has just been made. The reader will possibly recall the sturdy smith of Ystrad Meurig, who would not reduce the notions which he had formed of the fairies when he was a child to conformity with those of a later generation around him. In any case, he will remember the smith's statement that *the fairies were all women*: see p. 245. The idea was already familiar to me as a Welshman, though I cannot recollect how I got it. But the smith's words brought to my mind at once the story of Condla Rúad or the Red, one of the fairy tales first recorded in Irish literature (p. 291). There the damsel who takes Condla away in her boat of glass to the realm of the Everliving sings the praises of that delectable country, and uses, among others, the following words, which occur in the *Book of the Dun Cow*, fo. 120:—

Ni fil cenel and nammá acht mná ocus ingena[2].
There is no race there but women and maidens alone.

[1] For more on this subject see the chapter on the Pictish question in *The Welsh People*, pp. 36–74.

[2] It is right to say that the story represents the fairies as living under the rule of a *ri*, a title usually rendered by 'king'; but *ri* (genitive *rig*) was probably at one time applicable to either sex, just as we find Gaulish names

Now what people could have come by the idea of a race of women only? Surely no people who considered that they themselves had fathers: it must have been some community so low in the scale of civilization as never to have had any notion whatsoever of paternity: it is their ignorance that would alone render possible the notion of a race all women. That this was a matter of belief in the past of many nations, is proved by the occurrence of widely known legends about virgin mothers[1]; not to mention that it has been lately established, that there are savages who to this day occupy the low place here indicated in the scale of civilization. Witness the evidence of Spencer and Gillen in their recently published work on *The Native Tribes of Central Australia*, and also what Frazer, author of *The Golden Bough*, says of a passage in point, in the former, as follows:—

'Thus, in the opinion of these savages, every conception is what we are wont to call an immaculate conception, being brought about by the entrance into the mother of a spirit apart from any contact with the other sex. Students of folklore have long been familiar with notions of this sort occurring in the stories of the birth of miraculous personages, but this is the first case on record of a tribe who believe in immaculate conception as the sole cause of the birth of every human being who comes into the world. A people so ignorant of the most elementary of natural

like *Biturix* and *Visurix* borne by women. The wonder, however, is that such a line as that just quoted has not been edited out of the verses long ago, just as one misses any equivalent for it in Joyce's English expansion of the story in his *Old Celtic Romances*, pp. 106–11. Compare, however, the Land of the Women in the *Voyage of Maildun* (Joyce, pp. 152–6), and in Meyer and Nutt's *Voyage of Bran*, i. 30–3.

[1] This conclusion has been given in a note at the foot of p. 37 of *The Welsh People*; but for a variety of instances to illustrate it see Hartland's chapters on Supernatural Birth in his *Legend of Perseus*.

processes may well rank at the very bottom of the savage scale[1].'

Nevertheless, it is to some population in that low position, in the remote prehistory of this country, that one is to trace the belief that the fairies were all women. It is to be regarded as a position distinctly lower than that of the Ultonians in the time of Cúchulainn; for the couvade seems to me to argue a notion of paternity—perhaps, in their case, as clear a notion of paternity as was possible for a community which was not quite out of the promiscuous stage of society.

The neo-Celtic nations of these islands consist, speaking roughly, of a mixture of the invading Celts with the earlier inhabitants whom the Celts found in possession. These two or more groups of peoples may have been in very different stages of civilization when they first came in contact with one another. They agreed doubtless in many things, and perhaps, among others, in cherishing an inherited reluctance to disclose their names, but the Celts as Aryans were never without the decimal system of counting. Like the French, the Celtic nations of the present day show a tendency, more or less marked, to go further and count by scores instead of by tens. But the Welsh are alone among them in having, in certain

[1] See Frazer's article on 'The Origin of Totemism' in the *Fortnightly Review* for April, 1899, p. 649. The passage to which it refers will be found at p. 265 of Spencer and Gillen's volume, where one reads as follows:—'Added to this we have amongst the Arunta, Luritcha, and Ilpirra tribes, and probably also amongst others such as the Warramunga, the idea firmly held that the child is not the direct result of intercourse, that it may come without this, which merely, as it were, prepares the mother for the reception and birth also of an already-formed spirit child who inhabits one of the local totem centres. Time after time we have questioned them on this point, and always received the reply that the child was not the direct result of intercourse.' It is curious to note how readily the Australian notion here presented would develop into that of the Lapps, as given at p. 658 from Jessen's notes.

instances, gone back from counting by tens to counting by fives, which they do when they count between 10 and 20: for 16, 17, 18, and 19 are in Welsh 1 on 15, 2 on 15, 3 on 15, and 4 on 15 respectively; and similarly with 13 and 14[1]. We have seen how the lake fairy reckoned by fives (pp. 8, 418) all the live stock she was to have as her dowry; and one otherwise notices that the fairies deal invariably in the simplest of numbers. Thus if you wish, for example, to find a person who has been led away by them, ten to one you have to go 'this day next year' to the spot where he disappeared. Except in the case of the alluring light of the full moon, it is out of the question to reckon months or weeks, though it is needless to say that to reckon the year correctly would have been in point of fact far more difficult; but nothing sounds simpler than 'this day next year.' In that simple arithmetic of the fairies, then, we seem to have a trace of a non-Aryan race, that is to say, probably of some early inhabitants of these islands.

Unfortunately, the language of those inhabitants has died out, so that we cannot appeal to its numerals directly; and the next best course to adopt is to take as a sort of substitute for their language that of possible kinsmen of a pre-Celtic race in this country. Now the students of ethnology, especially those devoted to the investigation of skulls and skins, tell us that we have among us, notably in Wales and Ireland, living representatives of a dark-haired, long-skulled race of the

[1] This feature of Welsh has escaped M. de Charencey, in his instructive letter on 'Numération basque et celtique,' in No. 48 of the *Bulletin de la Soc. de Linguistique de Paris*, pp. cxv–cxix. In passing, I may be allowed to mention a numerical curiosity which occurs in Old Irish: it has probably an important historical significance. I refer to the word for 'seven men' occurring sometimes as *morfeser*, which means, as it were, a *magnus seviratus* or 'big sixer.'

same description as one of the types which occur, as they allege, among the Basque populations of the Pyrenees. We turn accordingly to Basque, and what do we find? Why, that the first five numerals in that language are *bat*, *bi*, *iru*, *lau*, *bost*, all of which appear to be native; but when we come to the sixth numeral we have *sei*, which looks like an Aryan word borrowed from Latin, Gaulish, or some related tongue. The case is much the same with 'seven,' for that is in Basque *zazpi*, which is also probably an Aryan loan-word. Basque has native words, *zortzi* and *bederatzi*, for eight and nine, but they are longer than the first five, and appear to be of a later formation affecting, in common with *sei* and *zazpi*, the termination *i*. I submit, therefore, that here we have evidence of the former existence of a people in the West of Europe who at one time only counted as far as five. Some of the early peoples of the British Isles may have been on the same level, so that our notions about the fairies have probably been derived, to a greater or less extent, from ideas formed by the Celts concerning those non-Celtic, non-Aryan natives of whose country they took possession.

As regards my appeal to the authority of craniology, I have to confess that it is made with a certain amount of reservation, since the case is far less simple than it looks at first sight. Thus, in August, 1891, the Cambrian Archæological Association, including among them Professor Sayce, visited the south-west of Ireland. During our pleasant excursions in Kerry, the question of race was one of our constant topics; and Professor Sayce was reminded by what he saw in Ireland of his visit to North Africa, especially the hilly regions of the country inhabited by the Berbers. Among other things, he used to say that if a number of Berbers from the mountains were to be brought to an Irish village and

clad as Irishmen, he felt positive that he should not be able to tell them from the Irishmen themselves, such as we saw on our rambles in Kerry. This struck me as all the more remarkable, since his reference was to fairly tall, blue-eyed men whose hair could not be called black. On the other hand, owing perhaps to ignorance and careless ways of looking at things around me, I am a little sceptical as to the swarthy long-skulls: they did not seem to meet us at every turn in Ireland; and as for Wales, which I know as well as most people do, I cannot in my ignorance of craniology say with any confidence that I have ever noticed vast numbers of that type. I should like, however, to see the heads of some of the singers whom I have noticed at our Eisteddfodau at Cardiff, Aberdare, and Swansea, placed under the hands of an experienced skull-man. For I have long suspected that we cannot regard as of Aryan origin the vocal talent so general in Wales, and so conspicuous in our choirs of working people as to astonish all the great musicians who have visited our national festival. Beyond all doubt, race has not a little to do with the artistic feelings: a short-skull may be as unmusical, for example, as I am; but has anybody in this country ever known a narrow long-skull to be the reverse of unmusical? or has any one ever considered how few clergymen of the tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed type have been converted to the ritualistic and æsthetic movement in the Church of England?

As it seems to me that the bulk of the Welsh people would have to be described as short-skulls, it would be very gratifying to see those who are wont to refer freely to the dark-complexioned long-skulls of Wales catch a respectable number of specimens. I trust there are plenty to be found; and of course I do not care how they are taken, whether it be by an instantaneous pro-

cess of photography or in the meshes of some anthropometric sportsman, like Dr. Beddoe. Let them be secured anyhow, so that one may rest assured that the type is still numerically safe, and be able to judge with one's own eyes how heads long and swarthy look on the shoulders of living Welshmen. We might then be in a position also to compare with them the prevalent description of fairy changelings; for when the fairies steal nice, blond babies, they usually place in their stead their own aged-looking brats with short legs, sallow skins, and squeaky voices. Unfortunately for me, all the adult changelings of whom I happen to have heard any account had died some years before I began to turn my attention to the population of Faery, with the exception, perhaps, of one whose name I obtained under the seal of secrecy. It was that of the wife of a farmer living near Nefyn, in West Carnarvonshire. It was whispered that she was a changeling, so I am inclined to regard her as no other than one of the representatives of the same aboriginal stock to which one might conjecture some of her neighbours also to belong; she ought to be an extreme specimen of the type. It is to be hoped that the photographer and his anthropometric brother have found her out in time and in good humour; but it is now many years since I heard of her.

To return again to the fairies, some of them are described as more comely and good-looking than the rest (pp. 83, 250), but the fairy women are always pictured as fascinating, though their offspring as changelings are as uniformly presented in the light of repulsive urchins; but whole groups of the fairy population are sometimes described as being as ugly of face as they were thievish in disposition—those, for instance, of Llanfabon, in Glamorganshire (p. 262). There is one district, however, which is an exception to the tenor

of fairy physiognomy: it is that of the Pennant neighbourhood, in Carnarvonshire, together with the hills and valleys, roughly speaking, from Cwm Strallyn to Llwytmor and from Drws y Coed to Dolbenmaen. The fairies of that tract are said to have been taller than the others, and characterized by light or even flaxen hair, together with eyes of clear blue: see pp. 89, 93-7, 105-8. Nor is that all, for we are told that they would not let a person of dark complexion come near them (p. 96). The other fairies, when kidnapping, it is true, preferred the blond infants of other people to their own swarthy brats, which, perhaps, means that it was a policy of their people to recruit itself with men of the superior physique of the more powerful population around them. The supposed fairy ancestress of the people of the Pennant Valley bears, in the stories in point, such names as Penelope, Bella, Pelisha, and Sibi, while her descendants are still taunted with their descent—a quarrel which, within living memory, used to be fought out with fists at the fairs at Penmorfa and elsewhere. This seems to indicate a comparatively late settlement[1] in the district of a family or group of families from without, and an origin, therefore, somewhat similar to that of the *Simychiaid* and *Cowperiaid* (p. 67) of a more eastern portion of the same county, rather than anything deserving to be considered with the rest of the annals of Faery. Passing by this oasis, then, such snap-shot photographs as I have been able to take, so to speak, of fairyland cleared of the glamour resting on its landscape, seem to disclose to the eye a swarthy population of short stumpy men occupying the

[1] The non-Welsh names of the fairy ancestress ought possibly to lead one to discover the origin of that settlement; and a careful study perhaps of the language of the *Belsiaid* or Bellisians, if their Welsh has any dialectic peculiarities, might throw further light on their past.

most inaccessible districts of our country. They appear to have cared more for soap than clothing[1], and they lived on milk taken once a day, when they could get it. They probably fished and hunted, and kept domestic animals, including, perhaps, the pig; but they depended largely on what they could steal at night or in misty weather. Their thieving, however, was not resented, as their visits were believed to bring luck and prosperity (p. 251). Their communities formed as it were islands, owing to the country round about them having been wrested from them by later comers of a more warlike disposition and provided with better weapons. But the existence of the scattered groups of the fairies was in no danger of coming to a violent end: they were safe in consequence of the superstitious beliefs of their stronger neighbours, who probably regarded them as formidable magicians, powerful, among other things, to cause or to cure disease as they pleased. Such, without venturing to refresh my memory by perusing what has been written about dwarf races in other parts of the world, are the impressions made on my mind in the course of analysing and sifting the folklore materials crowded into this volume. That applies, of course, in so far only as regards the fairies in their character of a real people as distinguished from them as creatures of the imagination. But, as I have no wish to earn the displeasure of my literary friends, let me hasten to say that I acknowledge the latter, the creatures of the imagination, to be the true fairies, the admiration of one's childhood and the despair of one's later years: the other folk—the aborigines whom I have been trying to depict—form only

[1] Our stories frequently delight in giving the fairy women fine dresses and long trains; but I would rely more on the Ystrad Meurig smith's account (p. 245), and the case of the Pennant fairy who tears to shreds the gown offered her (p. 109).

a sort of substratum, a kind of background to the fairy picture, which I should be the last man to wish to mar.

It is needless to say that we have no trace of any fairies approaching the minute dimensions of Shakespeare's Queen Mab; for, after all, our fairies are mostly represented as not extravagantly unlike other people in personal appearance—not so unlike, in fact, that other folk might not be mistaken for them now and then as late as the latter part of the fifteenth century. Witness the following passage from Sir John Wynne's *History of the Gwydir Family*, p. 74:—

'Haveing purchased this lease, he removed his dwelling to the castle of Dolwyđelan, which at that time was in part thereof habitable, where one Howell ap Jevan ap Rys Gethin, in the beginning of Edward the Fourth his raigne, captaine of the countrey and an outlaw, had dwelt. Against this man David ap Jenkin rose, and contended with him for the sovreignety of the countrey; and being superiour to him, in the end he drew a draught for him, and took him in his bed at Penanmen with his concubine, performing by craft, what he could not by force, and brought him to Conway Castle. Thus, after many bickerings betweene Howell and David ap Jenkin, he being too weake, was faigne to flie the countrey, and to goe to Ireland, where he was a yeare or thereabouts. In the end he returned in the summer time, haveing himselfe, and all his followers clad in greene, who, being come into the countrey, he dispersed here and there among his friends, lurking by day, and walkeing in the night for feare of his adversaries; and such of the countrey as happened to have a sight of him and his followers, said they were the fairies, and soe ran away.'

But what has doubtless helped, above all other things, to perpetuate the belief in the existence of fairies may

be said to be the popular association with them of the circles in the grass, commonly known in English as fairy rings. This phenomenon must have answered for ages the purpose for our ancestors, practically speaking, of ocular demonstration, as it still does no doubt in many a rustic neighbourhood.

The most common name for the fairies in Welsh is *y Tylwyth Teg*, 'the Fair or Beautiful Family'; but in South Cardiganshire we have found them called *Plant Rhys Ðwfn*, 'the Children of Rhys the Deep' (pp. 151, 158), while in Gwent and Morgannwg they are more usually known as *Bendith y Mamau*, 'the Blessing of the Mothers' (p. 174). Our fourteenth century poet, D. ab Gwilym, uses the first-mentioned term, *Tylwyth Teg*, in poem xxxix, and our prose literature has a word *corr*, *cor* in the sense of a dwarf, and *corres* for a she dwarf. The old Cornish had also *cor*, which in Breton is written *korr*[1], with a feminine *korrez*, and among the other derivatives one finds *korrik*, 'a dwarf, a fairy, a wee little sorcerer,' and *korrigez* or *korrigan*, 'a she dwarf, a fairy woman, a diminutive sorceress.' The use of these words in Breton recalls the case of the *cor*, called Rhuđlwm or

[1] The difference between Mod. Welsh *cor* and Breton *korr* is one of spelling, for the reformed orthography of Welsh words only doubles the *r* where it is dwelt on in the accented syllable of a longer word: in other terms, when that syllable closes with the consonant and the next syllable begins with it. Thus *cor* has, as its derivatives, *cór-rach*, 'a dwarf,' plural *co-ráchod*, *cór-ryn*, 'a male dwarf,' plural *co-rýnnod*. Some of these enter into place-names, such as *Cwm Corryn* near Llanaelhaearn (p. 217) and *Cwm Corryn* draining into the Vale of Neath; so possibly with *Corwen* for *Cor-waen*, in the sense of 'the Fairies' Meadow.' *Cor* and *corryn* are also used for the spider, as in *gwe'r cor* or *gwe'r corryn*, 'a spider's web,' the spider being so called on account of its spinning, an occupation in which the fairies are represented likewise frequently engaged; not to mention that gossamer (*gwawn*) is also sometimes regarded as a product of the fairy loom (p. 103). The derivation of *cor* is not satisfactorily cleared up: it has been conjectured to be related to a Med. Irish word *cert*, 'small, little,' and Latin *curtus*, 'shortened or mutilated.' To me this means that the origin of the word still remains to be discovered.

else Eiđilig, teaching his magic to Coll, son of Collfrewi: see pp. 326, 503, 505. Then we have uncanny dwarfs in the romances, such, for example, as the rude *cor* in the service of Edern ab Nuđ, as described in French in Chrétien's romance of *Erec et Enide* and in Welsh in that of *Gereint vab Erbin*, also the *cor* and *corres* who figure in the story of Peredur. The latter had belonged to that hero's father and mother till the break-up of the family, when the dwarfs went to Arthur's Court, where they lived a whole year without speaking to anybody. When, however, Peredur made his rustic appearance there, they hailed him loudly as the chief of warriors and the flower of knighthood, which brought on them the wrath of Cai, on whom they were eventually avenged by Peredur. In the case[1] of both Edern and Peredur we find the dwarfs loyally interested in the fortunes of their masters and their masters' friends. With them also the shape-shifting Menw, though not found placed in the same unfavourable light, is probably to be ranged, as one may gather from his name and his rôle of wizard scout for Arthur's men (p. 510). In the like attachment on the part of the fairies, which was at times liable to develop into devotedness of an embarrassing nature (p. 250), we seem to have one of the germs of the idea of a household fairy or *banshee*, as illustrated by the case of the ugly wee woman in the Pantannas legend (p. 188); and it seems natural to regard the interested voices in the Kenfig legend, and other stories of the same kind (p. 452), as instances of amalgamating the idea of a fairy with that of an ancestral person.

At all events, we have obtained something to put by the side of the instances already noticed of the fairy

[1] For Edern's dwarf see Foerster's *Erec*, lines 146-274 and *passim*, the Oxford *Mabinogion*, pp. 248-61, and Guest's trans., ii. 73-92; and for Peredur's the latter books, pp. 197-9 and i. 304-7 respectively.

girl who gives, against her will at first, her services in the dairy of her captor (pp. 45, 87); of the other fairy who acts as a nurse for a family in the Pennant Valley, till she is asked to dress better (p. 109); and of Bwca'r Trwyn who works willingly and well, both at the house and in the field, till he has tricks played on him (pp. 593–6). To make this brief survey complete, one has to mention the fairies who used to help Eilian with her spinning (pp. 211–3), and not to omit those who were found to come to the rescue of a woman in despair and to assist her on the condition of getting her baby. The motive here is probably not to be confounded with that of the fairies who stealthily exchanged babies: the explanation seems in this case to be that the fairies, or some of the fairies, were once regarded as cannibals, which is countenanced by such a story as that of Canrig Bwt, 'Canrig the Stumpy.' At Llanberis the latter is said to have lived beneath the huge stone called *y Gromlech*, 'the Dolmen,' opposite Cwmglas and near the high-road to the Pass. When the man destined to dispatch her came, she was just finishing her dinner off a baby's flesh. There are traces of a similar story in another district, for a writer who published in the year 1802 uses the following words:—'There was lately near Cerrig y Drudion, in Merionethshire, a subterraneous room composed of large stones, which was called *Carchar Cynric Rwth*, i. e. "The Prison of Cynric Rwth," which has been taken notice of by travellers.' Cynric Rwth may be rendered 'Cynric the Greedy or Broad-mouthed.' A somewhat similar ogress is located by another story on the high ground at Bwlch y Rhiw Felen, on the way from Llangollen to Llandegla, and she is represented by the local tradition as contemporary with Arthur[1]. I am inclined to think the Cwmglas crom-

[1] The story of Canrig (or Cantrig) Bwt is current at Llanberis, but I do not recollect seeing it in print: I had it years ago from my father-in-law.

lech natural rather than artificial; but I am, however, struck by the fact that the fairies are not unfrequently located on or near ancient sites, such as seem to be Corwrion (pp. 57, 526), the margin of Llyn Irḏyn (pp. 148, 563), Bryn y Pibion (pp. 212–4), Dinllaen (p. 227), Carn Bodŭan (p. 227), on which there are, I am told, walls and hut foundations similar to those which I have recently seen on Carn Fadrun in the same district, Moeḏin camp (p. 245), and, perhaps, Ynys Geinon Rock and the immediate vicinity of Craig y Nos, neither of which, however, have I ever visited (p. 254). Local acquaintance with each fairy centre would very possibly enable one to produce a list that would be suggestive.

In passing one may point out that the uncanny dwarf of Celtic story would seem to have served, in one way or another, as a model for other dwarfs in the French romances and the literatures of other nations that came under the influence of those romances, such as that of the English. But the subject is too large to be dealt with here; so I return to the word *cor*, in order to recall to the reader's mind the allusion made, at p. 196, to a certain people called *Coranneit* or *Coranyeit*, pronounced in later Welsh *Coráṇiaid*, 'Corannians.' They come in the Adventure of Llûḏ and Llevelys, and there they have ascribed to them one of the characteristics of consummate magicians, namely, the power of hearing any word that comes in contact with the wind; so it was, we are told, impossible

The statement as to Carchar Cynric Rwth comes from William Williams' *Observations on the Snowdon Mountains* (London, 1802). The Bwlch y Rhiw Felen legend was read by me to the British Archæological Association at its meeting at Llangollen, and it was printed in its *Journal* for December, 1878. It is right to say that the Llangollen story calls the woman a giantess, but I attach no importance to that, as the picture is blurred and treated in part allegorically. Lastly, the use of the word *carchar*, 'prison,' in the term Carchar Cynric Rwth recalls *Carchar Oeth ac Anoeth*, or 'the Prison of Oeth and Anoeth,' p. 619 above: the word would appear to have been selected because in both cases the structure was underground.

to harm them. Llûd, however, was advised to circumvent them in the following manner:—he was to bruise certain insects in water and sprinkle the water on the Corannians and his own people indiscriminately, after calling them together under the pretence of making peace between them; for the sprinkling would do no harm to his own subjects, while it would kill the others. This unholy water proved effective, and the Corannians all perished. Now the magic power ascribed to them, and the method of disposing of them, combine to lend them a fabulous aspect, while their name, inseparable as it seems from *cor*, 'a dwarf,' warrants us in treating them as fairies, and in regarding their strange characteristics as induced on a real people. If we take this view, that *Coraniaid* was the name of a real people, we are at liberty to regard it as possible, that their name suggested to the Celts the word *cor* for a dwarf, rather than that *cor* has suggested the name of the Corannians. In either case, I may mention that Welsh writers have sometimes thought—and they are probably right—that we have a closely related word in the name of Ptolemy's *Coritani* or *Coritavi*. He represents the people so called as dwelling, roughly speaking, between the Trent and Norfolk, and possessed of the two towns of *Lindum*, 'Lincoln,' and *Ratæ* (p. 547), supposed to have been Leicester. There we should have accordingly to suppose the old race to have survived so long and in such numbers, that the Celtic lords of southern Britain called the people of that area by a name meaning dwarfs. There also they may be conjectured to have had quiet from invaders from the Continent, because of the inaccessible nature of the fens, and the lack of inviting harbours on the coast from the country of the Iceni up to the neighbourhood of the Humber. How far their territory extended inland from the fens and the sea one

cannot say, but it possibly took in one-half of what is now Northamptonshire, with the place called *Pytchley*, from an older *Pihtes Léa*, meaning the Meadow of the Pict, or else of a man named Pict. In any case it included Croyland in the fens between Peterborough and the Wash. It was there, towards the end of the seventh century, that St. Guthlac built his cell on the side of an ancient mound or tumulus, and it was there he was assailed by demons who spoke *Bryttisc* or Brythonic, a language which the saint knew, as he had been an exile among Brythons. For this he had probably not to travel far; and it is remarkable that his father's *cognomen* or surname was *Penwall*, which we may regard as approximately the Brythonic for 'Wall's End.' That is to say, he was 'So-and-so of the Wall's End,' and had got to be known by the latter designation instead of his own *nomen*, which is not recorded, for the reason, possibly, that it was so Brythonic as not to admit of being readily reduced into an Anglian or Latin form. It is not quite certain that he belonged to the royal race of Mercia, whose genealogy, however, boasts such un-English names as Pybba, Penda, and Peada; but the life [1] states, with no little emphasis, that he was a man whose pedigree included the most noble names of illustrious kings from the ancient stock of Icel: that is, he was one of the *Iclingas* or Icklings [2]. Here one is tempted to perpetrate a little glottologic alchemy

[1] See the *Acta Sanctorum*, April 11, where one finds published the Latin life written by Felix not long after Guthlac's death. See also an Anglo-Saxon version, which has been edited with a translation by Ch. W. Goodwin (Lond n, 1848).

[2] In connexion with them Mr. Bullock Hall reminds me of *Icklingham*, in West Suffolk; and there seem to be several *Ickletons*, and an *Ickleford*, most or all of them, I am told, on the Icknield Way. The name *Icel*, whose genitive *Icles* is the form in the original life, has probably been inferred from the longer word *Iclingas*, and inserted in due course in the Mercian pedigree, where it occupies the sixth place in descent from Woden.

by changing *l* into *n*, and to suppose *Iclingas* the form taken in English by the name of the ancient people of the *Iceni*. In any case, nothing could be more reasonable to suppose than that some representatives of the royal race of Prasutagus and Boudicca, escaping the sword of the Roman, found refuge among the Coritanians at the time of the final defeat of their own people: it is even possible that they were already the ruling family there. At all events several indications converge to show that communities speaking Brythonic were not far off, to wit, the *p* names in the Mercian genealogy, Guthlac's father's surname, Guthlac's exile among Brythons, and the attack on him at Croyland by Brythonic speaking foes. Portions of the Coritanian territory were eminently fitted by nature to serve as a refuge for a broken people with a belated language: witness as late as the eleventh century the stand made in the Isle of Ely by Hereward against the Norman conqueror and his mail-clad knights[1].

Among the speakers of Goidelic in Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland the fairies take their designation chiefly from a word *síd* or *síth* (genitive *síde* or *sída*), which one may possibly consider as of a common origin with the Latin word *sēdes*, and as originally meaning a seat or settlement, but it sooner or later came to signify simply an abode of the fairies, whence they were called in Medieval Irish *aes síde*, 'fairy folk,' *fer síde*, 'a fairy man,' and *ben síde*, 'a fairy woman or *banshee*.'

[1] Since the above was written, Dr. Ripley's important work on the *Races of Europe* (London, 1900) has reached me, but too late to study. I notice, however, that he speaks of an island of ancient population to the north of London and extending over most of the counties of Hertford, Buckingham, Bedford, Rutland, and Northampton, as far as those of Cambridge and Lincoln. A considerable portion of this area must have been within the boundaries of Coritanian territory, and it is now characterized, according to him, by nigrescence, short stature, and rarity of suicide, such as remind him of Wales and Cornwall: see his maps and pp. 322, 328, 591.

By the side of *síd*, an adjective *síde*, 'of or belonging to the *síd*,' appears to have been formed, so that they are found also called simply *síde*, as in Fiacc's Hymn, where we are told that before the advent of St. Patrick the pagan tribes of Erin used to worship *síde* or fairies[1]. Borrowed from this, or suggested by it[2], we have in Welsh *Caer Sidi*, 'the Fortress of the Fairies,' which is mentioned twice in the *Book of Taliessin*[3]. It first occurs at the end of poem xiv, where we have the following lines, which recall Irish descriptions of *Tír nan Óg* or the Land of the Young:—

Ys kyweir vyg kadeir ygkaer sidi.
Nys pla6d heint a heneint a uo yndi.
Ys gwyr mana6yt a phryderi.
Teir oryan y am tan agan recdi.
Ac am y banneu ffrydyeu g6eilgi.
Ar ffynnha6n ffr6ythla6n yssyd oduchti.
Ys whegach nor g6in g6yn yllyn yndi.

Perfect is my seat in the fort of Sidi,
Nor pest nor age plagues him who dwells therein:
Manawyđan and Pryderi know it.
Three organs play before it about a fire.
Around its corners Ocean's currents flow,
And above it is the fertile fountain,
And sweeter than white wine is the drink therein.

The wine is elsewhere mentioned, but the arrangement of the organs around a fire requires explanation, which I cannot give. The fortress is on an island, and in poem xxx of the *Book of Taliessin* we read of Arthur and his men sailing thither in his ship Prydwen: the poem is usually called the 'Spoils of Annwn,' and the lines in point run thus:—

Bu kyweir karchar g6eir ygkaer sidi.
Tr6y ebostol p6yll aphryderi.

[1] See Fiacc's Hymn in Stokes' *Goidelica*, p. 127, l. 41.

[2] The Welsh passages unfortunately fail to show whether it was pronounced *sidi* or *sídi*: should it prove the latter, I should regard it as the Irish word borrowed.

[3] Skene's *Four Ancient Books of Wales*, ii. 153-5, 181-2.

Neb kyn noc ef nyt aeth idi.
Yr gadóyn tromlas kywirwas ae ketwi.
Arac preideu annófyn tost yt geni.
Ac yt urabót parahabót ynbard wedi.
Tri lloneit prytwen yd aetham ni idi.
Nam seith ny dyrreith o gaer sidi.

Perfect was the prison of Gwair in Caer Sidi,
Thanks to Pwyll and Pryderi's emissary.
Before him no one entered into it,
To the heavy, dark chain held by a faithful youth;
And before the spoils of Annwn sorely he sang,
And thenceforth remains he till doom a bard.
Three freights of Prydwen went we thither,
But only seven returned from Caer Sidi.

The incidents in these lines are mostly unintelligible to me, but the incarceration of Gweir or Gwair, together with other imprisonments, including that of Arthur in Caer Oeth and Anoeth (p. 619), are mentioned also in the Triads: see i. 50, ii. 7, 49, iii. 61. It is not improbable that the legend about Gwair located his prison on Lundy, as the Welsh name of that island appears to have been *Ynys Wair*, 'Gwair's Isle.' Pwyll and Pryderi did not belong to Annwn, nor did Pryderi's friend Manawyđan; but the *Mabinogi* of Pwyll relates how for a whole year Pwyll exchanged crown and kingdom with Arawn king of Annwn, from whom he obtained the first breed of domestic pigs for his own people (pp. 69, 525).

In the lowlands of Scotland, together with the Orkneys and Shetlands, the Picts have to a certain extent taken the place of our fairies, and they are colloquially called Pechts. Now judging from the remains there ascribed to the Pechts, their habitations were either wholly underground or else so covered over with stones and earth and grass as to look like natural hillocks and to avoid attracting the attention of strangers. This was helped by making the entrance very low and as inconspicuous as possible. But one of the most remarkable things about these *sids* is that the cells within them are frequently

so small as to prove beyond doubt, that those who inhabited them were of a remarkably short stature, though it is demonstrated by the weight of the stones used, that the builders were not at all lacking in bodily strength[1]. Here we have, accordingly, a small people like our own fairies. In Ireland one of the most famous kings of the fairies was called Mider of Brí Léith, where he resided in a *síd* or mound in the neighbourhood of Ardagh, in the county of Longford; and thither Irish legend represents him carrying away Étáin, queen of Eochaid Airem, king of Ireland during a part of Conchobar MacNessa's time. Now Eochaid was for a whole year unable to find where she was, but his druid, Dalán, wrote Ogams and at last found it out. Eochaid then marched to Brí Léith, and began to demolish Mider's *síd*, whereupon Mider was eventually so frightened that he sent forth the queen to her husband, who then went his way, leaving the mound folk to digest their wrath. For it is characteristic of them that they did not fight, but chose to bide their time for revenge. In this instance it did not arrive till long after Eochaid's day[2]. I may add that Étáin was herself one of the *síde* or fairies; and one of Mider's reasons for taking her away was, that she had been his wife in a previous stage of existence. Now it is true that the fairy Mider is described as resembling the other heroes of Irish story, in having golden yellow hair and bright

[1] For more about Picts and Pechts see some most instructive papers recently published by Mr. David MacRitchie, such as 'Memories of the Picts' in the *Scottish Antiquary*, last January, 'Underground Dwellings' in *Scottish Notes and Queries*, last March, and 'Fairy Mounds' in the *Antiquary*, last February and March.

[2] See p. 424 above, where, however, the object of the Ogams written on four twigs of yew has been misconceived. I think now that they formed simply so many letters of inquiry addressed by Dalán to other druids in different parts of Ireland. We seem to have here a ray of light on the early history of Ogam writing.

blue eyes[1], but he differs completely from them in being no warrior but a great wizard; and though he is not said to have been of small stature, the dwarfs were not far off. For in describing the poet Atherne, who was notorious for his stinginess (p. 635), the story-teller emphasizes his words by representing him taking from Mider three of his dwarfs and stationing them around his own house, in order that their truculent looks and rude words might drive away anybody who came to seek hospitality or to present an unwelcome request[2], a rôle which recalls that of Edern ab Nuđ's dwarf already mentioned (p. 672). Here the Irish word used is *corr*, which is probably to be identified with the Brythonic *cor*, 'a dwarf,' though the better known meaning of *corr* in Irish is 'crane or heron.' From the former also is hardly to be severed the Irish *corrguinigh*, 'sorcerers,' and *corrguinacht*[3], or the process of cursing to which the *corrguinigh* resorted, as, for instance, when Néde called forth the fatal blisters on Caier's face (p. 632). The rôle would seem exactly to suit the little people, who were consummate magicians.

Let me for a moment leave the little people, in order to call attention to another side of this question of race. It has recently been shown[4] by Professor J. Morris Jones, of the University College of North Wales, that the non-Aryan traits of the syntax of our insular Celtic point unmistakably to that of old Egyptian and Berber,

[1] See the *Book of the Dun Cow*, fo. 130[b].

[2] See the *Book of Leinster*, fo. 117[a].

[3] *Corrguinigh* occurs in the story of 'The Second Battle of Moytura,' where Stokes has rendered it 'sorcerers' in the *Revue Celtique*, xii. 77; and *corrguinacht* heads an article in O'Davoren's Glossary, published in Stokes' *Three Irish Glossaries*, p. 63, where it is defined as *beth for leth cois 7 for leth laimh 7 for leth suil ag denam na glaime dicinn*, 'to be on one foot and with one hand and one eye doing the *glám dicenn*.' The *glám dicenn* was seemingly the special elaboration of the art of making *pied de nez*, which we have tragically illustrated in the case of Caier.

[4] In Appendix B to *The Welsh People*, pp. 617–41.

together with kindred idioms belonging to the southern shore of the Mediterranean Sea. He has thereby reduced to articulate speech, so to say, the physiognomical convictions of Professor Sayce (p. 665), to which the reader's attention has been called. To the linguistic argument he appends a statement cited from a French authority and bearing on the question of descent by birth, to the effect, that when among the Berbers the king dies or is deposed, as happens often enough, it is not his son that is called to succeed, but the son of his sister, as in the case of the historical Picts of Scotland down to the twelfth century or thereabouts. Here I would add, that my attention has been called by Professor Sayce to old Egyptian monuments representing the Libyan chiefs with their bodies tattooed, a habit which seems not to be yet extinct among the Touaregs and Kabyles[1]. Lastly, Mr. Nicholson has recently directed attention to the fact that some princes of ancient Gaul are represented with their faces tattooed on certain coins found in the west of France so far south as the region once occupied by the ancient Pictones. We have a compendious commentary on this in the occurrence of a word *Chortonicum* in a High German manuscript written before the year 814: I allude to the Wessobrunn Codex at Munich, in which, among a number of geographical names connected with Gaul and other countries, that vocable is so placed as to allow of our referring it to Poitou or to all Gaul as the country once of the ancient Pictones. The great German philologist Pott, who called attention to it, brought it at once into relation with *Cruithne*, plural *Cruithni*, 'the Picts of Britain and Ireland,' a word which has been explained at p. 281 above[2].

[1] See Rosellini's *Monumenti dell' Egitto* (Pisa, 1832), vol. i. plates clvi, clx, and Maspero's *Histoire Ancienne* (Paris, 1897), ii. 430.

[2] One may now consult Nicholson's paper on 'The Language of the

Now at last I come to the question, what pre-Celtic race or races make themselves evident in the mass of things touched on in this and the foregoing chapters? The answer must, I think, recognize at least two. First comes the race of the mound folk, consisting of the short swarthy people variously caricatured in our fairy tales. They formed isolated fractions of a widely spread race possessed of no political significance whatsoever; but, with the inconsistency ever clinging to everything connected with the fairies, the weird and uncanny folk emerging from its underground lairs seems to have exercised on other races a sort of permanent spell of mysteriousness amounting to adoration. In fact, Irish literature tells us that the *síde* were worshipped (p. 678). Owing to his faculty of exaggeration, combined with his inability to comprehend the little people, the Celt was enabled to bequeath to the great literatures of Western Europe a motley train of dwarfs and brownies, a whole world of wizardry and magic. The real race of the little people forms the lowest stratum which we can reach, to wit, at a level no higher, seemingly, than that of the present-day natives of Central Australia. Thus some of the birth stories of Cúchulainn and Étáin seem to have passed through their hands, and they bear a striking resemblance to certain notions of the Lapps (pp. 657–8). In fact, the nature of the habitations of our little people, together with other points which might be mentioned, would seem at first sight to betoken affinity with the Lapps; but I am warned by experts[1] that

Continental Picts': see Meyer and Stern's *Zeitschrift*, iii. 326–8, 331–2, and note especially his reference to Herodian, iii. 14, § 8. For *Chortonicum* see *Die althochdeutschen Glossen* (edited by Steinmeyer and Sievers), iii. 610; also my paper on 'The Celts and the other Aryans of the *P* and *Q* Groups' read before the Philological Society, February 20, 1891, p. 11.

[1] I am chiefly indebted to my friend Professor A. C. Haddon for references to information as to the dwarf races of prehistoric times. I find also

there are serious craniological difficulties in the way of any racial comparison with the Lapps, and that one must look rather to the dwarf populations once widely spread over our hemisphere, and still to be found here and there in Europe, as, for example, in Sicily. To come nearer our British Isles, the presence of such dwarfs has been established with regard to Switzerland in neolithic times[1].

The other race may be called Picts, which is probably the earliest of the names given it by the Celts; and their affinities appear to be Libyan, possibly Iberian. It was a warlike stock, and stood higher altogether than the mound inhabitants; for it had a notion of paternity, though, on account of its promiscuity, it had to reckon descent by birth (pp. 654–6). To it probably belonged all the great family groups figuring in the *Mabinogion* and the corresponding class of literature in Irish: this would include the Danann-Dôn group and the Lir-Llyr group, together with the families represented by Pwyll and Rhiannon, who were inseparable from the Llyr group in Welsh, just as the Lir group was inseparable from the

that he, among others, has anticipated me in my theory as to the origins of the fairies: witness the following extract from the syllabus of a lecture delivered by him at Cardiff in 1894 on *Fairy Tales*:—'What are the fairies? —Legendary origin of the fairies. It is evident from fairy literature that there is a mixture of the possible and the impossible, of fact and fancy. Part of fairydom refers to (1) spirits that never were embodied: other fairies are (2) spirits of environment, nature or local spirits, and household or domestic spirits; (3) spirits of the organic world, spirits of plants, and spirits of animals; (4) spirits of men or ghosts; and (5) witches and wizards, or men possessed with other spirits. All these and possibly other elements enter into the fanciful aspect of fairyland, but there is a large residuum of real occurrences; these point to a clash of races, and we may regard many of these fairy sagas as stories told by men of the Iron Age of events which happened to men of the Bronze Age in their conflicts with men of the Neolithic Age, and possibly these, too, handed on traditions of the Palæolithic Age.'

[1] See the Berlin *Zeitschrift für Ethnologie* for 1894, vol. xxvi. pp. 189–254, which are devoted to an elaborate paper by Dr. Jul. Kollmann, entitled 'Das Schweitzersbild bei Schaffhausen und Pygmäen in Europa.' It closes with a long list of books and articles to be consulted on the subject.

Tuatha Dé Danann in Irish legend (pp. 548–9). The Picts made slaves and drudges of the mound-haunting race, but how far any amalgamation may have taken place between them it is impossible to say. Even without any amalgamation, however, the little people, if employed as nurses to their Pictish lords' children, could not help leaving their impress in time on the language of the ruling nationality. But it may be that the treatment of the Picts, by Scottish legend, as a kind of fairies really points to amalgamation, though it is not impossible that archæology may be able to classify the remains of the dwellings ascribed to the Pechts, that is, to assign a certain class to the warlike Picts of history and another to the dwarf race of the *síds*. A certain measure of amalgamation may also be the meaning of the Irish tradition, that when the Milesian Irish came and conquered, the defeated Tuatha Dé Danann gave up their life above ground and retired inside the hills like the fairies. This account of them may be as worthless as the story of the extermination of the Picts of Scotland: both peoples doubtless lived on to amalgamate in time with the conquering race; but it may mean that some of them retreated before the Celts, and concealed themselves after the manner of the little people—in underground dwellings in the less accessible parts of the country. In any case, it may well be that they got their magic and druidism from the dwellers of the *síds*. In the next place, it has been pointed out (pp. 550–1) how the adjective *hên*, 'old, ancient,' is applied in Welsh to several of the chief men of the Dôn group, and by this one may probably understand that they were old not merely to those who told the stories about them in Welsh, but to those who put those stories together in Goidelic ages earlier. The geography of the *Mabinogion* gives the prehistoric remains

of Penmaen Mawr and Tre'r Ceiri to the Dôn group; but by its name, *Tre'r Ceiri* should be the 'Town of the Keiri,' a word probably referring to the Picts (pp. 279–83): this, so far as it goes, makes the sons of Dôn belong by race to the Picts. Lastly, it is the widely spread race of the Picts, conquered by the Celts of the Celtican or Goidelic branch and amalgamating with their conquerors in the course of time, that has left its non-Aryan impress on the syntax of the Celtic languages of the British Isles.

These, it is needless to say, are conjectures which I cannot establish; but possibly somebody else may. For the present, however, they cannot fail to suggest a moral, habitually ignored with a light heart by most people—including the writer of these words—that men in his plight, men engaged in studies which, owing to a rapid accumulation of fresh facts or the blossoming of new theories, are in a shifting condition, should abstain from producing books or anything longer than a magazine article now and then. Even such minor productions should be understood to be liable to be cast into a great bonfire lit once a year, say on Halloween. This should help to clear the air of mistaken hypotheses, whether of folklore and myth or of history and language, and also serve to mark *Nos Galangaeaf* as the commencement of the ancient Celtic year. The business of selecting the papers to be saved from the burning might be delegated to an academy constituted, roughly speaking, on the lines of Plato's aristocracy of intellect. Such academy, once in the enjoyment of its existence, would also find plenty of work in addition to the inquisitional business which I have suggested: it should, for example, be invested with summary jurisdiction over fond parents who venture to show any unreasonable anxiety to save their mental progeny from the annual

bonfire. The best of that class of writers should be ordered by the academy to sing songs or indite original verse. As for the rest, some of them might be told off to gesticulate to the gallery, and some to administer the consolations of platitude to stragglers tired of the march of science. There is a mass of other useful work which would naturally devolve on an academy of the kind here suggested. I should be happy, if space permitted, to go through the particulars one by one, but let a single instance suffice: the academy might relieve us of the painful necessity of having seriously to consider any further the proposal that professors found professing after sixty should be shot. This will serve to indicate the kind of work which might advantageously be entrusted to the august body which is here but roughly projected.

There are some branches of learning in the happy position of having no occasion for such a body academical. Thus, if a man will have it that the earth is flat, as flat in fact as some people do their utmost to make it, 'he will most likely,' as the late Mr. Freeman in the *Saturday Review* once put it, 'make few converts, and will be forgotten after at most a passing laugh from scientific men.' If a man insists that the sum of two and two is five, he will probably find his way to a lunatic asylum, as the economy of society is, in a manner, self-acting. So with regard to him who carries his craze into the more material departments of such a science as chemistry: he may be expected to blow out his own eyes, for the almighty molecule executes its own vengeance. 'But,' to quote again from Mr. Freeman, if that man's 'craze had been historical or philological'—and above all if it had to do with the science of man or of myth—'he might have put forth notions quite as absurd as the notion that the earth is flat, and many people would not have been

in the least able to see that they were absurd. If any scholar had tried to confute him we should have heard of "controversies" and "differences of opinion."' In fact, the worst that happens to the false prophet who shines in any such a science is, that he has usually only too many enthusiastic followers. The machinery is, so to say, not automatic, and hence it is that we want the help of an academy. But even supposing such an academy established, no one need feel alarmed lest opportunities enough could no longer be found for cultivating the example of those of the early Christians who had the rare grace to suffer fools gladly.

Personally, however, I should be against doing anything in a hurry; and, considering how little his fellows dare expect from the man who is just waiting to be final and perfect before he commit himself to type, the establishment of an academy invested with the summary powers which have been briefly sketched might, perhaps, after all, conveniently wait a while: my own feeling is that almost any time, say in the latter half of the twentieth century, would do better than this year or the next. In the meantime one must be content to entrust the fortunes of our studies to the combined forces of science and common sense. Judging by what they have achieved in recent years, there is no reason to be uneasy with regard to the time to come, for it is as true to-day as when it was first written, that the best of the prophets of the Future is the Past.

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS

P. 81. I learn that the plural of *bodach glas* was in Welsh *bodachod gleision*, a term which Elis o'r Nant remembers his mother applying to a kind of fairies dressed in blue and fond of leading people astray. She used to relate how a haymaking party once passed a summer's night at the cowhouse (*beudy*) of Bryn Bygelyd (also *Bryn Mygelyd*), and how they saw in the dead of night a host of these dwarfs (*corynnod*) in blue dancing and capering about the place. The *beudy* in question is not very far from Dolwyddelan, on the way to Capel Curig. A different picture of the *bodach* is given in Jenkins' *Bedd Gelert*, p. 82; and lastly one may contrast the Highland *Bodach Glas* mentioned at p. 520 above, not to mention still another kind, namely the one in Scott's *Waverley*.

P. 130. To *Sarn yr Afanc* add *Llyn yr Afanc*, near Llanddinam (*Beauties of Wales*, N. Wales, p. 841), and *Bedd yr Afanc*, 'the Afanc's Grave,' the name of some sort of a tumulus, I am told, on a knoll near the Pembrokeshire stream of the Nevern. Mr. J. Thomas, of Bancau Bryn Berian close by, has communicated to me certain echoes of a story how an afanc was caught in a pool near the bridge of Bryn Berian, and how it was taken up to be interred in what is now regarded as its grave. A complete list of the afanc place-names in the Principality might possibly prove instructive. As to the word *afanc*, what seems to have happened is this: (1) from meaning simply a dwarf it came to be associated with such water dwarfs as those mentioned at p. 432; (2) the meaning being forgotten, the word was applied to any water monster; and (3) where *afanc* occurs in place-names the Hu story has been introduced to explain it, whether it fitted or not. This I should fancy to be the case with the Bryn Berian barrow, and it would be satisfactory to know whether it contains the remains of an ordinary dwarf. Peredur's lake afanc may have been a dwarf; but whether that was so or not, it is remarkable that the weapon which the afanc handled was a *llechwaew* or flake-spear, that is, a missile tipped with stone.

P. 131. With the rôle of the girl in the afanc story compare that of Tegau, wife of Caradog Freichfras, on whom a serpent fastens and can only be allured away to seize on one of Tegau's breasts, of which she loses the nipple when the beast is cut off. The defect being replaced with gold, she is ever after known as *Tegau Eur-fron*, or 'Tegau of the golden Breast.' That is a version inferred of a story which is discussed by M. Gaston Paris in an article, on *Caradoc et le Serpent*, elicited by a paper published (in the November number of *Modern Language Notes* for 1898) by Miss C. A.

Harper, of Bryn Mawr College, U.S.: see the *Romania*, xxviii. 214–31. One of Miss Harper's parallels, mentioned by M. Paris at p. 220, comes from Campbell: it is concerning a prince who receives from his stepmother a magic shirt which converts itself into a serpent coiled round his neck, and of which he is rid by the help of a woman acting in much the same way as Tegau. We have an echo of this in the pedigrees in the Jesus College MS. 20: see the *Cymmrodor*, viii. 88, where one reads of *Gógaón kneu menrud a vu neidyr vlóydyn am y vonógyl*, 'Gwgon the whelp of *Menrud* (?) who was a year with a snake round his neck'—his pedigree is also given. In M. Paris' suggested reconstruction of the story (p. 228) from the different versions, he represents the maiden who is to induce the serpent to leave the man on whom it has fastened, as standing in a vessel filled with milk, while the man stands in a vessel filled with vinegar. The heroine exposes herself to the reptile, which relinquishes his present victim to seize on one of the woman's breasts. Now the appropriateness of the milk is explained by the belief that snakes are inordinately fond of milk, and that belief has, I presume, a foundation in fact: at any rate I am reminded of its introduction into the plot of more than one English story, such as Stanley Weyman's book *From the Memoirs of a Minister of France* (London, 1895), p. 445, and A. Conan Doyle's *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* (London, 1893), pp. 199–209. In Wales, however, it is to a woman's milk that one's interest attaches: I submit two references which will explain what I mean. The first of them is to Owen's *Welsh Folk-Lore*, p. 349, where he says that 'traditions of flying snakes were once common in all parts of Wales,' and adds as follows:—'The traditional origin of these imaginary creatures was that they were snakes, which by having drunk the milk of a woman, and by having eaten of bread consecrated for the Holy Communion, became transformed into winged serpents or dragons.' The other is to the *Brython* for 1861, p. 190, where one reads in Welsh to the following effect:—'If a snake chances to have an opportunity to drink of a woman's milk it is certain to become a *gwiber*. When a woman happens to be far from her child, and her breasts are full and beginning to give her pain, she sometimes milks them on the ground in order to ease them. To this the peasantry in parts of Cardiganshire have a strong objection, lest a snake should come there and drink the milk, and so become a *gwiber*.' The word *gwiber* is used in the Welsh Bible for a viper, but the editor of the *Brython* explains, that in our folklore it means a huge kind of snake or dragon that has grown wings and has its body cased in hard scales: for a noted instance in point he refers the reader to the first number of the *Brython*, p. 3. It is believed still all over Wales that snakes may, under favourable circumstances, develop wings: in fact, an Anglesey man strongly wished, to my knowledge, to offer to the recent Welsh Land Commission, as evidence of the wild and neglected state of a certain farm, that the gorse had grown so high and the snakes so thriven in it that he had actually seen one of the latter flying right across a wide road which separated two such gorse forests as he described: surprised and hurt to find that this was not accepted, he inferred that the Commissioners knew next to nothing about their business.

Pp. 148, 170. With 'the spell of security' by catching hold of grass may perhaps be compared a habit which boys in Cardiganshire have of suddenly

picking up a blade of grass when they want a truce or stoppage in a sort of game of tig or touchwood. The grass gives the one who avails himself of it immunity for a time from attack or pursuit, so as to allow him to begin the game again just where it was left off.

P. 228. *Bodermud* would probably be more correctly written *Bodermyd*, and analysed possibly into *Bod-Ðermyd*, involving the name which appears in Irish as *Diarmait* and *Dermot*.

P. 230. Since this was printed I have been assured by Mr. Thomas Prichard of Llwydiarth Esgob, in Anglesey, that the *dolur byr* is more commonly called *clwy' byr*, and that it is the disease known in English as 'black quarter.'

Pp. 259, 268. I am assured on the part of several literary natives of Glamorgan that they do not know *dâr* for *daear*, 'ground, earth.' Such negative evidence, though proving the literary form *daear* to prevail now, is not to be opposed to the positive statement, sent by Mr. Hughes (p. 173) to me, as to the persistence in his neighbourhood of *dâr* and *clâr* (for *claear*, 'lukewarm'), to which one may add, as unlikely to be challenged by anybody, the case of *hârn* for *haearn*, 'iron.' The intermediate forms have to be represented as *daer*, *claer*, and *haern*, which explain exactly the *gaem* of the *Book of St. Chad*, for which modern literary Welsh has *gaeaf*, 'winter': see the preface to the *Book of Llan Dâv*, p. xlv.

P. 290. It ought to have been pointed out that the fairies, whose food and drink it is death to share, represent the dead.

P. 291. For *Conla* read *Connla* or *Condla*: the later form is *Colla*. The Condla in question is called *Condla Rúad* in the story, but the heading to it has *Ectra Condla Chaim*, 'the Adventure of C. the Dear One.'

P. 294. I am now inclined to think that *butch* was produced out of the northern pronunciation of *witch* by regarding its *w* as a mutation consonant and replacing it, as in some other instances, by *b* as the radical.

P. 308. With the Manx use of rowan on May-day compare a passage to the following effect concerning Wales—I translate it from the faulty Welsh in which it is quoted by one of the competitors for the folklore prize at the Liverpool Eisteddfod, 1900: he gave no indication of its provenance:—Another bad papistic habit which prevails among some Welsh people is that of placing some of the wood of the rowan tree (*coed cerdin* or *criafol*) in their corn lands (*tlafyrieu*) and their fields on May-eve (*Nos Glamau*) with the idea that such a custom brings a blessing on their fields, a proceeding which would better become atheists and pagans than Christians.

P. 325. In the comparison with the brownie the fairy nurse in the Pennant Valley has been overlooked: see p. 109.

P. 331, line 1. For I. 42–3 read ii. 42–3.

Pp. 377, 395. With the story of Ffynnon Gywer and the other fairy wells, also with the wells which have been more especially called sacred in this volume, compare the following paragraph from Martin's *Description of the Western Islands of Scotland* (London, 1703), pp. 229–30: it is concerning

Gigay, now more commonly written *Gigha*, the name of an island near the west coast of Kintyre :—'There is a well in the north end of this isle called Toubir-more, i. e. a great well, because of its effects, for which it is famous among the islanders; who together with the inhabitants use it as a *Catholicon* for diseases. It's covered with stone and clay, because the natives fancy that the stream that flows from it might overflow the isle; and it is always opened by a *Diroch*, i. e. an inmate, else they think it would not exert its vertues. They ascribe one very extraordinary effect to it, and 'tis this; that when any foreign boats are wind-bound here (which often happens) the master of the boat ordinarily gives the native that lets the water run a piece of money, and they say that immediately afterwards the wind changes in favour of those that are thus detain'd by contrary winds. Every stranger that goes to drink of the water of this well, is accustomed to leave on its stone cover a piece of money, a needle, pin, or one of the prettiest varieated stones they can find.' Last September I visited Gigha and saw a well there which is supposed to be the one to which Martin refers. It is very insignificant and known now by a name pronounced *Tobar a vèac*, possibly for an older *Mo-Bheac*: in Scotch Gaelic *Bëac*, written *Beathag*, is equated with the name Sophia. The only tradition now current about the well is that emptying it used to prove the means of raising a wind or even of producing great storms, and this appears to have been told Pennant: see his *Tour in Scotland and Voyage to the Hebrides, MDCCLXXII* (Chester, 1774), p. 226 :—'Visit the few wonders of the isle: the first is a little well of a most miraculous quality, for in old times, if ever the chieftain lay here wind-bound, he had nothing more to do than cause the well to be cleared, and instantly a favorable gale arose. But miracles are now ceased.'

P. 378. A similar rhyme is current in the neighbourhood of Dolgelley, as Miss Lucy Griffith informs me, as follows:—

Dolgelle dol a gollir,
Daear a'i llwnc, dw'r 'n 'i lle.

Dolgelley, a dale to be lost;
Earth will swallow it, and water take its place.

P. 394. With regard to wells killing women visiting them, I may mention a story, told me the other day by Professor Mahaffy after a friend whose name he gave, concerning the inhabitants of one of the small islands on the coast of Mayo—I understood him to say off the Mullet. It was this: all the men and boys, having gone fishing, were prevented by rough weather from returning as soon as they intended, and the women left alone suffered greatly from want of water, as not one of them would venture to go to the well. By-and-by, however, one of them gave birth to a boy, whereupon another of them carried the baby to the well, and ventured to draw water.

P. 418. As to *Clychau Aberdyfi* I am now convinced that the *chwech* and *saith* are entirely due to the published versions, the editors of which seem to have agreed that they will have as much as possible for their money, so to say. I find that Mrs. Rhys learnt in her childhood to end the words with *pump*, and that she cannot now be brought to sing the melody in any other way: I have similar testimony from a musical lady from the neighbourhood of Wrexham; and, doubtless, more evidence of the same sort could be got.

P. 443. For Lywelyn ab Gruffyd read Lywelyn ab Iorwerth.

Pp. 450–1. Some additional light on the doggerel dialogue will be found thrown by the following story, which I find cited in Welsh by one of the Liverpool Eisteddfod competitors :—There is in the parish of Yspytty Ifan, in Carnarvonshire, a farm called Trwyn Swch, where eighty years ago lived a man and his wife, who were both young, and had twins born to them. Now the mother went one day to milk, leaving the twins alone in the cradle—the husband was not at home—and who should enter the house but one of the *Tylwyth Teg!* He took the twins away and left two of his own breed in the cradle in their stead. Thereupon the mother returned home and saw what had come to pass; she then in her excitement snatched the *Tylwyth Teg* twins and took them to the bridge that crosses the huge gorge of the river Conwy not very far from the house, and she cast them into the whirlpool below. By this time the *Tylwyth Teg* had come on the spot, some trying to save the children, and some making for the woman. 'Seize the old hag!' (*Crap ar yr hen wrach!*) said one of the chiefs of the *Tylwyth Teg*. 'Too late!' cried the woman on the edge of the bank; and many of them ran after her to the house. As they ran three or four of them lost their pipes in the field. They are pipes ingeniously made of the blue stone (*carreg las*) of the gully. They measure three or four inches long, and from time to time several of them have been found near the cave of Trwyn Swch.—This is the first indication which I have discovered, that the fairies are addicted to smoking.

P. 506. A *Rhiw Gyferthwch* (printed *Rywgyverthwch*) occurs in the *Record of Carnarvon*, p. 200; but it seems to have been in Merionethshire, and far enough from Arfon.

P. 521. In the article already cited from the *Romania*, M. Paris finds Twrch Trwyth in the boar *Tortain* of a French romance: see xxviii. 217, where he mentions a legend concerning the strange pedigree of that beast. The subject requires to be further studied.

P. 535. A less probable explanation of *Latio* would be to suppose *orti* understood. This has been suggested to me by Mr. Nicholson's treatment of the Llanaelhaiarn inscription as *Ali ortus Elmetiaco hic iacet*, where I should regard *Ali* as standing for an earlier nominative *Alec-s*, and intended as the Celtic equivalent for *Cephas* or *Peter*: *Ali* would be the word which is in Med. Irish *ail*, genitive *ailech*, 'a rock or stone.'

P. 545. We have the *Maethwy* of Gilvaethwy possibly still further reduced to *Aethwy* in *Porth Aethwy*, 'the Village of Menai Bridge,' in spite of its occurring in the *Record of Carnarvon*, p. 77, as *Porthaytho*.

P. 548. To the reference to the *Cymmrodor*, ix. 170, as to Beli being called son of Anna, add the Welsh *Elucidarium*, p. 127, with its *belim vab anna*, and *The Cambro-British Saints*, p. 82, where we have *Anna . . . genuit Beli*.

P. 560. Two answers to the query as to the *Llech Las* are now to be found in the *Scottish Antiquary*, xv. 41–3.

P. 566. Caer Gai is called also *Caer Gynyr*, after Cai's father Cynyr, to wit in a poem by William Llyn, who died in 1587. This I owe to Professor J. Morris Jones, who has copied it from a collection of that poet's works in the possession of Myrddin Fardd, fo. 119.

P. 569. Here it would, perhaps, not be irrelevant to mention *Caer Ðwrgynt*, given s. v. *Dwr* in Morris' *Celtic Remains*, as a name of *Caergybi*, or Holyhead. His authority is given in parenthesis thus: (Th. Williams, *Catal.*). I should be disposed to think the name based on some such an earlier form as *Kair Dóbgint*, 'the Fortress of the Danes,' who were called in old Welsh *Dub-gint* (*Annales Cambriæ*, A. D. 866, in the *Cymmrodor*, ix. 165), that is to say '*Gentes Nigræ* or Black Pagans,' and more simply *Gint* or *Gynt*, '*Gentes* or Heathens.'

Pp. 579–80. The word *bannaóc*, whence the later *bannog*, seems to be the origin of the name *bonoec* given to the famous horn in the *Lai du Corn*, from which M. Paris in his *Romania* article, xxviii. 229, cites *Cest cor qui bonoec a non*, 'this horn which is called *bonoec*.' The Welsh name would have to be *Corn* (*yr*) *ych bannaóc*, 'the horn of (the) *bannog* ox,' with or without the article.

P. 580, note 1. One of the Liverpool Eisteddfod competitors cites W. O. Pughe to the following effect in Welsh:—*Llyn dau Ychain*, 'the Lake of Two Oxen,' is on Hiraethog Mountain; and near it is the footmark of one of them in a stone or rock (*carreg*), where he rested when seeking his partner, as the local legend has it. Another cites a still wilder story, to the effect that there was once a wonderful cow called *Y Fuwch Fraith*, 'the Particoloured Cow.' 'To that cow there came a witch to get milk, just after the cow had supplied the whole neighbourhood. So the witch could not get any milk, and to avenge her disappointment she made the cow mad. The result was that the cow ran wild over the mountains, inflicting immense harm on the country; but at last she was killed by Hu near Hiraethog, in the county of Denbigh.'

P. 592. With *trwtan*, *Trwtyn-Tratyn*, and *Trit-a-trot* should doubtless be compared the English use of *trot* as applied contemptuously to a woman, as when Grumio, in Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*, Act i, sc. 2, speaks of 'an old *trot* with ne'er a tooth in her head': the word was similarly used by Thomas Heywood and others.

P. 649. With regard to note 1, I find that Professor Zimmer is of opinion —in fact he is quite positive—that *tyngu* and *tynghed* are in no way related: see the *Göttingische gelehrte Anzeigen* for 1900 (No. 5), pp. 371–2.

P. 673. I am tempted to rank with the man-eating fairies the Atecotti, who are known to have been cannibals, and whose name seems to mean the *ancient* race. Should this prove tenable, one would have to admit that the little people, or at any rate peoples with an admixture of the blood of that race, could be trained to fight. Further, one would probably have to class with them also such non-cannibal tribes as those of the Fir Bolg and the Galiúin of Irish story. Information about both will be found in my *Hibbert Lectures*, in reading which, however, the mythological speculations should be brushed aside. Lastly, I anticipate that most of the peoples figuring in the oldest class of Irish story will prove to have belonged either (1) to the dwarf race, or (2) to the Picts; and that careful reading will multiply the means of distinguishing between them. Looking comprehensively at the question of the early races of the British Isles, the reader should weigh again the concluding words of Professor Haddon's theory, quoted on p. 684 above.

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